

**THE
SUSQUEHANNA**

**Sept. 1899
to
Jun. 1900**

Complete

VOLUME IX.

No. 1.

SEPTEMBER,

1899.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

SELINGROVE, PENNA.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

LITERARY.

Junior Prize Oration.

"THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

Standing at the gateway of the twentieth century, and, just before we bid farewell to the most remarkable epoch in the history of the world so far as the advancement of civilization and rapid development are concerned, we pause, and with retrospective glance sweep across the ages of the past, inquire of the efficient forces at work, and in what power the nations of the earth will triumph.

From the time of "man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe," the poison of that act has pulsed through the veins of the human race with unabated fury, developing all the passions to which Satan and his host are heir. Disobedience, envy, murder follow each other, and downward is the trend of humanity. Brother rises against brother, tribe against tribe, nation strives with nation; might is right, and there seem none that doeth righteousness. Onward sweeps the tide of human events, and farther from his original state plunges man into the barren desert of vice and superstition. Selfishness incarnate sways the sceptre and the nations bleed at every pore. Life is held at little cost, and in the onward flight of time empires rise and fall, slain by their own wantonness. Here and there along the pathway of time nation after nation has arisen, proudly flaunting itself before the world, exercising the royal prerogative and fully believing in its permanent sway. Yet the old insidious disease of envy, lust and greed brought swift destruction.

Amid the crumbling of republics, ineffectual remedies and disappointed hopes, man stood helpless, but to his mind came

back the promise of the "tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

To-day we look out upon the world and note a growing change. New life permeates society, civilization has rapidly advanced and the human race is on the upward road toward perfection. We seek to know the forces which have wrought in the bringing about of this hopeful condition, and ask, "Will they be *sufficient* ultimately to heal the nations, or will they prove inefficient to save?"

Methinks there comes from liberty-loving breasts the response, "liberty is the solution of the question," and in the light of it will all the nations triumph. Liberty! That principle, implanted in every bosom, which in its struggles for recognition has dethroned kings, overturned empires and waded through fields of blood, until in the pure air of freedom man has found his proper sphere! Liberty! In whose atmosphere free thought and speech find place, and the soul worships according to its own dictates and under whose banner such wonderful strides in civilization have been made! Liberty! The old battle cry of our forefathers, who gave their lives to attain it, and who have left to us the rich legacy of its fruits! "Liberty or death" echoing from the isles of the sea as the oppressed rise in their might and throw off the shackles! O, liberty, what sweeter boon can come to mankind than to stand in thy full light unmanacled? Such is our apostrophe, and have we not sufficient ground for high claims in her behalf, when in contrast we see despotic powers far beneath us in civilization? Dare we then say that in the light of liberty and political progress alone the nations of the earth will reach their highest development? No! Fair Goddess of Liberty, veil thy face, while we, beneath the surface, look and see that men's hearts are unchanged; that the same old spirit of selfishness, lust and greed run rampant! Trusts and monopolies, tyrants, place their iron heels upon the necks of thousands of unfortunates. Capital and labor in open war, vice and crime in gigantic form slay their victims by the thousands and gnaw at the vitals of the nation. We turn aside from the submerged "tenth" and the cries of helpless women and children are lost in the loud sounding odes to liberty. Fair banner of freedom, what crimes are committed beneath thy folds in the name of liberty? Yes, essential to the development of the race is the at-

mosphere of liberty and efficient in its helpfulness, but not sufficient in itself to heal.

But there is another mighty agency at work which has been the great lever lifting mankind out of ignorance and giving exercise to every power of the mind. What agency can be compared with the diffusion of knowledge in its efficiency to elevate? Popular education is fostered by liberty, and these are largely dependent upon each other. In proportion to the dissemination of intelligence among the people, have nations risen to higher strata of civilization. Education is the iconoclast that shatters old barbarous customs and changes the whole structure of society. Before the advance of learning bigotry and sectarianism has given way to toleration and open-hearted philanthropy. Popular intelligence is believed to be the salvation of the race and we, as a nation, point with just pride to our educational facilities.

The past century has been one of remarkable advancement in civilization, due to the progress of learning and scientific knowledge. Science has made communication swift and easy; it has affected all human relations and powerfully stimulated the mind. It has revolutionized the industrial world and awakened new aspirations on the part of the multitudes and created new problems and possibilities of life. Rapid transit and easy communication have largely eliminated time and distance; the antipodes clasp hands, and hermit nations are a thing of the past. The world in future will be healed or poisoned very much as a whole.

While we recognize education to be a mighty power for good, dispelling ignorance and abolishing the grosser forms of cruelties; yet dare we assume that it is sufficient to heal the nations of the more subtle forms of vice and deadly sins that seek their ruin? Despite our boasted intelligence and higher culture, the same evil forces are at work under other forms. We go back along the centuries to ancient Greece, whose learning and civilization was the wonder of the world, the impress of which is felt even in our century, and lo! the proud seat of learning is in the dust, slain by her own voluptuous hand. Rome, in like manner, fell, and so will other nations who follow in her wake. Our own fair land is not exempt from pollution and insidious disease. Vice and crime are found in high places, and selfish gain seeks her end at any cost. The poison of skepticism and infidelity finds

its way into our higher institutions of learning, and unsanctified intelligence is equipped to work untold ruin.

True, liberty and education have made us what we are very largely, but they are inefficient in themselves and ought to be but the legitimate outgrowth, and subordinate to the all sufficient power in the world to-day, namely, that of Christianity. There is no liberty where Christ is not, and he who has never sat at the feet of the Great Teacher and imbibed the true wisdom is still in darkness.

The open sores of the world will never be cured until they receive the touch of the Healer-Divine. God, in His infinite love, touched the lowest depths of society in the humble birth of His Son, and as He is being lifted up that men may look upon Him, new life pulsates and society is transformed. The ends of the earth have heard the cry, "Look unto Me and be ye saved." Before the stately steppings of the Man of Galilee heathen temples totter and superstition and ignorance shrink away.

In the light of that life man sees himself and recognizes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. As this principle is infused into the life of nations they are drawn together in common cause and talk of peace and friendly alliance.

Men everywhere are finding Him who was set for the healing of the nations, and from the depths of liberated souls and enlightened consciences exclaim with full assurance, "Thou art sufficient."

We need but cast a hasty glance over Christendom and heathendom to arrive at the unmistakable conclusion that the peoples of the earth are being drawn into closer relations as they come into the fuller light and knowledge of the God-Man, and through the portals of the on-coming century we look for the time when we can say with full assurance :

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light ;
It is day-break everywhere."

W. H. DERR.

JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.

THE CHAMPIONS OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Above the seventeenth century tower, in solitary grandeur, two sublime figures, who are the day-stars of civil and religious

liberty, men who hearkened to the voice of conscience, men who spurned the theory of the divinity of kings, established the right of free thought and private judgment, overthrew the embattled hosts of a tyrant king and paved the way for modern republics; the champions of English liberty—Milton and Cromwell.

Milton was a poetical genius, filled with the ardor of religious and political enthusiasm. Cromwell a pioneer in the domain of human liberty, and the morning herald of that mighty, irresistible force. Like prophets, they both stood upon the mountain top, glorious in the splendour of the early rays of that new day, destined to dispel the dreary mists of prejudice and intolerance, and to their less fortunate countrymen in the valley below, announced, in all its wondrous portent, the eternal principle of human liberty.

Milton and Cromwell were born on sacred soil, in the hallowed home of democracy, where Robert Browne first preached the doctrine of the Independents and whence the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to lay the foundation of a new belief and establish another world. Forth they came from out a blackened century of crying evil and unrighted wrong; from out an England reeking in unrighteous lust and writhing in the blood of murder, brawl and civil battle; from the sombre setting of an age abhorred came these great men. They lived in a remarkable epoch of English history. These melancholy years of sorrow and of gloom first planted in their souls the seed of Calvin's teaching. To them the liberty of conscience was higher than the stars of heaven and deeper than the kingdoms of death. To them God stood revealed in the Bible. To them right and wrong stood as sleepless sentinels alike in the palace of the prince and in the cottage of the peasant. Death, judgment and eternity filled their minds with mighty thoughts, yet their manner was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential. Their voices, whenever heard, were on the side of the oppressed and in behalf of liberty. Their hearts were aflame with new thoughts which were to be the life blood of countless generations. Their souls burned with the eternal fires of righteousness and justice.

Two great forces were now struggling for supremacy. On the rocks of Nottingham King Charles had planted the royal banner of the Stuarts, and in the vales of Northampton determined England mustered to oppose in bloody civil strife. One fought

for king, for tyranny, for the established church; the other for home, for country and for liberty. Vain was their fight, for the silken banner of the dashing Rupert floated in exultant triumph over the yellow scarfed battalions of the baffled Essex. Defeat followed defeat. Beneath the royal panoply of power the peoples' rights were trampled down, tyranny stalked boldly through the land, and justice blushed with shame.

The star of liberty was fast setting when, "from the turmoil of contention," from the humiliation of defeat, rose the farmer from Huntingdon—Oliver Cromwell, Milton maintaining the right and justifying the conduct of Cromwell, both in prose and verse. He was his complement—the right-hand of his power. About the drooping form of a peoples' cause Cromwell threw the arms of a master. With the breath of enthusiasm he fanned the dying embers on patriotism's hearth, and from sea to sea they burst into mighty flame. From the yeomanry of England he moulded an army, the greatest Europe had ever known, an army before whose charge at last Prince Rupert and the flowers of his horsemen were scattered like chaff before the wind, and on the field of Marston Moor the royal cause lay dead.

God made Milton and Cromwell masters of men. The one with the sword; the other with the pen. And the Puritan legions with unshaken faith responded to these ordained leaders of the Lord. With keen sagacity they realized that royal chivalry could be met successfully only by religious enthusiasm. Absorbed as they were in the thought of God, craving for nothing less than a divine righteousness, a divine wisdom, a divine strength, they grasped the written Bible as the law of God and concentrated every energy in the effort to obey it. Cromwell made his army conform to a morality the most austere, for we are told that in his camp "no oaths were heard, no drinking and no gambling was seen." A man dominated with such principles must surely "draw in liberty with the very air he breathes." A short time and disgraceful defeat was changed into glorious victory, and the son of a hundred kings lay prostrate and submissive before an English peasantry.

"Peace," sang the poet Milton, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." And the same spirit of liberty, freedom and equality that animated the one pervaded and animated the other. The goal of their ambition was to see their country peace-

ful, prosperous, happy. They reorganized the educational system, reformed universities and were the friends of true learning. They strove to impress their own spirit of toleration on the intoleration of the age. Neither desertion, nor treachery, nor obloquy, nor ingratitude could move them to retaliatory measures. Their souls were in harmony with the great principle of civil liberty, and though shrouded in the sepulchre of a departed age, they live and light the world to-day; live in the results of their labors, enshrined in the sacred temple of England's heart; live as they lived in the age when England, Milton and Cromwell were as one; live and shall live as long as liberty dwells in the heart of the patriot, and when their own loved tongue shall be the language of the stranger.

But while the unsparing judgment of history daily becomes more pronounced in their praise, yet two centuries of prejudice and calumny have mightily sought to malign their character and blacken their reputation. It is written that these heroic men were hypocrites, traitors, tyrants and ambitious usurpers. Where is he who knows the facts of their lives and will interpret their dying prayers as hypocrisy? Traitors? To what? To a faithless monarch? Yes, but not to liberty, conscience, the generations past and the generations yet unborn. Ambitious? Yes, but not the ambition that prompts an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Bonaparte, but the ambition of natural right, eternal fitness. Low aim and purpose belonged not to either. And when the pen of prejudice falls forever from the palsied hand of personal malevolence, and the forms and faces of the good and great of the past appear drawn by the master hand of eternal truth, then the characters of my heroes will stand forth as the noblest types of true statesmanship and patriotism.

Then as Athens weeps for her Pericles; as Germany sighs for her Frederick; as America yearns for her Washington, so, when her skies are clouded in the dark hour of impending danger, shall the voice of England cry, "Return, Oh, Milton and Cromwell, ye champions of English liberty."

H. I. BRUMGART.

"When a man's interest in religion ends in himself, and when it creates in him no desire to confer it on others, it must be that he has no exalted appreciation of its value."

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A TANGLE IN THE SKEIN.

CHAPTER I.

"Charlie, I expect Grace on Thursday and I want you to fall in love with her. She is just the dearest, sweetest, truest girl you were or ever shall be blessed in meeting. She and I have formed a mutual admiration society and while we see each-other's faults, our love is so perfect that these very faults appear lovable. Not to boast about personal affairs, but in my opinion we should be ranked as feminine types with David and Jonathan, Pyladies and Orestes and Damon and Pythias. Seriously, I want you two to like each other a whole lot."

The usually indolent and unusually handsome Charlie Pierce turned his head and looked with unwonted interest at Nettie Carson as she gave expression to this little speech. He would have been a man of iron to have gazed unmoved. A face of remarkable beauty and strength, surrounded by dark, wavy hair, looked up at him from the background of a maroon and orange cushion; her hands clasped back of her head allows a loose sleeve to fall back, showing an ivory arm of peerless mould, and her flashing black eye held him as one under a charm. They were old schoolmates and belonged to that class of people who imagine they know each other perfectly, when in fact they know acquaintances of a week much better. This cool command delivered in all seriousness to love another from one whom he secretly thought would not be averse to appropriating his love herself, was a "stunner" for Captain Pierce, and his commonplace reply—"All right, Nettie, anything to please *you*"—did not express any part of the new and varied emotions kindled within his breast.

Grace Pettit arrives in due time and young Captain Pierce with his chum, Harry Smith, appear regularly upon the scene whenever an escort is necessary or desirable. Much to Smith's surprise Nettie falls to him and he innocently supposes his partner is the victim of a feminine scheme, only he thinks it rather strange that Charlie's laugh should always ring out so clear and happy, and that he and Miss Pettit should always manage to strike the hammock on the back corner of the veranda, where the Japanese lanterns hung in a thin and wavering line.

Pierce now asks for Miss Nettie when he calls, and the "case" is remarked upon by everyone. Rollicking Nettie Carson, who,

unknown to herself, has been called by the village gossips "Charlie's girl," does not seem to mind it at all, only expressing with real feeling her joy when Miss Pettit tells her she is having "such a darling of a time."

Harry Smith alone appears distrait, and once Nettie accidentally caught him looking at Pierce and Miss Pettit with a sort of hungry look, and she fell to musing on how strange that while Smith had known Grace for a long time, a comparative stranger should monopolize her in this manner.

A season of gaiety begins and the village is full of visitors. Clarence Preston, who sat across the aisle from her at school, is back from the Klondike and dances attendance upon her every move, which is a pleasant compliment to her, for almost every other girl is dancing attendance upon him in the vain hope of helping him spend a few of the nuggets he exhibits in such an indifferent manner. Even Grace Pettit wakes up from her seeming lack of interest in any one except Pierce and endeavors to inveigle the gay and dashing Westerner back into the shady corner, but he is too wary for that. In this lazy summer style is prepared the way for the denouement of a tragedy, the first act of which appears as tame as any summer's idyl.

H. K. B., OO.

(To be continued.)

DID HAMLET POSSESS A WEAK WILL, OR WAS HE A MAN OF KEEN FORESIGHT?

Hamlet, prince of Denmark, is undoubtedly the greatest creation of Shakespeare, and perhaps the best of all literature. It has been said that he is the only character of Shakespeare that could have written all his plays. Very few men agree in their criticisms on his noble character, nor will they ever agree as to every particular. Hamlet is beyond analysis, and all who attempt to read his character to the letter, or lay down supreme rules for presenting a true delineation of his majestic self seem as little competent to analyze and as unqualified to criticise as Guildenstern himself. To all who are painting at a portrait of him he seems to say :

"Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops;

you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet can not you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me!"

Facing such an estimation of our ability, we shall not try the impossible of presenting a comprehensive view, nor a complete analysis of his well balanced character, but simply give our opinion.

We first meet Hamlet in deep sorrow for his father. It was quite natural for him to be in sorrow yet at this period, it being less than a month since he followed his father's bier to the grave. We are struck with his nobleness from the very beginning; quiet under the sting of the king's rebuke, and overburdened with sincere grief for his dead father, he appeals to our inmost sympathy. His sense of the pure, the true and the upright is brought out in his first soliloquy, in which he reviews the events of the past month. We see him as a meditative, uncomplaining being, with a highly developed moral nature.

After Hamlet met and heard the dreadful tale of the ghost; after his soul is full of pity for his father and overwhelmed with amazement and filled with a sense of bitterness against the villainous characters of those about him, we see the first expression of a powerful will. His hope and confidence in his dear mother, shaken by her hasty marriage and apparent lack of the love she professed to have for her first husband, are now completely dashed to the ground. And though, in his nobleness, he could not help loving her, he is compelled to exclaim :

"O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!"

The words of the ghost, "Remember me," are burnt into his very soul, and he solemnly, yet emphatically resolves to carry out his father's command, and he ends his determination by "I have sworn it."

In analyzing Hamlet's character we must not view him as the ordinary man of his age. In other words, he was not made up of the same temperament, nor did he hold the same views as the best men of the time of King Claudius. He was out of place—many many years before his time. If we view him through the lives of

those about him, or through the prevalent ideas of his age, he had a hopelessly weakened will. The idea of revenge in that age was to take life for life without further debate. Revenge was completed when the life was taken. But this was not Hamlet's idea of revenge. He was instructed by a spirit; he was held by command to keep his soul pure and unbesmirched with evil. The ghost tells him thus :

"If thou hast nature in thee bear it not;
Let not the royal court of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest."

And as part of that court, as the heir to the throne, as the prospective king, as an educated and moral prince, he must keep himself pure in the eyes of those who love and reverence him, or in vanquishing one evil he will bring on a greater. He must take heed lest in showing others "the steep and thorny way to heaven" he himself should grow "puff'd and reckless," and tread the path of endless difficulties, plunging him to ruin, a reckless, heedless, vicious character in the eyes of the Danes. Besides being instructed by a supernatural being, there was instilled into his soul a true sense of justice, of sin, and of purity. He could not, before the eyes of all Denmark, perform an act that could not be interpreted otherwise than a rash outbreak of an ungoverned craving for honor. Duty was sacred to him, and he determined from the beginning to perform this duty thrust upon him by the ghost as a sacred obligation to his father, the Danes and himself in a way that would set right the time that was out of joint. And every step he took was to gain this end.

The fact that he did not at once carry out the command of the murdered king is sometimes used as an illustration of Hamlet's weak will; as a lack of the executive energy. They would have him dash into it rashly, without considering the possibility of his being wrong, and without proof as far as practical evidence goes. They would have him do what he ought and must not do—kill the only source of proof. Instead of lacking will power, he had it in overabundance of strength and quality. It shows itself not in positive acts, but in being able to restrain and control himself, leading him to reason, prudence, justice and conscience. A weaker will than such as he possessed would have lost control of its subject, and it would have been drunk by a "blind, headlong, furious passion."

He betrays his will-power yet again, when he dedicates himself the avenger of his father's death, and sets all else aside to carry out to its fullest extent his promise to his father's ghost.

Had anyone else weaker than the prince been given this command, or been placed in his circumstances, in the words of Hamlet :

"He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

But because Hamlet did not do thus is no mark of weakness—rather of strength and the fruit of an iron will.

As weak and paralyzed in will, Hamlet could not have maintained his position as hero in the tragedy. Drama demands a free will, strong and capable for its hero, and those who uphold the weak will theory would be surprised to know how completely it would have killed the tragedy and upset the affairs of Denmark, if, instead of the almost supernatural strength, Hamlet had acted under a weak and paralyzed will.

Coupled with a giant energy to say and do, he had a remarkably keen foresight. He observed closely and reasoned logically; and as the strength and influence of his will was felt in every step and scene of the tragedy, so his keen foresight, almost prophetic in its nature, is seen and thrust upon our notice all through the play.

An instance of this is first seen when he exclaims: "O my prophetic soul!" showing he divined the cause of his father's death. It is his foresight that saves him many times, and helps him by using existing circumstances to further his purpose.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have not spoken with him five minutes until he has guessed or reasoned out the cause of their coming. It is his keen foresight that makes him yield to the king and start for England. It is his foresight that prepares a way to get back. It is his comprehensive and logical reasoning combined with an unparalleled foresight that makes him the possessor of all the court secrets, of the king's motives, and the inner intentions of all who come in contact with him. He observes every event and action going on about him, and from these he rightly deducts the necessary conclusions as to the future.

It is the combination of these two faculties found in great de-

velopment and strength in the prince that keeps him from killing the king in the oratory, when he had an unparalleled opportunity to take his life, but not the least chance of getting the pure revenge he was seeking. He not only wanted to take his life, but also demonstrate to the Danes the king's guilt by substantial proof, which he could hope to get only through the king himself.

It is the lack of proof to himself, lack of substantial evidence to satisfy his moral and intellectual nature, that keeps him from killing the king at once. His words, true and well spoken, are thus :

"The spirit I have seen
May be the Devil ; and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and melancholy,—
As he is very potent with such spirits,—
Abuses me to damn me."

In this speech of Hamlet it would seem at first sight that he himself admits he is weak, and addicted to be lead by some outward influence. He is weak when compared with the Devil, and it is thus we must compare here. He is mighty, iron-willed, and of a wonderful energy to do, governed by a love for the truth; but when compared with the Prince of Darkness of course he is weak.

It was his inability to give proof to the public, after he was satisfied the king was guilty, that kept him from acting then. His dying words show how carefully and exactly he weighed out justice on the beam of truth. He says :

"Oh God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

He dies having killed the king, not out of sudden frenzy, but as his last resort. He executes in part his father's command, but it takes Horatio to fully complete the revenge the prince sought to have.

But above this lack of proof, standing out clear and bold, is another and worthy cause keeping the unfortunate prince of Denmark from being rash, imprudent or unworthy of the noble name he now bears. It was that iron will to say, that giant energy to

do, that almost supernatural foresight, keen and searching, and the proper balance of all these with a true moral nature, that makes Prince Hamlet the greatest creation of literature.

—H. M. G.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

A few days ago while comfortably lounging in a law office in one of our busy cities, the well-known tones of a hand-organ called us to the window facing the street to discover the source of 'the disturbance.'

Directly across the street from where we stood was the old hand-organ-man. His suit looked so faded and weather-beaten that in point of age it might have been one of the early emigrants'. One would think that some one in better circumstances had cast it off for neglect of duty or conspiracy with the weather.

His shoes, while they looked heavy and coarse, yet had the appearance—to change the time-worn phrase of—"a sole for any fate." The organ-grinder's face, wrinkled and worn into that look of stolid indifference which is the cast of countenance we see in those accustomed to endure hardness, was shaded by a faded slouch hat. It had been bleached until rain or shine could no longer make any impression upon it. The way it surmounted the old man's head reminded one of the cover of a ventilator or smoke stack. An old strap fastened around his shoulder, together with the stump of an old cane, did duty by supporting the worn box from which he ground the tunes.

With a tireless hand on the handle now polished by age and use, the organ grinder poured forth the music of tunes old and familiar, along with those still in vogue or just dying from the lips of a fickle public. "Break The News to Mother" gave way to the "Irish Washerwoman," followed by "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky." Anon comes "The Organ Grinder's Serenade" and "The Baggage Coach Ahead," and now the melancholy strain of "On The Banks of The Wabash," called to mind the scenes of other years.

The crowd sped unheeding by, but to him who stopped to heed there was a story in the old tunes with which the old man sought to stir the purses of the crowd. The sympathy of the heart of the attentive listener is given to the story of the grey coat and

faded hat—the story never published, the tragedy ever acted, never sung. Surely, in the plaintive wail of the hand organ one can hear the story of youth, of love, of kind care and kindred and of fond hopes now dead. Surely, the face of a mother was some day brightened into heavenly sweetness by the innocent smile of that prattler. And the father—how he once lay by store for that boy and built his hopes of an empire on that little soul! We hear the tale of budding youth, of the high resolve, of the desperate struggle and failure. And then—then bitter disappointment, hope against hope, struggle and failure again. Next to leave the land of nativity and the care of loved ones for a foreign shore and the cold, unheeding stare of strangers, and then to wander—oh, the bitter pains of wandering! On how many shores have his wandering feet touched? How many strange cities had he sought to charm? And the country roads—how often blistered feet had patiently measured the distance from point to point! How often pushed and jarred and hurried by the feelingless multitude had he received nought but hard looks and threatening gestures! How many days had he toiled until the curtain of night was rung down between himself and his auditors to find in his till not the price of a meal as he dismally crawls to the most wretched inn!

And yet beneath that faded hat is an immortal soul as precious in the sight of "Him who marks the sparrow's fall," as that of the busy banker who just now passed. Somehow, even the minister must have forgotten, for he just now passed without heeding. And still from the old organ comes the cry, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Nothing that hopes have been shattered, a heart broken, a life wasted, a soul—in the balance!

Just then the organ struck up "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," and startled us from our musing as the owner, picking up his tunes, carried them down street.

CONTRIBUTED.

THE POETIC ELEMENT IN HAMLET.

What is life? And the scientist, who searches for it; the chemist, who would produce it; the poet, who sings and immortalizes it; the sage, who philosophizes about it—all are wrapped in a great, profound silence.

What is life? The scientist says, "I can tell you of its infinite workings;" the poet says, "I can sing of its glory and sublimity;"

the philosopher declares, "I can describe some of its power and attainments." But what is life? They all are hushed in reverent stillness—for what it is knoweth no man, no, not even the greatest. What is poetry? It is even like life which breathes where it will, and we see the manifestations of it, but know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

Some would tell us of its elements; others of its diction and beauty. Others still would discover to us where is found the sweet ambrosia which nourishes the poetic soul, as does Edgar Allen Poe in his poetic principle. Says he, "it is recognized in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain fields—in the slanting of tall Eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds—in the tinkling of half-hidden brooks—in the gleaming of silver rivers—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He, the poet, perceives it in the songs of birds—in the harp of Aeolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the re-pining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the woods—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odor that comes to him at eventide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the melody of her voice—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurances—but above all, oh, far above all—he kneels to it—he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty—of her love.

Yea, in all these things and more it is seen and recognized, but what poetry is, we do not know.

But says Coleridge, "I think poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language." And Sir Philip Sidney adds to this and calls it the "sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge." But Abraham Coles differs and declares, "Poetry is Unfallen Speech." Emerson exclaims, "Only that is poetry which cleanses and mans me."

Goethe calls it the garment which clothes law, order, knowledge and art, as he beautifully put it in the little verse:

“ God to His untaught children sent
Law, order, knowledge, art from high,
And every heavenly favor lent
The world's hard lot to qualify.
They knew not how they should behave,
For all from heaven stark-naked came,
But poetry their garments gave
And then not one had cause for shame.”

“Poetry,” says Leigh Hunt, “is the breath of beauty flowing around the spiritual world as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material.” And Voltaire calls it “the music of the soul, and above all, of great and feeling souls.” Wordsworth strikingly and tersely would term it “wisdom married to immortal verse.”

Amidst this confusion of tongues—unsatisfied we feebly cry, “What is poetry?” Carlyle quiets us somewhat, telling us that “Poetry, above all, we should have known long ago, is one of those mysterious things whose origin and developments never can be what we call explained; often it seems to us like the wind blowing where it lists, coming and departing with little or no regard to any,” the most cunning theory that has yet been devised of it.

Though we know not what it is, yet, like life, it may be discovered and studied by its manifestations, its elements, merits and conceptions.

According to Dr. Hart, there are at least three elements entering into a true poetical composition. 1st. It must be the product of an excited imagination. 2nd. It must be the product of a creative imagination. 3rd. Its primary object must be to please. With these elements in mind to what extent is the tragedy of Hamlet, by Shakespeare, a poetical composition?

In truth, it is a masterpiece of genius and poetic art. The author's soul must have been aglow with poetic fire as the flaming thoughts shot from it. How sublimely impassionate are some of the parts of this work. List to the utterances of Hamlet's soul as he meets the ghost on that cold, damp, black night:

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane, O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly immured,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again."

And this:

"Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world; now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

That the play is the product of a creative imagination needeth not be said. It is a masterpiece; the excellent, unexcelled. What creative powers indwelt within the soul of the author are only discovered as the work is studied, and they grow and become sublime in proportion to the intensity of the study.

Brevity is an element in true poetry. Hamlet is full of it. Thus: "Unhand me, gentlemen." Or,

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as night, the day;
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Who could have said as much in so many words? Picturesqueness is still another element that enters largely in true poetry. This, by no means, is lacking in the play. Note the pictures in these words: "Unpack my heart with words;" or, "The time is out of joint;" or,

"But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage."

Or,

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yond high eastern hill."

Expression modified for the sake of sound is still another sign of poetic diction. Shakespeare, with Milton, seem to be masters

in this, and Hamlet contains some of the authors' best efforts. One of the most striking examples of expression modified for the sake of sound to be found anywhere is the speech of the Ghost to Hamlet. It can hardly be excelled.

In all, when we drink in the utterances of thy poetic, prophetic soul, oh! Shakespeare; when we study the works of thy hands, their beauty and grandeur; the truth they teach; the pleasure they give; the noble thoughts they kindle; the naturalness of nature they reveal; the insight to true life they depict—we are wont to say with him who has said it so beautifully,

“Brother, when I hear thee say such things
I tremble with unspeakable desire
To be more what thou must have been to think such things.”

CONTRIBUTED.

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

Again the members of the Theological Department have returned and brushed away the accumulated dust of the summer's vacation from furniture and lamp, preparatory to burnishing their mental powers for the great work of proclaiming "The Word" to a dying race of men. This department, above all others, is one which requires earnest, truthful and sincere men, filled with the zeal of the Holy Spirit, and we believe that such are the men which fill our class room to-day at Susquehanna.

Dr. Yutzy comes back to us with a brand new bride, whom he took unto himself on July 15, 1899. Mrs. Yutzy was well known to the members of our department as Miss Christine Hess, who so patiently and grandly attended to the wants of our beloved and sainted Dr. Borne during his last fatal illness. She was a niece of Dr. Borne's, and we feel confident that she will make the Dr. a good wife. We congratulate Dr. Yutzy on his wise choice, and pray the blessings of heaven upon Mr. and Mrs. Yutzy in their new relation. May happiness, joy and excellence attend a long and useful union.

We find Dr. Dimm at his post, looking none the worse for a summer's rest from arduous labors, and ready for work. The Dr. is the honored President of the Central Pennsylvania Synod.

Rev. J. B. Focht, D. D., the newly elected pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, will take charge of the homiletic work in our department; at least during the interim until our new President, Dr. Heisler, will be able to take the management of the classes. We predict for Rev. Focht a kindly reception and a pleasant time with the classes.

At the present the class numbers eighteen, as follows :

Seniors—Charles B. Harman, S. U., '97; Charles P. MacLaughlin, S. U., '98; S. N. Carpenter, S. U., '98; John F. Stabely; Arthur E. Cooper, M. I.

Middlers—I. H. Wagner, S. U., '98; G. A. Livingston, S. U., '98; C. M. Nicholas, Pa. Col., '98; H. E. Harman, J. E. Ott, H. H. McMurtrie.

Juniors—W. A. Wolgemuth, S. U., '99; H. D. Hoover, S. U., '99; J. E. Zimmerman, S. U., '99; J. W. Weeter, Pa. Col., '99; H. E. Erdman, S. U., '99; L. J. Stauffer, S. A. Gaines.

Mr. Cooper spent the vacation in Selinsgrove and preaching as supply for neighboring pastors.

Mr. MacLaughlin had charge of a mission on the South Side in Chicago. We are glad to say that he was quite successful in his work.

Mr. Stabely spent the summer in Selinsgrove.

Mr. C. B. Harman spent the summer at Muncy, with an occasional visit to Selinsgrove.

S. N. Carpenter visited in York and Lancaster counties, and preached for the Martz congregation, his regular place of supply.

I. H. Wagner preached at his regular place of supply, Oak Grove. He visited his brother in Lancaster County, and Mr. Livingston in Adams County. This young brother also paid sundry visits to Selinsgrove during the summer.

Mr. Nicholas spent his vacation with his parents in Maryland. He "made a speech at a Sunday School picnic and addressed the members of a secret order."

G. A. Livingston spent the summer at his home in New Oxford, taking revenge on the camera.

Mr. McMurtrie spent his time at a summer resort near Williamsport.

Mr. Ott looked on the business end of life, and spent his vacation canvassing.

Mr. H. E. Harman clerked for a lumber company at Williamsport.

—S. N. CARPENTER, ED.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni notes are an appendage of questionable merit and interest to a college publication. While this is true it has oft been the wish of every loyal Alumnus that it were otherwise. For were the means and material at hand for an approach, at least, to an ideal Alumni column, there would be no one department that could excell it in interest, or have the same influence toward the support of college publications and the uniting of the Alumni in a common sympathy for their Alma Mater. But since these ideal compilations in this department are not usually forthcoming, the cry is raised: "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." And there is.

It is true that some of the difficulties in collecting this news can scarce be surmounted. The blameworthy causes of meager news under this head fall into two classes—neglects, on the part of the editor of the department, and neglects on part of the Alumni.

No editorship is a sinecure. At least this one is not, if the department is not to be a farce. For a student at a college to keep track of her graduates who are scattered to the four winds of the earth is a task of no mean labor, and hence is often neglected. The Edenic curse has tainted us all. But on the other hand the Alumnus must take his share of the blame. The hardest kicker is the last man to drop the editor a card on hearing of some items of interest, or to tell him if he meets him. Then many graduates so thoroughly insulate themselves from the influence of their Alma Mater and drop out of sympathy with college life to such a

degree that we hear little of them. Many do not subscribe for and others subscribing do not properly support their college paper. Some are not creating themes for public notice by their daily activities. Others are hopelessly waiting for their Alma Mater to honor them instead of their honoring their Alma Mater. Thus, between the editor and his subjects there is too often a dearth of crisp news. Will we remedy it?

'72 (Sem.) Rev. H. C. Haithcox, D. D., of Abilene Kansas, spent his summer vacation in Pennsylvania and the Southern states.

'85. Rev. S. E. Bateman, lately pastor at Newberry, Pa., is at present located in Selinsgrove, Pa.

'89. Rev. M. H. Havice, pastor of Christ's Church, Milton, Pa, attended the Bible Conference at Eagles Mere this summer.

'90. Prof. O. C. Gortner is serving in the capacity of superintendent of schools of Mifflin county.

'91. Rev. Walter Oberholtzer and wife, of Albion, Indiana, lately spent some time with friends in Selinsgrove and vicinity.

'91. Prof. B. Meade Wagenseller will again serve as principal of the Centre Hall High School this year.

'91. N. I. Cathemeare, Pharmacist, is now traveling in the interest of a wholesale drug concern.

'96. S. B. Hare, Esq., will coach the 'Varsity football team this year. Mr. Hare has had a wide experience in football, and thoroughly understands the game.

'98. C. P. MacLaughlin, who had charge of a Chicago mission during the summer, has had marked success.

'98. Brian Teats will teach at Shamokin Dam during the coming year.

'98. F. E. Woodley, of the dental department of the University of Pennsylvania, has been maintaining his former reputation as a football player, and promises well to make the University team this year.

'98. Miss Roca M. Gortner will take a post-graduate course in Literature and kindred branches at Cornell this year.

'98. F. A. Wagner paid us a visit at the opening of the term.

'99. W. H. Morris has been elected to the principalship of the Rebersburg High School.

'99. J. L. Hoffman will attend the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg the coming year.

'99. Cyril Haas was engaged in evangelistic work under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. during the summer in Luzerne Co.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. H. C. Michael is located at Wilmerding, Pa., and is doing good work. We extend our best wishes to the poet of SUSQUEHANNA.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. W. B. Lahr, the hustling pastor of St. Luke's, Williamsport, Pa., spent his summer vacation in Richmond, Indiana.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. M. L. Snyder has accepted a call to Manheim, Pa.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. G. O. Ritter has received a call to a Kansas charge.

PREPARATORY.

Never before in the history of the institution has a more auspicious future attended the Preparatory Department of Susquehanna. As we again return, laded with the delightful recollections and reminiscences of a happy vacation, to assemble under the glorious banner of Prepdom, great indeed is our joy to find that such followers as "Doc." Crooks, "Reddy" Weis and "Pat" Miller have been spared, and have returned to us to reflect the accomplishment of greater mental achievements upon our ranks, and so add greater brightness to the illustrious halo of fame that already surrounds our department.

And as we pause in our thankfulness for the return of most of our heroes of a year past, we are awakened to a grateful sense of pleasure by the presence of our new recruits, when after the "Showers" we hear the delightful chirpings of our "Wren" swell into the full rounded song of our "Mackenzie," whose rendition of a few patriotic songs, a certain Saturday night not long ago, was greatly appreciated and enjoyed by all in attendance.

But amid this rejoicing and thanksgiving there is a consciousness of sadness, caused by the absence of a departed member—the "noblest Roman of them all"—J. Earl Keiser. It is with regret that we no longer are regaled with his soul-stirring orations which once echoed and re-echoed through our halls. It is with regret that we no longer listen to his learned discourses on many a "momentous occasion" when "they extinguished the lights and sallied forth upon him." It is with deepest regret that we ac-

knowledge the fact that Bucknell holds the presence of this most promising follower of Demosthenes, of whom our last year's dormitorians hold such an appreciative memory.

And yet notwithstanding these uncontrollable inconsistencies of fate which have compelled the removal of a few of our members from among us, the never-ceasing wheels of preparation grind on, and we are carried along through the entrances into the darker recesses of the arts and sciences, to soon emerge into the emerald realms of Freshdom, into which the brightest constellations of our zenith have just passed. It should not be with fear and trembling that we approach this inevitable exit into greater fields of study, even though they be green; for while the mighty sinews and ponderous intellect of "Feather" Martin are present to sustain and lead us, and while the same ever apparent qualities of "Jim" Keiser remain behind we know that all is well.

Therefore let us not in moments of forgetfulness disregard the prestige and distinction to which we as Preps. are entitled, for what department can place a more bow-legged man than Bingamen on the gridiron? What department can boast of a more eloquent man than "Loofer" Moats?

And now having our capabilities, possibilities, liabilities and desirabilities placed before us, our own abilities must determine to what extent they will be realized.

—N. D. STURGES, ED.

SOCIETIES

CLIO.

The happy vacation is over. The year has opened auspiciously. There is an unusual large return of old students and a large accession of new ones, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

Clio held its first meeting for the year on Friday evening, Sept. 15th. The attendance was a surprise. Scarcely a member was absent. A large number of visitors were present. Quite a number of Ex Clios were with us, and expressed themselves as highly pleased with Clio's record; therefore let every member get to work with increased effort. Let us be prompt in the performance of every duty assigned us.

We believe it to be unwise to dictate to the new student which

society he should join; but it is fitting that he identify himself with one of the societies, and as early as possible. There is no better time to begin literary work than right at the beginning of the year. You should no more think of putting off literary work than you would of putting off recitations until the middle of the year or later.

The program on Friday evening was well rendered. Every performer tried to do his very best. Let us continue as we have begun. At our last meeting Mr. Loyd C. Keefer, of Snyder-town, Pa., and Mr. C. Orvis Frank were proposed as members of Clio. With highest hopes for a prosperous year we bid them welcome.

L. J. STAUFFER, ED.

PHILO.

Another chord has been struck in the grand march of the ages, and the discords of the past have gently died into a sweet cadence of pleasing echoes, mingling with the full round tones of a new year of labor.

In the panorama of life, the scene is ever shifting, new characters are constantly introduced to be darkly silhouetted against the sky for a moment and then fade away into obscurity. So, too, there are old college friends whose features and voices are now but a pleasant memory, and their places in this sphere of action have been taken by new men.

It is worth our while, just now at the dawn of a new century, to diverge from the beaten tracks of custom and contemplate the advantages the modern college education offers to the young man. There is no doubt but that the twentieth century will mark a new era in college education. Forces are silently gathering which will shatter and utterly destroy the old idols, before which savants have worshiped, and in their places new ones will be erected, and these forces are the inevitable recognizance that there is something essential lacking in the college education of today.

It places high ideals before the young man, but not the means to attain them. It deals too much with generalities and not enough with practicalities.

This century has been fraught with great innovations, and the incoming century will bring forward changes even more startling.

We must learn to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. Under the old regime, the college student cannot fully realize the responsibility that rests upon him as a member of the community. He is simply following the beaten track of custom. He is living in an atmosphere of self. He is marked by a singleness of idea. The reason for this is very apparent. The new student entering the portals of the college breathes a new atmosphere. There is a certain spirit which is found only within the confines of the college or university. As this develops the character of the student, his ability to cope with great emergencies, and his power to grasp opportunities, become firmer and more matured. But the college education cannot be said to be rounded out in all its fulness where there is only one student, or where the student lives for himself. There can be no true conception of all the grand possibilities of a college education unless there is harmony of action among the students. Thus, they become teachers of one another, and while they are learning from those older than themselves, they are almost imperceptibly developing the mental powers and becoming broadened in their ideas and liberal in their opinions.

The most potent factor in the rounding out of a college education is the literary society. The pebbles in the brook or on the beach are worn smooth by constant friction with each other. So in the literary society the student will meet with others who are his mental equals, and by this mental friction his mind will become developed and his thoughts and ideas become rounded and polished. In the class room, usually, he is passive, as far as the relations between him and the professor are concerned, but it is in the literary society that the student is taught to think for himself. He no longer deals with generalities, but practicalities. He here applies to practice the theories of the class room, and the result is that the higher faculties of the student are developed. He is no longer a mere automaton, but a wide-thinking man with his intellectual powers reaching out into the vast regions of thought.

Philo begins the year with bright prospects. With a commodious hall elegantly furnished and a membership unricalled for zeal, earnestness and vigor of expression, the proud escutcheon of Philo should be emblazoned with many new triumphs in the development of mind and character.

To the new men we extend a cordial invitation to stand out

meetings, and should they see fit to enroll themselves under the banner of Philo, we will endeavor to strew the rugged pathway with the flowers of thought and hand in hand revel in the glories of the budding imagination and the rich marvels of the world of thought.

FRANK E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The great factor in the college world to-day, which has for its aim the development of the better part of man—the moral and spiritual side of life—is the organization known as the Young Men's Christian Association. No organization of a similar character has been more efficient in reaching young men and in developing true manhood than has this association. It has been the instrument in the hands of God of saving many young men from making shipwreck of their lives by instilling within them right principles of life and action. It is the Y. M. C. A. that sets the standard of piety and creates the religious sentiment in the college where it is found. Hence the importance of such an organization in every college of our land, that the intelligent youth may be saved for God and characters builded after the only True Pattern given to man. To give the hand of Christian fellowship to the new men as they appear among us; to seek to lead them by the pitfalls and snares which are found in college life, and ever on the alert to reclaim the unfortunate, is a God-given work, precious in His sight. Such is the purpose of our local organization. "Our College for Christ" has been our motto, and our prayers and efforts should be more definitely toward that end this year than ever before. Do we realize the vast possibilities that lie about us for doing work that will tell in the lives and characters of men, and glorify Him whom we serve? If we did, many of the unused forces which now lie dormant would spring into action, and right living would receive a mighty impetus. Let us lay aside "every weight and hindrance, and in the consciousness of a surrendered life, let Him work His will through us.

The reception given by our Association to the old and new students Saturday evening, Sept. 9th, was a very pleasant event, and speaks well for the institution in the fact that the religious side of life is the first thing emphasized here. At 8 o'clock the College Chapel presented a pleasing sight. The bright faces of the young

men and women present was an inspiration, and everybody seemed to feel at home. After a few introductory remarks by the President of the Association, Prof. George E. Fisher was introduced. Mr. Fisher, in a very able and earnest manner, welcomed the boys, urging them to make use of the opportunities offered by the Y. M. C. A., and to strive to make the most of their lives.

Dr. Focht, the new pastor of the College Church, made a few cheery remarks, showing his love for young men, and cordially inviting them to all the services of the church. Other speeches were made by members of the Association who represented different departments of work, and the program throughout was interspersed with music, the quartet especially being enjoyed. At the conclusion of the exercises refreshments were served and a general social time enjoyed by all present. It was doubtless the best event of its kind the Association has yet held, and much praise is due the ladies of town who made the refreshment part of the program such a success.

Our "decision" meeting was held Sunday afternoon, Sept. 10th, and was led by Mr. Hoover, the president. The topic, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," was presented in a very impressive manner, and the need of making right choice was strongly emphasized.

On Sunday, Sept. 17th, Mr. E. M. Brumgart, chairman of the Bible Study Committee, led the meeting, and presented the claims of the Word of God upon every individual. The courses of devotional Bible study were outlined, and since then the work of organizing the classes has been in progress.

May the Spirit of God animate every heart as we take up our work this year, and a Pentecostal time be not far distant in our midst.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Fourth District, in which we are located, will hold a District Convention at Milton during October 13th, 14th and 15th, 1899. Since this is so near home, all those who are able should attend, and receive the benefit of meeting great minds, and absorb the spirit of enthusiasm and progress usually found at such a gathering. Young men, if you want to get in sympathy with Christian work, get new ideas from consecrated workers, and learn new methods which have been tried by others and found successful. By all means attend this assembly.

—W. H. DERR, ED.

ATHLETICS

Susquehanna University has again thrown open her portals to all who are desirous of developing their intellectual faculties. While all present manifest much earnestness along this line of college life, there is, as in former years, an increasing spirit shown in athletics. "What are the prospects for athletics at S. U. this year?" is a question that has been asked by many a friend of the Maroon and Orange. What follows will perhaps be sufficient to enable all interested in this phase of college life to draw a satisfactory conclusion.

The new athletic field was leveled during vacation, but the work was not completed in time to allow the ground to become sufficiently packed to play upon it this fall. But by the time spring athletics open it will be in condition for use. The old field, which is in excellent condition, will therefore be used for this season's sports.

A moderate degree of interest was manifested in lawn tennis during former years, but not sufficient to warrant any tournaments of much interest. This year the tennis courts are already in use, and skillful players can be developed for spring athletics. With proper organization enthusiasm can be aroused and interesting tournaments arranged.

There is also a bright outlook for a Wheelman's Club, as the majority of former wheelmen have returned and these are recruited by many new wheelmen.

The sport in which every student and lover of athletics is chiefly interested at this season of the year is football. It is the game which every college and university in the land hails with the greatest enthusiasm. At the opening of the season some discouraging features presented themselves. One of these discouragements was the loss of a number of former players. These are Ex-Captain Morris, M. P. Herman and Charles A. Goss, members of the class of '99, and G. W. Miller, '02. These gentlemen were all strong players and filled prominent positions on last years' team. The manager, W. R. Rohrbach, did not return, but his position has been filled by the efficient Ass't. Manager, E. R. Wingard, who has arranged a very strong schedule. To those

who have gone out to enter new fields of labor, and to those who did not return, THE SUSQUEHANNA wishes abundant success.

Captain E. M. Brumgart has returned, but has decided not to play. The same course was followed by H. I. Brumgart, who played centre on former teams. However, we hope that they may recall their decision since their assistance is so much needed.

With these conditions to contend with there are still bright prospects of a strong, winning team. All the old players except the ones mentioned have returned. They are strong players and in the best of condition, and with the reinforcement from new material the team will suffer no loss in strength or skill.

There are several applicants for almost all the positions, and this will mean hard work and good, conscientious training. One of the commendable features of this year's team is that it is purely a college team, composed of bona fide students.

A mass meeting of the students was recently held by the Athletic Association, at which former members of the team gave utterance to the benefits derived from playing football. Much interest was aroused, as attested by the large number of new players who appeared upon the field.

S. B. Hare, Esq., of Altoona, an Alumnus of the University, has been procured to coach the team. He has had much experience as a player and thoroughly understands the game. He officiated as referee in all the games played at Dickinson during his three years' course in the law department. He enjoys the entire confidence of the boys and we predict, as a result of his coaching, a strong, invincible team. All that is needed, therefore, is the support of the student body and friends of the University. Every student who is able should take the field and line up against first team, thereby giving them the needed practice and the ability to win new laurels for Susquehanna University.

Much of the success of the team will depend upon their honest, conscientious training, and we believe the members of the team mean to do honest work along this important line.

SCHEDULES.

September 23—Lebanon Valley College, at Selinsgrove. September 30—Indians, at Carlisle. October 7—Open. October 14—Wyoming Seminary, at Kingston. October 21—York Y. M. C. A., at York. October 28—Open. November 4—F. and M., at Lancaster. November 11—Open. November 18—Gettysburg, at Gettysburg. November 25—Dickinson, at Carlisle.

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY RESERVES.

October 7—C. P. C., at Selinsgrove. October 21—C. P. C., at New Berlin. October 28—Shamokin Y. M. C. A., at Shamokin. November 4—Sunbury High School, at Selinsgrove. November 11—Milton Y. M. C. A., at Milton.

L. P. YOUNG, ED.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINSGROVE, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

(Entered at the Selinsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selinsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.

EDITORIAL

TAKING a retrospective glance, we can easily see the different steps which brought THE SUSQUEHANNA to its present degree of excellence. The last few years' improvements and steps upward have been made by our worthy predecessors. They deserve true-hearted praise for having done their duty. They have risen to heights unattainable in the eyes of former editors. They worked silently yet persistently and hard, to make the journal what it is. Unmurmuringly they took the harsh criticism of those incompetent to judge—willingly they received every good suggestion and followed it. Earnestly and honestly they attempted, and by conscientious effort they succeeded admirably in fulfilling their duty. The retiring editor deserves all the praise we can bestow upon him, and his services for the journal and through it for the College will be recalled with pride in the minds of future students of Susquehanna.

Having the armor of such able men buckled about us we scarcely feel able to carry it, much less perform our duties by it. We tremble on the dizzy heights of the glorious attainments of

our immediate predecessor. Inexperienced, we look in awe at the task before us, just as the eastern traveler stands on the plains of Northern Italy and views in wonder the apparently insurmountable heights of the Alps. We took our places hesitatingly not because we wished to escape the responsibility of the work, or because we were unwilling to sacrifice for the sake of the journal and the school, but because of our inabilities to fill our respective positions and do satisfactorily what is required of us.

All, however, does not depend on the staff; and though we will all strive to do our duty, we humbly and earnestly ask the co-operation of our readers and friends that together we may make each issue of *THE SUSQUEHANNA* interesting, newsy and profitable. We ask your patience, suggestions and contributions; and your criticisms will be cheerfully received.

AFTER a long summer vacation, after a period of rest from our intellectual work, and after a long separation from our school friends, we are glad to return to old Susquehanna and be again wrapped in the folds of her intellectual robe. Just as each student acquired something new during the summer, so have new things been added to the College, old things have been improved, and worthless things have been removed. During the last vacation some of us have spent the time in rural districts, and following the plow have learned the lesson of patience; some have failed. Others have canvassed and learned the lesson of endurance; some have not. But no matter what we have done during the summer, the outlook of the coming year will be just what we make it. Persistent effort in work and patient waiting for results will make a year of immeasurable success; listlessness in purpose, carelessness in study and habits will turn out a year of worthlessness, and the reward of such a character will sometime bring ruin to its possessor.

The result of this year's work will depend entirely upon the student. Neither the faculty nor the school is responsible if we become careless and indolent. All about us shows cleanliness and beauty, improvement and progress, and whether we will step to higher plains of intellectual attainments, acquire more systematic habits of study and thinking, depends on our will power to say and do those things which will make of us men and women such as the Creator intended we should be.

The improved campus increases the beauty of our surroundings and adds greatly to the appearance of the buildings, which have also been repaired. The College grounds are very much prettier than they have ever been. It was a needed improvement, and taste was shown in the change. Do we thoroughly appreciate such beautiful surroundings? The students of nature among us cannot escape that mysterious poetic tingle on their delicate nerves when they behold the beauty of our campus, set like a large emerald on the hill-side of one of the most beautiful valleys of this State.

But it is not our improved campus nor our beautiful surroundings that aid us so much in making progress as our Faculty. All the old professors, though spending some time in resting, were more or less busy all summer working for the advancement of the school and for the good of us students. They, by sacrifice and denial, have made it possible for us to enjoy many blessings that otherwise we would not have enjoyed, and opened to us opportunities which otherwise would have remained hidden. Knowing these facts, will all their denials of rest and pleasure be in vain, or will we seek out and use every opportunity thus afforded, showing our appreciation of their whole-hearted service?

Besides making special preparation for their own departments they have used their influence with the Board of Directors, and together they have increased our Faculty. The new theological professor, Dr. Focht, is a very able man for the position. He is an earnest student, a hard thinker and a systematic worker. He is liked very much by all under him, and under his guidance no student can fail to succeed if he conscientiously and honestly carries out the lessons which the Doctor teaches. We feel ourselves blessed, and believe it was providential that Dr. Focht, who taught here in the eighties, was secured to direct our minds, inspire us with his spirit of study and instill into us systematic habits of thought and expression.

We were also very fortunate in securing the services of Rev. C. W. Heisler to fill the office of president. The following are a few extracts from the many letters of recommendation received by the Board of Directors: "Rev. Heisler is an earnest and devoted Christian, has rare tact and personal magnetism, is very industrious, persistent, and effective in work, and withal, has genuine learning and a zeal in its behalf. His hold on young people is

quite exceptional." "Mr. Heisler is a born teacher; he possesses the faculty of causing others to see the truth clearly through his scholarly eyes." "He is a perfect gentleman, a noble Christian, a persuasive speaker, a man of very exceptional judgment and a most careful and thorough exponent of the best modern views of Biblical criticism."

Hearing such recommendations, how can we help but like him and rally around him when our new president steps among us to lead us to search deeper, aim higher and see farther into the hidden recesses of eternal truth? How can we help but support him and give him our affections when we hear him spoken of as having "a heart of love for young men?" With such advancements and additions to our College, with the many new privileges and opportunities that come only through these improvements and blessings, let us do the best we can by honest and persistent work to advance ourselves and keep old Susquehanna marching on nearer the goal of absolute perfection. It depends upon us. These conditions and improvements aid us, but we are the only ones upon whom rests our advancement or downfall. Again, because of these improvements our responsibility for grasping opportunities, advancing in deep thinking, and hard study, has increased. Therefore, may we ever try and try until we have done our best; and may we even try to better that.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

The opening of our present school term has again brought us back to these old classic walls. We are pleased to note the appearance of so many new students, and also to see the familiar faces of the majority of our former ones.

Everyone is highly pleased with the appearance of the campus and buildings, which have been greatly improved during the summer. The iron fence around the campus has been removed, the halls have been freshly painted, while things in general were renovated.

On the 8th of this month the Board of Directors of Susquehanna University were assembled at this place in special meeting. Foremost among the important business matters that were transacted was the election of a president, to fill the position vacated by Dr. Dimm, who had resigned. Rev. Charles W. Heisler, of

Denver, Col., was the choice of the Board and he was elected. He is at present engaged in an anti-saloon movement, in which he has been very successful. He will enter his office very highly recommended.

A new college minister has also been elected since we left school last spring. Rev. Dr. Focht, of Lafayette Hill, Philadelphia, was unanimously elected to take the place of Rev. Barb, who resigned and who is now preaching at Hughesville.

Prof. George E. Fisher's house is rapidly nearing completion, and from all appearances will be a very desirable and cozy dwelling.

The Board is to be congratulated on having selected Mr. Shrader as Janitor, who can devote his whole time to that work. He is seen daily about the campus and buildings busily engaged in keeping things in order and repair.

Quite a number of our old students were rather late in arriving. Former editor Harman was detained on account of the sickness of his sister.

Strail was compelled to visit Philadelphia before he could come back.

Miss Ted Potter was visiting at Lock Haven and was unable to arrive in time.

Miss Ethel Schoch spent a few weeks very pleasantly at Wild Wood, N. J.

It might not be amiss to enumerate what some of our students were engaged in during the summer. Here are a few that we have been able to find out:

Charles Lambert employed bone and sinew in firing the engine for a stave mill in the wilds of Huntingdon County.

Iseman canvassed in New Jersey, but made many trips to Brooklyn and Coney Island, where there were many attractions for him, especially at the latter place.

Shindel picked stones on his father's farm to pay for his fare to Philadelphia last spring.

Spigelmeyer was employed in a box factory near his home.

Gramley was in town on the 6th and 7th, having stopped off on his way to Gettysburg.

Morris, who graduated last spring, was a visitor here at the opening of school.

Mr. F. E. Woodly, '98, is favorably commented upon by the

city papers as a very promising candidate for quarter-back on the University of Pennsylvania football team. We wish him much success.

A quiet home wedding took place in town on the 12th. Dr. Robert N. Hartman, of Baltimore, Md., a former professor of science at this institution, was married to Miss Charlotte Eby, of Selinsgrove. They left for Colorado, where he has accepted a professorship in the State Mining College.

On the 14th Mr. S. B. Hare, of Altoona, who has been engaged as this season's football coach, arrived in town. He was met at the depot by a delegation of students. He at once entered upon his labors and we bespeak success for his work if his instructions are heeded.

Fred Wagner, a Gettysburg Seminarian, visited his former chum, Wm. Derr, on the 11th.

Mr. Warren, of Hughesville, who stopped off on his way to State College, was entertained by McMurtrie on the 12th and 13th.

New Janitor—"What's going on that so many of the students are going to the depot this evening?"

Student—"Why, the football coach is coming."

New Janitor—"Oh! So they are getting a carriage?"

We take this opportunity in expressing our thanks to O. T. Reilly, who has a relic museum in Sharpsburg, Md., for valuable specimens contributed toward our museum through the efforts of E. M. Brumgart. To any who contemplate visiting the renowned battlefield of Antietam we would say: "Do not fail to see these relics."

Our business manager, Mr. Spigelmyer, spent Sunday, September 17th, at Lewisburg.

The class of 1902, at a meeting held September 14th, elected the following officers: President, P. G. Cressman; Vice-President, Miss Wagenseller; Secretary, Lee Dentler; Treasurer, L. L. Iseman; Historian, R. R. Barrett; Poet, Merlo Heicher; Artist, Miss Potter; Class Marshall, W. H. Shindel; Reporter, S. B. Burkhart.

Dr. Dimm spent his vacation, except a two-weeks' trip to Philadelphia, at this place, attending to the duties of president and looking after the interests of the University.

Prof. J. Yutzy, D. D., made a matrimonial venture since we

left him last June, and after a pleasant wedding trip to various points in Pennsylvania, remained in Selinsgrove, spending his vacation in study.

Prof. T. C. Houtz spent a delightful vacation at Huntingdon, Pa., resting from the many duties falling upon him during the school year.

Prof. J. I. Woodruff spent part of his vacation visiting friends and relatives, and the remainder passed away in delightful roamings in the beautiful flower-garden of English and American literature.

Prof. H. A. Allison took an exceedingly pleasant trip to the romantic western regions of our pretty continent. He spent most of his time in Kansas, going by way of Niagara Falls and Chicago, Ill. The scenery along his well chosen route was superb, and as educating as it was beautiful.

Prof. G. E. Fisher was very busy since College closed, supervising the work of his new house, which will be, when completed, one of the most up-to-date dwellings in town.

Prof. F. C. Fisher, principal of Preparatory Department, found excellent recuperation last summer on the camping grounds, having spent a profitable as well as enjoyable time in the Alleghany mountains. The rest of his vacation was spent at home with his mother.

Prof. B. F. Long spent a pleasant vacation at his home near Selinsgrove. Though resting, he was not idle, and through his work came back to us better prepared physically for his duties during the coming year.

EXCHANGES.

It is always easier to tell where and how mistakes are made than to do the thing right ourselves; but this difference seems more marked in the case of an exchange editor than any one else. If he criticizes an article too severely in an unfavorable strain or allows his compliments to become flattery, his work is worthless; if he goes over all and does justice to each one his work will be too voluminous, and if he does not do justice to all his work seems partisan. The ideal exchange man will steer clear of the rocks herein enumerated and will be able to pick out at a glance that which is worthy of attention and give it just the proper attention and notice in his column.

Let us hope that the exchange editors of this session approach in a fair degree the ideal. As this is the first number we will not regularly note our exchanges, but will simply give a few impressions of different college journals:

The Red and Blue was blessed last year with the best art staff of any publication coming to this office.

The Spectator is always profusely and well illustrated. This feature striking one especially.

The Free Lance always has at least one article of true literary merit and oftentimes is replete with intensely interesting matter.

The Quill gives us a number of questions for debate in its reports of society meetings at S. U. P. among embryonic lawyers.

The Bucknell Mirror and the *Gettysburg Mercury* both have a decided literary caste in opposition to many journals given over entirely to news.

The publications of Dickinson and Franklin and Marshall give us an excellent and extraordinary insight into the college life.

There are a number of High School journals on our list that breathe the spirit of progress, and show to what heights our public schools have risen.

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VOLUME IX.

No. 2.

OCTOBER,

1899.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

SELINGROVE, PENNA.

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LITERARY.

THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS.

In the tropically languorous sea of sleep
There stretches a coral strand,
Where the moonlight plays 'mid the leafy palms
That grow in the dream-world land.
And here it is that fond dreams meet
And dance on sands of gold;
While the misty shapes we chase in sleep
Within our arms we hold.
A land where the gold-brown poppy bud
Sways gently in the night,
And with its opium-laden breath
Lulls us to realms of light.
There are no sins, there are no fears,
No sorrows or vain regret;
'Tis a silent kingdom of happiness
Where we wonder and—forget.—*Selected.*

UPON THE WAY.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?
What will it matter whether hearts were brave
And lives were true,
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?
These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly waved as rushes are
By love or strife?
Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul.—*Selected.*

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam;
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
The husband sat cheeringly down by her side,
And looked with delight in the face of his bride.

"O, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore;
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its gardens so green and its vine-covered wall,
And kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

"Hark! Hark! What was that? HARK! Hark to the shout!
Fire! Fire!" then a tramp and a rush and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was, "Father have mercy! look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;
Oh! there was her refuge whatever betide.

No better comparison could be made to some human lives than by likening them to a ship starting out upon the great billowy ocean. So long as the sea is calm and no threatening storms are evident, there are some on board who are in the height of enjoyment, and are building for themselves air castles, never thinking of any unseen danger that may be lurking near. Under such favorable auspices the ship sails on, until from some unexpected quarter, the cry of fire rings out on the balmy breeze; and then these air castle builders find that they have rushed into the very jaws of death without having previously thought of any means of escape, or without having made any preparation to that end.

So it is with the ship of life. Many a man during the summer of his existence, when his health is good, and surroundings favorable, led on by the allurements and temptations so common to men, builds, in his imagination, beautiful cottages, standing by the evergreen shores, surrounded by ambrosial trees, in the branches of which some golden plumaged bird may chance have built his nest, and being thus absorbed in himself, he rushes on at an awful speed, until at some unexpected moment he discovers to his sorrow and regret that his ship is on fire.

As we look over the world our hearts are saddened because of the pitiable wrecks of once noble lives, whose manhood and honor have been consumed almost to utter destruction by the burning passions of their own lower natures. On the street corners, in the gambling houses, in the licensed saloons, and in the dens of wickedness and vice, may be found hundreds of young men whose ships are on fire. The motive powers within them, which God had planned for a high and lofty purpose, have been set all aglow by unholy desires and impure thoughts.

Now, a ship without fire in it would be a worthless thing, but a ship all fire means a terrible death to those on board. A young man without passions would be of no account, but when these passions, by evil thoughts and continual indulgence, are aroused to a red heat, then it is that he becomes a dangerous subject to society and a curse to himself.

When a ship takes fire it is not a difficult matter to extinguish the flame if taken at the beginning; but let the flames leap over the ship, so that it becomes a seething and glowing mass, then it has gone beyond human control. Like unto this are the passions in our own bodies. Taken when they begin to glow, it is not a difficult task to keep them within the bounds of our strength; but let them be continually aroused to their utmost capacity, then only by a providential overruling can we overcome them.

The only way to overcome our evil passions is, to resist the beginnings of evil; to crush the unborn serpent in its gleaming shell. The young man who allows the wild beast of the flesh to roar in the sanctities of his soul, who pats and caresses the lion when it is young, which is only growing in strength, soon to pounce upon him at an unguarded moment, will discover when he does undertake to rule his spirit, that he has assumed a task almost impossible. If a man thinks he can hurl himself into the whirling stream and not be swept away by it; that he can walk along the edge of the precipice in the dark and run no risk of a shattering fall; that any flowery band will be strong enough by which to check his full fed appetites when they crash in upon him—with a terrible experience he will find that to place himself in these positions is to abandon the true mastery of self. How can he escape impurity who listens to the ever polluting Siren's song, or who by impure literature and every other form of unhallowed stimulus, feeds and strengthens the very passions which can be trained into sober-

ness, chastity and obedience only by rigid avoidance and determined battle? Or take the awful desecration of drunkenness. Can there be a more pitiful spectacle; can there be a more fearfully dismantled hulk on the rolling waters, or a more ghastly wreck on life's lonely shore than the habitual drunkard? He has made himself a slave to a dead thing. He has started up a consuming fire in his inmost being that rages and burns like to a fiery furnace. What is this but the undying worm and unquenchable fire kindled in man's heart by his own hands. But the man who husbands out the tapers of life in drunkenness and debauchery; who has drowned out almost every inch of manhood by strong drink, will not be held so much accountable for his last stage, as for lifting the first brimming cup to his lips.

And, O, how many mothers there are today who, like the mother upon the burning ship, are praying for their sons, who are out upon the great ocean of life with their ships on fire, "*Father, have mercy, look down on my child!*"

The little dishonest acts we do in secret, insignificant perhaps in themselves, will grow larger, and kindle a glowing fire within ourselves which will burn to utter consumption our frail bark, leaving only the ashes of a life that might have been a blessing to man and an honor to God, but now a curse to himself and a disgrace to highest heaven.

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble in themselves,
By taking true for false, and false for true;
Here thro' the feeble twilight of this world,
Groping how many, until we pass and reach
The other, where we see as we are seen.

—H. C. E., '99.

SOCIAL EVILS OF INDIA.

I do not know how we could better get a slight glance of the social condition of the people who live in India than by taking a walk, by the aid of our imaginations, through a typical village of India—that land which is almost equal in area to the United States, but which contains four and one-half times as many people, or 288,000,000. Let us imagine ourselves transported for a brief while into the very heart of India, and there with the hot sun

shining down upon us and a dusty road under our feet, we are approaching a Hindu village, led by a trusted and intelligent guide.

As we near the village we catch sight of a man sitting by the roadside and we notice that he is terribly deformed. His fingers are off, his arms are shrivelled, his eyes are sunken in, his nose is eaten away, and his body covered with filth. We ask our Hindu guide what is the matter with the man, and he tells us the man is a leper and has been cast out of the village to wander about, dying a slow, loathsome death. As we look at the man again, beckoning us to throw him a coin, our hearts sicken with pity, and more so when our guide tells us there are 500,000 lepers in India; so many that should we count one for every tick of our watches it would take us nearly six days, counting twenty-four hours per day, to number them, all corrupted with the most loathsome disease ever fallen upon mankind. But our guide would hurry us onward and we enter the village. We notice the houses are not like ours, they being only one story high, the walls made of matting or moistened earth, only one small window and door admit light into the houses. As we pass along into the village, we find the street thronged with people, men, women, children, dogs, ox carts, donkeys, blind beggars on all sides, sending forth their touching appeals for a pittance.

Our guide suggests that we visit one of the homes, and we enter the one we happen at. The floor is of hard earth and withal is altogether uninviting. We discover in a dark corner a rough bed, on which a little child of three years lies ill with convulsions. At the head of the bed sit the father and two sons, while at the foot the mother and two or three female friends, all so close together to prevent the child from getting any pure air at all. As we enter the barber has just finished shaving that spot on the child's head where the brain can be seen to pulsate, called by them the door of the brain. We see then a Mohammedan doctor take a red-hot iron and press it on the exposed part, thus destroying the tissue of the skull. At our cry of horror the father tells us that the spot is the place where evil spirits enter and it must be destroyed or the child would die. And thus do the native doctors, for they believe all sickness is caused by witches. How our hearts pity their blind ignorance. But we look about the room and we discover in another corner a little girl of about ten

years of age. Her head is shaven and on her face is a look we can never forget—a look of one who knew no one in this world cared for her, and her heart sick of the sufferings endured. We notice that no one of the family pay the least attention to her and she sits apart lonely and sad.

But we turn away from these sorrowful sights, and upon leaving the home we inquire of our Hindu guide concerning the little girl sitting in the corner. "She is a child widow," says the guide. A child widow? Who is she? And then the guide explains how, according to the Hindu religion, most children are compelled to marry between the ages of five and ten, and if their husbands die they are never permitted to marry again. He tells us that there are over 6,000,000 married girls in India between ten and fourteen years, and over 2,000,000 between five and nine and 258,000 under five years of age. He further tells us that there are over 25,000,000 widows in India whose lives are filled with unspeakable sufferings. The child widow is compelled to have her head shaven, allowed to eat but once in twenty-four hours and every two weeks required to fast, omitting even the one little meal. She is an object of contempt and to touch her would be pollution; always looked upon with suspicion and full of all evil. Such is the weary existence of 25,000,000 of India's widows.

But we hasten along the road. Suddenly we see some men hurrying toward us with a stretcher, on which some one is lying. It is a young girl. Our guide informs us it is a widow who, tired of this wretched life of darkness, attempted to cut her throat—a very common thing in India.

And then, as we pass along, we have pointed out to us the Zenanas, where the wives of the better class in India are kept in strict seclusion, forbidden even to see the outside world. He points out the heathen temples almost under every green tree. We see little babes lying in the scorching sun, left while their mothers go about their daily toil.

But we stop; we are weary and sick at heart, aching with pity and compassion, and we have seen but a little of India's condition. Is this only imagination? Would that it was, but 'tis real, 'tis real and sadder than we can picture it. But what do we think? Does India need a Saviour?

PROGRESS OF THE EVANGELIZATION IN INDIA.

About one hundred years ago, on his bench, in an humble home in London, there sat a poor cobbler. He was no one but an obscure cobbler. But on the wall of his little work shop there hung a map of the world, drawn roughly on some pieces of paper which he had pasted together; and on this map were written all the different facts he could learn concerning the various countries of the world. Day by day as he pegged away at his shoes, he would look up at his map and think of the conditions of those far away peoples in outer darkness, who had never so much as known whether there was a Christ who died for them. At last his heart became so enlarged that he could no longer sit on his own bench, but he had to get up and go into the churches and plead with the people to send him as a missionary to these dying people. Finally, the people supplying all things needful, they said to him "go," and he went, and on November 9, 1793, William Carey, the poor shoemaker of London, touched the shores of darkened, sin-trodden India as the first missionary ever sent from Christian England, and the first modern protestant missionary to enter India with the message of the Son of God's love to the Hindus.

Twenty years after that a little band of students at Williamstown, Mass., were overtaken in a thunderstorm and sought shelter under a hay stack, and there in the midst of blinding lightning and heavy thundering, organized the first missionary society ever formed in America, from which Adoniram Judson was sent as the first missionary to India from the United States. Today there are slumbering under India's sod six hundred missionaries who have since then gone out to live and die for her people, while there are at present sixteen hundred noble lives toiling and striving that somehow they may bring these restless millions of India to the feet of Christ.

India contains 288,000,000 of people, as many as live in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and the United States combined. Among this enormous mass of humanity, sixty-five missionary societies are at work, including Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran and Methodist.

The methods of Christian missionary work are quite varied. A large work is being done among the Hindu children by day schools wherein missionaries teach and mould their little characters at a

time when impressions are so easily made. There are about 15,000 of these schools in India, containing more than 62,000 children. Work among the young men, especially the students, by the Young Men's Christian Association, is accomplishing much good. Many missionaries are evangelists, who preach to the natives in the streets where large crowds gather, or in halls, where many will come. They also journey from village to village, talking to the people, as they will and do listen. A lady missionary to India relates how, when one day as she was addressing a crowd of women in a native village, telling them of the love of God as expressed in Jno. 3 : 16, a feeble old woman pushed her way through the crowd and standing by her side said: "What was that?" The missionary read again to her, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The aged heathen lady said: "Put my finger on that and read it again." The missionary did so. The woman then repeated to herself, "love, love, love. I never heard of that before. Please say it again that I may remember it until you come again." Truly it is said, "There are no homes in Asia," for how can there be a home where love is not.

Miss Delia Fistler gives an interesting incident of the eager reception to the gospel story by those in India. She relates: "I well remember how in a certain village the head man himself called his people together and bade them listen to our words. The scene is vividly impressed on my memory. We were seated on a rough bed, a little to one side sat the village leader on a rudely made chair, while on the ground at our feet were clustered the people—men, women and children.

After singing a few hymns we told them in simple words the story of Jesus and His love. They listened with close attention, some of the women weeping as they heard that this salvation was meant for them as well as for men. When I finished, the head man said: "May I ask you to repeat this wonderful story?" So with glad heart I told again the precious message; the people listening as eagerly as at the first. As I came to a close the second time, to my surprise the old man said: "Pardon me for the request, but as we are slow to understand and remember, and these women here are very stupid, and as we never before heard this story, will you kindly tell us once more?"

Needless to say that I gladly complied with the request. After answering many questions and leaving many tracts and gospels to be read to the people by the one man who could read, we turned homewards, but had scarcely gone beyond hearing distance when a man from the village overtook us, saying the head man had sent him after us to ask how long ago this Jesus had died; "had it been two or three years?" Do you wonder that I felt ashamed to tell him how many centuries had elapsed since that greatest event?

There are about 711 lady missionaries in the darkened lands of India among the women, entering into the zenanas and talking to the women who could in no other way be reached. Medical work is one of the most important parts of mission work. There are at least 270 hospitals in India, where the sick are lovingly cared for and told of the Great Physician. God has gone with His children and blessed their efforts manifold, though it often required undaunted courage and faith. The Baptists worked among the Telegus for thirty years and only had twenty-five converts, and then one day baptized 2,222 natives and 8,691 in six weeks.

There are over 850,000 Christians in India. As many as 60,000 have dropped their religions and accepted in one year. In the Madras presidency one in every forty is a Christian and one out of every twelve of the student graduates is a Christian. Many touching incidents occur. How they love to hear the story of the cross and obey it.

Illustrating how even little heathen hearts receive the divine truth, an incident is given in the life of John Paton, Missionary to the Hebrides Islands, of a famine having come upon his orphan home, wherein he cared for many little friendless ones. So famine stricken did they become that they ate the leaves of the fig trees. Day after day they eagerly looked for supplies from England. At last they came, and the orphans, with Mr. Paton, stood upon the shore waiting the unloading. Mr. Paton says: "As the first boat-load was discharged the orphans surrounded me, saying, 'Here is a cask, Missi', that rattles like biscuits! Will you let us take it to the mission house?'" I told them to do so if they could, and in a moment it was turned into the path, and the boys had it flying before them, some tumbling and hurting their knees, but up and at it again, and never pausing till it

rolled up at the door of our storehouse. On returning I found them all around it and they said:

"Missi', have you forgotten what you promised us?"

I said, "What did I promise you?"

They looked very much disappointed and whispered to each other, "Missi' has forgot!"

"Forgot what?" inquired I.

"Missi'," they answered, "you promised that when the vessel came you would give each of us a biscuit."

"Oh," I replied, "I did not forget; I only wanted to see if you remembered it."

They laughed, saying, "No fear of that, Missi'. Will you soon open the cask? We are dying for biscuits."

At once I got a hammer and tools, knocked off the hoops, took out the end and then gave girls and boys a biscuit each. To my surprise they all stood round, biscuit in hand, *but not one beginning to eat.*

"What," I exclaimed, "you are dying for biscuits? Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?"

One of the best said, "*We will first thank God for sending us food, and ask Him to bless it to us all!*"

And this was done in their own simple and beautiful child-like way, and then they did eat and enjoyed the food as a gift from the Heavenly Father's hand.

But with our rejoicing of the great things God hath already wrought in India, we dare not forget that there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed for Christ. With all the 1,600 missionaries in India there is only one missionary to every 180,000 people. Large districts containing as many as 20,000,000 are entirely without a gospel messenger. The needs of India are as intense today as when they pierced the very heart of God and drew His Son of Love into this sin-smitten world. The problems and difficulties are many. Hinduism must be overthrown. The caste system must be destroyed. Womanhood must be elevated.

Robert Wilder, one of the great missionaries of India, wired to the United States: India needs 1,000 spirit-filled volunteers *now*. May we have a large privilege in sending them.

CONTRIBUTED.

A TANGLE IN THE SKEIN.

(Continued from September Journal.)

The crisp air of a fall morning added a stimulus to everyone and the gaiety of the little crowd gathered at the Fairburg station was boisterious, if perchance it was not in every case genuine. They were here to bid Charlie Pierce good-bye. The gallant young captain with his laurels so recently won on the bloody field of real war, was going back to college early in order to infuse some of his wonderful spirit and enthusiasm into the squad of warriors for the mimic fray called football.

He had been obliged the night before to spend a long time at hard work, bidding adieu to his many friends, for wherever he might be he was always popular. Now only a few of the special little "set" were on hand. Harry Smith, who grew nervous whenever Grace Pettit expressed her grief at the parting; Grace herself, with a delightful air of heartbroken diffidence, which she finally managed to overcome in a wonderful degree; Nettie Carson, jolly, lighthearted, full of fun, and everywhere in evidence with a heavy surplus of life and joy; Clarence Preston, whose every action and pose seemed to say, "Just one girl in this play for me, the rest of you are only 'Sapes,'" and finally Captain Pierce, the same fellow with perhaps a little added dignity in his bearing, but gay as a Spanish cavalier. The whistle of the incoming train sounds in the distance; the rushing wheels come to a standstill; the banging of baggage; the hiss of escaping steam, and the cries of multitudinous trackmen; all harrow up the excited emotions of those about to part. Farewells are being said, and it seems altogether an accident that Pierce in his rounds comes to Nettie last. It must be only imagination, but it really seems to him that her fingers tremble in his grasp; "Good-bye, Nettie, will you care to correspond with me this winter?" he whispers, and her frank, honest eyes look into his as she answers, "I certainly do care and expect to enjoy it very much." The inexorable train moves on and he waves an enthusiastic farewell to all assembled. Just before he steps inside the coach he sees Preston stoop over and say something to Nettie, and she lays her hand on his arm in that indescribably familiar manner that many a girl assumes toward a man without thinking what it may mean to him. The sight maddens him, yet he believes in his heart that Nettie,

Desdemona like, does not comprehend what interpretation might be put upon such trivial action. The ends of the threads are getting lost and the tangle grows apace.

Back at college, after the first and most pleasant greetings of old friends and co-workers are over, Pierce gets a good, healthy attack of "heimweh," not that insane, animal and calf-like homesickness that a Freshman gets, but a simple longing for the gay times of the summer. Under the spell of this disease he goes to his room and writes Nettie a good, long, companionable, newsy letter, which she enjoys very much and answers promptly with one that reveals more of her true, sweet self than he had ever comprehended before. She asks very pressing for a picture of himself he had promised her, and even goes so far as to insist that he be sure to spend his vacation at Fairburg, intimating that it would make a great difference to her if he did not. She also insists on an early answer for a special reason, and he really intends to write her a prompt and long letter, but he is one of those fellows at a college who has part in everything because he is willing and can always be depended on; athletics, publishing associations, literary societies, fraternities, society in town, and most important his studies, all claim his time and attention so that he, being a lazy correspondent anyway, fails to answer this dear letter that had made him so happy.

Months roll round and away up in the Northern College with only one friend from his Southern home present, and that his father, for whom alone he had written his oration, Charlie Pierce graduated, the honor man in a class of four hundred. He intended to go home at once, and pictured a happy reunion with his old coterie, but fate in the shape of a yellow telegram destined a different future. A New York daily was sending out a scientific party to South America and they offered him a fair salary to accompany the expedition and do about four mens' work. Without a moment's hesitation he accepts, and packing his few belongings hastily leaves for New York, and bright and early the next morning takes passage on the steamer that conveys the party to the southern part of South America. On the vessel are some passengers bound for Brazil, and a Miss Florence Leslie rather takes Charlie's aesthetic eye, so he seeks an introduction. They get on amazingly well and the captain of the vessel was very much disgruntled at Pierce's non-appearance at the little poker

seances in his cabin. When Miss Leslie found out that Pierce was from Fairburg she asked him if he knew Preston. Of course he did. What did he think of him? This was asked in a careless, off-hand way, but Pierce was a man of the world and knew the signs too well to be fooled. Preston occupied an important position on Miss Leslie's list of friends.

They have been camped in the wilds for two years now, and in all that time only a very rare letter was exchanged between Nettie and Charlie, and they were simply "chummy" epistles. Some men and women think it is absurd to ever allow any one to even guess their feelings in matters of personal attachment. Honorable men sometimes grow morbid over the fear of standing in the way of better opportunities.

"Well, there comes the first mail I've seen for six months," says young Poe, the big, lazy Princeton man, as he shades his eyes with a delicately veined white hand and gazes across the country at an approaching rider. There is something for every one of the party, and they are all so engrossed in their own affairs that they do not notice the air of intense interest with which Pierce tears open one of his many letters until they hear a strange choking noise, and looking up see him, pale as a ghost, pitch forward on his face. Poe gently picks him up and with the touch of a woman tries to restore him to consciousness. On the tightly clutched paper in Pierce's hand Poe mechanically reads, "Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carson," and further down below the nervous thumb, "of their daughter Nettie."

H. K. B., OO.

(To be continued.)

BANQUO.

In spite of the fact that evil and villainy are most abundant in the tragedy of Macbeth, some good and noble characters abound. These upright characters stand forth among the detestable witch element, and the murderous results of their influence, like pure crystal-like stars shine from a rent in the inky storm cloud on a winter's night. Banquo, whom we first meet on an open heath in the presence of the witches was one of these. Our short but interesting acquaintance with him proves him to be a steady, temperate character.

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Macbeth and Banquo were generals of the king. They were companions in war and returned as such in the time of peace. We shall not separate them, but faintly try to contrast their characters. They are quite different, so different in truth that we are surprised to find them companions. But the blackness of the one only augments the purity and brightness of the other. They are as two men on a high mountain beholding before them honor, wealth and power. To gain these each takes a way that betrays his worth and inner self. Macbeth, urged on by the witches and his wicked wife, leaps madly and thoughtlessly across the intervening chasm to gain the opposite mount that promises so much to him. He gains it only to lose his vile and ill-gotten hold and slide off into the abyss of eternal destruction and shame. Banquo, holding on truth, purity and honesty, begins to descend slowly, not to gain the opposite cliff, but to fulfill his duty, and moving steadily, so act that each tomorrow find him better than today.

The witches appear to Banquo as well as to Macbeth, but how differently are these men affected. Banquo remains calm and is not excited. He has no affinity for the evil the witches would throw upon him. No image of their unsightly appearance does he find in his heart. His soul is untainted with devilish motive, such as these motiveless, passionless and sexless beings presented, and therefore he "neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate." The only effect produced upon Banquo is to make him more watchful for evil and temptation, and urge him to more earnest prayer. Even in his dreams he prays that the evil thoughts that rise in his soul might be restrained. His own words here help to paint his purity of conduct. While dreaming of the weird sisters he exclaims:

"Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

The reason Banquo was not affected in the same manner as Macbeth is partly due to his virtue, and partly to his untiring effort to keep away impure and guilty thoughts. He shrinks with a sort of horror from the poison of the witches' evil suggestions. He is a man after St. Paul's own command or standard: "Put on the whole armour of God." And as a result every evil that was thrust upon him glanced off and left his virtue the brighter. Instead of being staggered by temptations, he is made more firm and steady.

Again the worthy general was, all through his life, carrying out a command of the lowly Nazarene teacher. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation" was a command that was rooted deeply into the character of Banquo; and every evil or temptation only made him more vigilant and put more earnestness into his prayers.

In all his doings he acts with a certain prophetic outlook as to the future. He moves, not with a certain knowledge of the future, but guided as he is by "Merciful Powers" or by divine and holy motives; his acts, being honest, pure and good in the present, remain such through the future. He examines diligently all that presents itself to him, to discern whether it be good or evil. If good he cherishes and benefits by it, if evil he repels and disarms it by prayer. The worse the evil or the more it presses upon him the more he prays for help against it.

When the prophetic saying of the weird sisters becomes a reality, and Macbeth becomes Thane of Cawdor, the promoted general is in doubt as to whether the prophecy was good or evil, he is excited, terror stricken and lost in his own evil imagination. His troubled conscience is working through his upturned imagination. Unlike him, Banquo is surprised to find the witch's suggestion come true, when he says

"What, can the devil speak true?"

Showing that his mind had harbored no evil suggestion, and betraying the conclusion he arrived at, upon thinking of the prophecy, which was if it came true it would do so without his interference or help. Not even this fulfillment can excite him to evil thoughts, nor convince him that it is good, for it is the same steady mind that truly counsels Macbeth immediately afterward when he says:

" 'Tis strange:

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles to betray
In deepest consequence."

Banquo is firm in his moral beliefs and unswerving in his principles. Macbeth tries to draw him into his counsels, telling him it would bring "honor for him," but Banquo promptly replies:

"So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd."

He was a man "to make haste slowly." Nothing should taint his present honor. He would not do anything to overthrow the success of the past. No glory or honor was bright enough to allure him to tear down the achievements of the past, over which his noble conscience was at rest.

We imagine Banquo of medium height, and of manly appearance; broad, yet not high forehead; thoughtful countenance, gentle eyes, and mouth betokening firmness. We look upon him as a soldier, faithful to orders, brave and steady, firm as a rock. But studying him we also find a gentler nature. A "poet's soul is an Æolian harp which vibrates responsive to the faintest spiritual breathings of things." Such a soul, to some degree is Banquo's. It shows itself in his conversation with King Duncan when speaking of the delicate air of the castle of Macbeth, he says:

"The guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting marlet, does approve,
By his loved musionry, that the heaven's breath
Swells wooingly here."

The last scene in which Banquo appears in flesh and blood, excites our pity and brings forth another noble, perhaps the noblest, trait in his character: that of sacrifice for the sake of others, or complete surrender of self. It is this that has made all great men what they are. It is this that impels people to rise up and call the dead who possessed it, blessed. It is this that carries civilization into barbarous lands. It was this that made Banquo's soul impregnable to the influence of the witches. "Fly, good Fleance" are noble words closing a noble life. When he was attacked by the murderers, in the park near the palace of Macbeth, his first care was for his son. A weaker and less noble one in the same situation would have called for help to save himself, but not so Banquo. Unmindful of self, the noble man gives the warning to his son and thus saves the object of his love.

Banquo is dead. The manly, dignified body in which was concealed a pure, white soul is devoid of life, but the influence of his life lives on. And if we do not accept the theory that his spirit returned to earth to warn Macbeth, we must accept the fact that the upright deeds of his life tormented, reproached and hurled far on toward ruin the guilty king. The brave general still lives, and is influencing all who learn to know him. It is the hearts of these that unite with King Duncan and call him "Noble Banquo."

—H. M. G.

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

STRONG MEN FOR THE MINISTRY.

Of all men in all professions and walks of life, the Christian minister should be a strong man in every particular. And if ever there is need for a well rounded man in a round place, it is in the office and work of the holy ministry.

The ministry calls for men strong, both in piety and intellect. Sometimes we stand aghast, and wonder whether men consider this fact when we behold men of every class, some of whom have failed in every other vocation in life, seeking entrance into the Christian ministry.

The Church of Christ is always in need of *good* men, strong men, consecrated men. If we pour men of inferior attainments from our seminaries into the ranks of the ministry, it will not be long until there is a plethora—not of good men, but of inefficient workmen.

The importance of strong and well trained men, men of powerful intellect with deep spirituality, “thoroughly furnished,” may be gathered from a just appreciation of the difficulties of the work of the ministry. The minister is to struggle not against flesh and blood, but against “principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” When the minister is in the active service he will encounter many sects and heresies which tend to corrupt the pure teaching of the Word, most subtly, craftily and dangerously, like the present intrigues and schemes of Mormon missionaries to catch the unwary. Against the wily arguments of these he should be ready to pour a perfect broadside of argument, both from Scripture and reason.

But when we get into the active work we may even there find those who have crept in to threaten her confessions and assail the position of those who teach sound doctrine. Unless one is ready to answer such when occasion demands, he will go down like straws before the wind, to the confusion of himself and the discredit of the school which has reared him.

The only means of getting sound men into the ministry is to set a high standard in the Seminary. This we have endeavored to do. Besides insisting on purity of life, the requirement is that none be permitted to enter until he has finished the studies of the Sophomore year, or their equivalent. We predict that in a few years the standard will go higher. Let Faculty and students stand faithfully by this standard, and give us students ready to handle the deep truths of theology, that they may be able to cope with the difficulties they will meet in the field to their own advantage, to the credit of our Seminary and the glory of God.

Mr. Charles B. Harman preached at Milton for Rev. Havice on Sept. 24th, and for S. N. Carpenter at his place of supply, near Berwick, on October 1st. He also filled the pulpit of Rev. M. M. Allbeck, of Berwick, on the morning of the 1st.

John F. Stabely and S. N. Carpenter attended the sessions of Central Pennsylvania Synod from Sept. 27th to Oct. 1st. They passed a successful examination before the Board of Examiners of said Synod, and were duly licensed to preach the Gospel on the eve of Oct. 1st. They report having an excellent time. The Board of Examiners expressed themselves as well pleased with the work done at Selinsgrove.

What we now need in the Seminary is a few more chairs with the desk attachment, to meet the wants of our growing members. Our library also needs an increase, especially along the line of documentary materials. Dr. Yutzy, by his judicious methods of teaching, has created an interest in the work of higher criticism in defense of the sacred truth of the Word, and the men call for documents which the commentaries cannot furnish.

All the men of our classes are here for work. The best proof of this fact is the eager interest manifested along all lines of investigation. This is a most encouraging feature. Exegetical studies have become a special delight. The music of our department has also been improved by the influx of new voices.

Dr. Dimm has been teaching "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" during the past month, and the interest he has excited in the work speaks best for his success and the satisfaction of the men.

Rev. Dr. Focht has been quite successful with homiletics, and the men are eager to have him retained on the teaching force of the Seminary.

Rev. Shultz, of Johnstown, Pa., was a recent visitor to one of our lectures. Welcome!

The Missionary Society met on Friday, Sept. 29th, and discussed Missions in general. A very profitable hour was spent.

The class has petitioned the Faculty to be excused from participation in the college chapel exercises, that they may have the opportunity and greater advantage of holding our own service more in accordance with the regular forms of church worship.

Mr. A. E. Cooper has been supplying the pulpit at Montgomery, Pa., during the past month. S. N. CARPENTER, ED.

PREPARATORY.

Fall is here. How many thoughts and inspirations rush precipitately through the misty Preparatorian labyrinths of our uncouth intellects at the sound of that magic word, fall. How appropriately is the season named. Everything in the scale of existence, from leaves to class-standards, is falling.

The apples have fallen, to the dissatisfaction of many laundry bags and pillow cases, which complain of double service; the chestnuts are falling to the dissatisfaction of the neighboring farmers, who counted on a good harvest before Renn and Keboch joined us; and the mercury in the thermometer is falling fast to the dissatisfaction of the janitor, the "coal and steam" committee and the student body in general; but let us here assert by way of parenthesis that we need not fear the early efforts of Jack the Froster, as long as the Second Team continues to have "red-hot" signal practices, and Stroup and Mackenzie continue to radiate the essence of the "hot" times they have been enjoying since their advent in Selinsgrove.

But a spirit of melancholy also creeps into our meditation, and casts its dark shadows into the mighty caverns of thought when in our contemplation we pause to realize the real meaning of the Fall of the year, for, in spite of its bright and sparkling pleasures, its wearisome labors and its glorious achievements, it ushers another revolution of the cycle of Time into the dull oblivion of the past, and hurls us along through the course of existence to the

consummation and termination of the days so happily spent. Ah! how often has the same season which we now enjoy witnessed the death struggles of years and centuries and ages of time past; how often has it gathered the closing events about the exit of a departing year or century, even as the silent mourners gathered about the death bed of that revered "pony," which so gallantly bore Swank and Martin and hosts gone before them through the Gallic wars of Cæsar, but who expired with fear and exhaustion, when through the prognostic horoscope of the future it beheld the massive form of the coming "Jack" Lange.

And thus it is, that the true significance of these days is impressed upon our susceptible minds, and through the slight pallor of sadness which the recital of the preceding incident has thrown over us, the blazing star of ambition shines forth, ever beckoning us to a higher round on the glorious ladder of Fame; that star to which all of us have sworn allegiance to a certain degree; therefore, by the combination of our efforts, let us, with a mighty endeavor, elevate our department to a higher sphere of scholastic prominence; let us, by united action, seek out and grasp every method and opportunity for advancement in these days of preparation, for we ourselves are the architects of Fate—the future will be what we make it.

We are sorry to announce a short absence of Mr. John Martin on account of an accident to one of his family.

When, after returning from Carlisle, "Jack" Lange was asked whether the Indian he played against pushed him around much, he said, "Yes, when he had the rest of the team behind him."

Some irresistible attraction causes frequent weekly visits of Mr. Keboch to his home at Barrysburg.

Mr. Oscar Deckard, while out gathering chestnuts, had the misfortune to lose his pocket book containing articles and papers of much value, but a couple of days after it was found and restored to him, and in his munificent transports of reimbursement carried away by his magnanimous extravagance, he bestowed upon the lucky finder the princely sum of ten cents.

Mr. Augustus F. Weis, who intends to become a Veterinary Surgeon, has interested himself in all kinds of "ponies," ancient and modern.

N. D. STURGIS, ED.

ALUMNI NOTES.

"Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm." These are the words of Longfellow. They are simply a terse expression of a fact which any one can observe or possibly prove for himself. We see this principle working in the great movements of history and in the activities of the present. The enthusiasm of the followers rises no higher than that of the leader. The orator can interest his audience in no higher degree than he himself is interested. In short, a man who desires to forward any cause can not hope to enlist more earnestness and activity from the people than he himself manifests in the cause. He is a marvel if he incites as much.

The cause which should be near the heart of every alumnus, the cause in which he should be desirous of enlisting with him the sympathies and interest of his friends, is the cause of his Alma Mater. How can her cause be furthered? Let every alumnus become enthusiastic over Susquehanna, as she is now advancing so nobly, and by an irresistible law enthusiasm will be born in those with whom he comes in contact. Some wonder why their fostering mother does not make greater strides, and at the same time their enthusiasm for her registers at the zero point. He is the man who applies no match to the fuel, and complains that his stove does not warm him. Some seem to stoop down on their graduation day and take a long draught from the river Lethe, and henceforth all helpful remembrances of their College are banished forever. Such an act reflects on the individual and not on the institution; for any one who has honestly passed through any college has many things for which to be grateful to her.

We are glad that our Alumni are, in a measure, awaking to the need of the hour. But let this spirit be a progressive one; let it grow in intensity and power. Let us study our school and her needs. Let us talk our school and her needs. Let us send students within her walls. Let us be enthusiastic. "Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm."

'72 (Sem.) Rev. F. Aurand has accepted a call to Martinsburg, Pa.

'82. Miss Catharine Erhart is at present with her brother in New York City.

'83 (Sem.) Rev. I. P. Zimmerman, of Beaver Springs, Pa.,

recently rededicated one of his churches after it had undergone extensive repairs. He has been very successful in his present field of labor.

'88. Prof. John I. Woodruff spent several days at the National Export Exposition at Philadelphia.

'88. John E. Heckman is pleasantly located on a fine farm near Clintondale, Pa. He keeps in touch with his Alma Mater.

'88. Rev. F. S. Shultz, of Johnstown, Pa., visited friends here during the early part of October.

'88. Prof. G. E. Fisher has lately moved into his handsome new home on College Avenue. Much happiness to the Professor and his wife in these pleasant surroundings.

'89. C. O. Streby, Esq., who has been very successfully practicing law at St. George, West Virginia, paid a visit to Susquehanna some days ago.

'89. G. W. Wagenseller, editor of the Middleburg Post, spent his summer vacation in Colorado and other western states. He sent weekly accounts of his travels for publication in his paper.

'90. Jacob Kempfer has been making a tour in Europe.

'90. T. C. Hare, Esq., has built up an extensive and lucrative law practice in Altoona.

'91. Fred Schroeder will teach in Hartleton this year. Fred took unto himself a better half during the summer.

'91. J. P. Carpenter, Esq., who is building up a good practice in Sunbury, Pa., has been elected a Justice of the Peace of that city.

'91. Miss Lydia M. Fisher is again teaching in the Selinsgrove schools this year.

'94. Rev. Chas. R. Streamer had charge of the Students' Missionary Campaign of the General Synod Lutheran Church during the past summer.

'94. Miss Mary Burkhart, who has for some time been connected with the Lloydsville Orphan Home, will continue her work there.

'94. Rev. W. I. Redcay is still pastor at Oberlin, Pa., where he is doing a good work.

'96 (Sem). Rev. Chas. Russel, of Loganton, Pa., visited friends in Selinsgrove in October.

'97 (Sem.) Rev. M. M. Albeck, of Berwick, Pa., has been exhibiting his usual activity since he has located there, and as a

result is getting the work well systematized to lighten the burden which his church has been bearing.

'97 (Sem.) Rev. J. C. Fasold is meeting with good success in his labors at Jersey Shore, Pa. Mr. Fasold is an active Alumnus and sustains a helpful relation to his Alma Mater.

'97 (Sem.) Under the efficient care of Rev. W. M. Rearick, the Buffalo pastorate is in a prosperous condition. He has adopted many valuable methods in church work.

'98. C. P. MacLaughlin will finish his Seminary course in Chicago, where he will continue to supply the Mission in which he worked this summer.

'98. W. K. Bastian will read law at Williamsport during the coming year.

'98. B. A. Metzger is again in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, where he made a most excellent record last year. He visited Susquehanna before his return.

'98. S. N. Carpenter was licensed by the Central Pennsylvania Synod at its recent meeting. Mr. Carpenter passed a most excellent examination.

'99. C. A. Goss will be an instructor in the Central Institute of Cleveland, Ohio, during the coming year. Mr. Goss visited here a few days at the opening of the term.

'99. Cyril Haas has gone to New York, where he will take a course in a Medical Mission College. He intends being a Medical Missionary.

SOCIETIES

PHILO.

A month has elapsed since we left our homes and their attendant pleasures to engage in the preparation for our life's work. Most of us have undoubtedly by this time succeeded in adapting ourselves to the conditions which the present educational ideal imposes on the earnest student.

Often, no doubt, the way seems dark and dreary, and we feel discouraged, but let us persevere, and if we surmount a difficulty by our own efforts we will feel highly elated and the way will grow much brighter. Flowers will bloom where formerly were thorns, and the prospect will be less rugged. Step by step we slowly

thread our way among the boulders, yawning chasms and dark caverns of life until the pale grace of the Elysian fields bursts upon our astonished vision and the delightful breezes of Zephyrus shall fan our feverish brows.

Indeed there is no royal road to learning. Labor is the order of the day. Since man has assumed the garb of old Adam, life has been a round of hard, unceasing toil.

The college days comprise the most valuable period of life. It is during this time that the mind begins to expand into full strength and power, opinions are formed and imagination and impulses are developed.

Many, indeed, hardly realize until the long shadows of the evening of life have fallen upon them, how many golden moments they have sacrificed. "The retrospect of life swarms with wasted opportunities." There are many odds and ends of time that may be utilized profitably. Many good books may be read, much material may be laid up for the building of a noble character in the time otherwise spent in idleness.

Let us then resolve to make the best use of our time at college; let us resolve to attend our respective literary societies faithfully; let us resolve to spend our spare moments in the reading of good literature, and then we can take this great shapeless mass called life and mould it according to our desires into an image of the most beautiful design.

Mr. Bruce Metzgar, '98, and formerly a prominent member of Philo, visited his Alma Mater prior to resuming his law studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

Philo has taken a new lease of life. Renewed interest is taken in the programs, most of the performers being faithful to their duties.

Messrs. Wagenseller, ex-'00, and Weis, '00, favored the society with choice instrumental music on Friday evening, Sept. 22.

Mr. Clayton Bingham and Mr. John Showers have cast their lots with Philo. We welcome these gentlemen into our midst and wish them success in their literary undertakings.

The following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, H. Weis; Vice-President, Burkhart; Recording Secretary, Shambagh; Corresponding Secretary, C. B. Harman; Treasurer, Walters; Editor, Fisher; Assistant Editor, Carpenter; Critic, Spiegelmeyer; Assistant Critic, Barbe, H; Monitor, Haus.

F. E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

CLIO.

One month of society work has passed by. To many the meetings have been a source of great profit, acquired only by regular attendance and faithful performance of duty. Whilst many are active and earnest in literary work, others are very careless and indifferent, preferring to remain in their rooms during the sessions of society, which is a lamentable fact. The question is often asked: Are the literary societies at Susquehanna degenerating? We answer, no. Rivalry is not so intense as in former years, but to the earnest and faithful member the literary society is as dear as to the member of former years. We are measured by our society work. Therefore, we should put forth every effort to advance the society's interest.

At the recent election of Clio the following officers were elected: President, Burns; Vice-President, Guss; Corresponding Secretary, Lambert; Recording Secretary, Swank; Treasurer, Hohenshilt; Critic, Derr; Assistant Critic, Zeckman; Editor, Young, W.; Assistant Editor, Miller, P. E.; Chaplain, Young, L. P.; Sergeant-at-arms, Sturgis; Factotum, Herman.

At a recent meeting of Clio, Mr. Edward Keboch was elected a member of the society.

Bro. J. W. Weeter, who has been absent for several years while pursuing his studies at Gettysburg, is again with us.

Bro. George E. Gilbert, (Baldy) our red-hot Clionian, is engaged as book-keeper for a large Philadelphia firm.

Bro. Samuel Gise, of New Berlin, Pa., left last Monday to resume his studies at Medico Chi, Philadelphia.

Bro. A. B. Wallize is a member of the teaching force in the Sunbury High School.

Zimmy has been excused from part of each session of society, owing to severe attacks of headache (?) The exchange closes at 9 o'clock and Zimmy must be there.

L. G. STAUFFER, ED.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The sixth annual convention of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania Young Men's Christian Association, convened at Milton, October 13, 14 and 15, and was a success in every particular. The

names of those who participated in the program, give assurance of the feast of good things enjoyed by those who were privileged to be in attendance. Among the speakers were: Hon. H. M. Hinckley, E. B. Buckalew, W. D. Lanmaster, E. D. Soper, E. P. Mershon, W. C. Harvey, A. K. Aldinger, Horace Breece, W. C. Myers, W. D. Hevner, P. A. Roberts and J. M. Correy.

Our college association was represented by the following persons: H. D. Hoover, H. I. Brungart, L. G. Stauffer, D. D. McKenzie, H. H. McMurtrie, S. H. Wagner, E. M. Gerhart, W. H. Derr, L. R. Hause, W. L. Price and P. H. Pearson.

The Bible classes, under the special observation of the Y. M. C. A., are now fully organized and are progressing in a very encouraging manner.

Messrs. C. O. Frank, D. D. McKenzie and E. Keboch were recently elected to membership in the Association.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the matter of personal Bible study and prayer among the boys in college. The tendency is to neglect the essential thing in the development of true manhood and strong Christian character, and the consequence of such action is apparent in the indifferent, half-hearted, joyless Christian lives which have declined into a mere empty profession of religion. It is a sad thing to see a young man gradually let go his grip on the things which make for righteousness, and allow himself to be swayed by every passing impulse of the world, losing the confidence of those to whom he was a help and an inspiration, and bringing a reproach upon the cause which he is to represent. Out of the prayer-life and Bible study of the individual man who speaks of Jesus as "My Lord," will come the strength which will make him strong. Ruskin says: "Make it your first business every day to understand some portion of God's Word, and then make it your business for the rest of the day to see that you obey what you understand."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."—Jno. 5:39.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Mat. 6:6.

W. H. DERR, ED.

ATHLETICS

The athletic spirit at Susquehanna University is thoroughly aroused, and each evening finds a large number of men on the field. One of the encouraging features of Athletics this year is the unusually strong "scrub" team, which has been practicing hard and faithfully. Many of the members of this team bid fair to become excellent players. While many of them are light, yet they are quick, snappy, aggressive players and are boldly meeting the onslaughts of the first team. They are being watched with a great deal of interest by the student body, and by many of the town people who come out to witness the evening practice. Capt. Gerhart is full of athletic spirit, and under his direction we predict a successful season for the "Reserve."

The first team is making rapid developments under the leadership of Coach Hare. Mr. Hare enjoys the confidence of the entire student body, and has shown himself intensely interested in the success of the team, and is earnestly laboring to help the "boys" win new laurels for Susquehanna University. His work is not limited to the first team, for the result of his work is seen also in the excellent team work of the "scrubs." The excellent interference, the quick, snappy playing offensively, and the marked improvements defensively of first team evince the benefit of his work.

The new material on first team is making a very fair showing. Lang, as guard, simply "eats things up." He breaks through the line, and tackles with a vengeance. He is a fast runner and makes many brilliant tackles. Rollins, the new full-back, has proved to be a "lucky hit." He is a swift runner, an excellent punter, and hits the line for gain every time. He possesses the dash and spirit of a "Varsity" man. Iseman, one of the famous "half-backs, whose knee was injured early in the season, has sufficiently recovered to be able to appear on the grid-iron again.

The fact that the team is a pure college team, composed of bona-fide students, has aroused more interest in the team, and is a very commendable advancement.

Nicholas was elected Captain in place of Brungart, who is not playing this year.

The season was opened Sept. 23d by a game with Shamokin on the home grounds. The game resulted in Susquehanna University scoring five points, while Shamokin failed to score. Although the playing of S. U. was not all that might have been expected, yet it proved Susquehanna's football material to be above the average.

Captain Barrett won the toss, and received the kick-off. For a time it seemed as though S. U. would fail to make much gain; but soon the value of training showed itself, and from then the result of the game was never in doubt. By steady advances the ball was carried down the field and over the line for a touch-down. Try at goal failed. From the time of next kick-off the ball was continually in Shamokin territory, but repeated fumbles on the part of S. U.'s back prevented further scoring. The second half opened by Shamokin doing some very good work in advancing the ball, but Susquehanna soon gained possession of it, and gradually forced it nearer and nearer the coveted line. Here, as before, a fumble lost the ball; Shamokin failed to gain and kicked. After this the ball went back and forth over the field until S. U. had ball on five-yard line, when time was called.

SHAMOKIN.

SUSQUEHANNA.

Jones.....	Right end.....	Wingard
McCall.....	Right tackle.....	Spiegelmyer
Snodgrass.....	Right guard.....	Snyder
McElwee.....	Centre.....	Young
Kelley.....	Left guard.....	Lang
Shipp.....	Left tackle.....	Nicholas
Moran.....	Left end.....	Barret (Capt.)
A. Jones.....	Quarter-back.....	Carpenter
Unger (Capt.).....	Right half-back.....	Herman
Rigeny.....	Left half-back.....	Hoover
T. Jones.....	Full-back.....	Rollins

Touch-down, Barrett. Referee, C. P. McLaughlin. Umpire, Dr. Simmons, U. of P. Time, twenty minute halves.

On Saturday, Sept. 30th, our boys played one of their hardest games of the season. They met their superiors in the Indians, and acknowledge their defeat, not because of any special weakness on the part of S. U.'s team, but because of exceptionally fine playing by the Indians. The large score of 56 to 0 in favor of the Indians is partly due to the fact that the Indians made a spe-

cial effort to play a strong offensive game. Our boys played their best, and met the swift rushes like men. Every man put up the best game he knew, and all played as a unit. That the score is large is no reason for discouragement, for such playing against a team of equal strength must mean victory for Susquehanna University. Clean work and hard, honest playing were characteristic of the game, and the boys are loud in their praises of the treatment received at the hands of Indians.

Indians kicked off to Susquehanna, the ball was advanced to 25-yard line, when Rollins kicked. Miller advanced the ball 10 yards, Hudson tries a goal, but fails. Susquehanna then kicks off to Indians. Hudson secures the ball, and in the next rush Schilt carries the ball for a touch-down. Rollins kicks off for S. U. Miller returns the kick, Herman secures the ball on 25-yard line. Rollins kicks, and by incessant plunging through the line Burr makes a touch-down. Wheelock kicks a goal. Susquehanna kicks off again, and Indians return the kick. S. U. loses the ball on downs, and then Schilt carries the ball over the line. Wheelock kicks a goal. In the next rushes Barrett makes some nice gains for S. U. In a series of end runs and plunges through line, Burr again succeeded in carrying the ball over the line. No goal. Score, 28—0. On second half S. U. kicks off, and after advancing the ball near the goal, Hudson kicks a field goal. S. U. kicks and Indians fumble. P. Miller gets the ball, but S. U. is soon forced to kick from 25-yard line. Hudson kicks another goal from the field. In the following rushes Indians make three more touch-downs, thus making the score 28—0. The following is the line up:

INDIANS.		SUSQUEHANNA.	
Scholder.....	Right end.....	Wingard	
Wheelock.....	Right tackle.....	Nicholas	
Scott.....	Right guard.....	Snyder	
Smith.....	Centre.....	Miller	
Redwater.....	Left guard.....	Lang	
Warren, Pierce.....	Left tackle.....	Spiegelmyer	
Rogers.....	Left end.....	Barrett	
Hudson.....	Quarter-back.....	Herman	
Burr, Johnson.....	Right half-back.....	Shambaugh	
Schilt.....	Left half back.....	Hoover	
Miller.....	Full-back.....	Rollins	

Timekeeper, Snyder. Referee, Rothermel. Umpire, Heckman. Linesmen, Black Chief. Burns, Hudson, 2, Goals from fields—Indians, 2. In addition, 8 touchdowns and 6 goals. Twenty-minute halves.

The game on Saturday, Oct. 7, between Central Pennsylvania College and S. U. Reserves was one of much interest. Brilliant plays and long runs were of common occurrence on the part of Reserves. The C. P. C. team outweighed the Reserves; but not to be daunted by what seemed to be against them, the boys entered the contest with the vim and dash of old players. During the entire game the team worked as a unit, forming what proved to be effectual interference. To make mention of any special player would be an injustice to the rest, as all played a fast game. During the first half C. P. C. never had an opportunity to carry the ball. But one fumble was made by Reserves in entire game, nor did they lose the ball once on downs. The strength of the Reserves was very noticeable when playing with a team of their own class.

C. P. C. kicked off to Reynolds, who advanced the ball to centre of field, and after a series of rushes Reynolds was sent over the line for a touch-down. Auchmuty kicked goal. In second kick-off Diehl caught ball. A run of 30 yards by Reynolds and Gearhart through the line secured another touch-down. No goal. C. P. C. kicked to Swank, who advanced the ball 20 yards. Rushes through the line and tackle plays brought the ball to 5-yard line, when Gearhart went over for a third touch-down. Again the two teams lined up for a kick-off. Reynolds caught the ball and brought it up the field in real football style. Fast playing and fine interference brought the ball up the field at a lively rate, and Gearhart made another touch-down. Time was called after a few rushes were made, in which the "Scrubs" showed they were in good trim for the rest of the game.

During the second half the Reserves played with the same snap and unity that characterized their playing in the first half. New interest was aroused in this half. Everybody on the side lines watched in eagerness to see what the C. P. C. team would do in offensive playing. The Reserves started the pig skin by kicking off to Spotts, who made a short gain. After a few trials to advance the ball, Cressman secured the ball on a fumble and Auchmuty was sent over the line for the fifth touch-down. Pearson kicks goal. Following this by hard playing on the part of the "Scrubs," three more touch-downs were made by Gearhart. During this half Reynolds, Weeter and Auchmuty were hurt, and had to give up their places to other men. Most of the players on

the second team never played a regular game before. This was the first game the Reserve team played for a number of years, and they have reason to be proud of their work. The final score was 44—0. The following was the line up:

SUSQUEHANNA.

CENTRAL PA.

Newhauser.....	Centre.....	Fisher
Diehl	Left guard.....	McCue
Crooks.....	Right guard.....	Homan
Pearson, McKenzie	Left tackle.....	Stober
Burns.....	Right tackle.....	Walker
Weeter, Rathmel.....	Left end.....	Harman
Swank.....	Right end.....	Pentz
Cressman	Quarter-back.....	Wilson
Reynolds, Heicher.....	Left Half-back.....	Winter
Auchmuty, Price.....	Right half-back.....	Spotts
Gearhart.....	Full-back.....	Runkle

Touchdowns—Reynolds, Swank, Auchmuty, Gearhart 5. Goals—Auchmuty, Pearson 3. Referee, Nicholas, S. U. Umpire, Bogar, Central Pennsylvania College. Time, twenty-minute halves.

L. P. YOUNG, ED.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

New recruits still continue to come so that now our school is up to last year's standard of attendance. Among late arrivals are noticed Mr. Stroup, who has already proven himself a ladies' man; Mr. Rollin, of Altoona, who is filling the position of full-back on the 'Varsity eleven, also Mr. Weeter, a '99 graduate of Gettysburg, who has entered the Theological Department here.

Charles Marks, of Middleburg, a former student here, was an interested visitor at the game on the 23d.

Zechman and Hohenshilt made a trip to Mifflinburg on the 18th ult., where they appeared before the examining committee of the Central Pennsylvania Synod.

A number of our students took in the sights of the Lewisburg and Milton fairs. The Brungarts had quite an exhibit at the former place, having on exhibition their famous Centre county pumpkins and celebrated *rubber* goods.

We are sorry to make mention of the fact that Kitty Potter, youngest daughter of Lawyer A. W. Potter, is very dangerously ill with typhoid fever. We hope for her speedy recovery.

At a recent meeting of the Junior class the following class offi-

cers were elected: President, M. B. Herman; Vice-President, H. O. Reynolds; Secretary, Lucy Houtz; Treasurer, Charles Lambert; Poet, R. Z. Burns; Historian, Anna Barbe; Artist, G. D. Strail. The class is already busily engaged in their "Lanthorn" work, and they hope to bring out a production that will do credit to the class.

Frank E. Shambaugh remained at Carlisle after the Indian game on October 1, and spent Sunday with several of his friends at Dickinson College.

Miss Lulu Swayze, of Catawissa, visited in town a few days and proved quite an attraction to some of our students.

Charles Ruhl, a former student, but who is now in attendance at Williamsport Commercial College, was with us to see the game with Shamokin Y. M. C. A.

Mr. C. O. Strieby, from West Virginia, was seen in chapel on the morning of the 5th.

Dr. J. R. Dimm and Prof. T. C. Houtz spent several days at the Central Pennsylvania Synod, which convened at Belleville, Pa.

Rev. Shultz, of Johnstown, paid us a visit on the 4th.

Levi P. Young and S. M. Peters were home to Belleville last week while the Synod was in session there.

Profs. Woodruff and Allison left on the 6th for Philadelphia to spend a few days at the Export Exposition.

Sad must be the state of affairs when one's smelling apparatus becomes a hindrance, but such was the case with Strail during football practice one evening.

Quite an innovation has been made by some of our up-to-date students. They occasionally sally out and make what they term, "A Watermelon Run." A book bearing on that theme entitled, "A Raid on the Island, or Who Dropped the Watermelon Bag," is now in production. Rollins is the author, while space has been allowed for chapters written by such illustrious men of the gang as "Jack," "Nic" and others.

The class of 1903 recently elected the following officers: President, Frank Wagenseller; Vice-President, Ed. Sones; Secretary, Fannie Jacobs; Treasurer, Sigmond Weis; Poet, Ephraim Gearheart; Historian, Alice W. Breimeier; Artist, Harry Haas.

"The superior talent always shows itself in the superior performance of inferior duties."

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, OCTOBER, 1899.

(Entered at the Selinsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)
TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

HARVEY D. HOOVER, '99, '02, Editor in Chief. D. J. SNYDER, '00, Managing Editor.
M. B. HERMAN, '01, Locals and Personals.
I. H. WAGNER, '98, '01, Alumni.
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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selinsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.

EDITORIAL

AT THIS time there is burning in the heart of almost every college man the fire of football enthusiasm. Each team is watched with eager hearts, and the common question is, "Will we win?" Very few think of anything else. Almost every lover of football looks to victory as the greatest achievement of the football eleven. But the proven truth is that victory is one of the smallest benefits any team can receive. It has an influence in bringing colleges before the world, thus, perhaps, doing a great good, but the real benefit of this purely college sport is found in other things.

Defeat in a well-matched contest has often the better effect. It is in many cases the forerunner of a great victory, especially to the team that never knows when it is defeated. It should and does teach players to look to the brighter side of things; to "keep sweet" while the clouds of adversity hide the sun of prosperity; to receive disappointment in that noble spirit of resignation that characterized George Washington when he met with defeat in battle. The one who remains cheerful in defeat, sunny in darkness, contented in disappointment, strong and firm in trial, and

through these can see a way of improvement on his part, is the one who has learned the great lesson of resignation, as taught in football.

Again, there is that unruly temper which must be subdued. He who would play football must control his temper; think quickly; remain faithful to duty; do his part in filling his place; be fearless in meeting opponents; true in purpose; persistent in effort; loyal to the cause, and obedient to superiors. These are the traits that a player of true football receives. It is these that make football of any use to the world. It is these facts that make the players better students, and prepare them more thoroughly for the trials of life's pathway.

Today there is a tendency to play for the sake of the game, and not for the good that can be derived from it. The foregoing traits are forgotten and the effect of many a game and practice is lost. With the development of these traits in the character of players there is another good in playing football—the physical development of man. And it should be the prime purpose of every player to gain a strong physical body that will be a fit temple for the mind and soul. It should be his aim to develop these three—soul, mind and body—so that the fair-developed man of today may grow into the more perfect man of tomorrow.

WHERE are the poets of SUSQUEHANNA? Have they all gone out into life? True, we have lost an excellent poet, but are there no others coming forward to take his place? Is the age of poetry past? Are there no men in our institution whose souls are filled with poetic impulses? Are there no students here whose souls are wrapped with that lamina which vibrates to the 'faintest breathings of spiritual things?' Is there no one whose soul is inspired by beautiful nature, or literature, or experience—romantic and intellectual—enough to make that one express those pictured views of soul-stirring panoramas, or deep blocks of thought to the world in "the language of the soul"? Surely this cannot be true. Then why not let the muse sing through you? Why not write your thoughts and thus represent this phase of our college life? "Silence is not golden; it is pewter, where speech has any righteous work to do." We should like to receive some poetry, and hope some one of our number will permit the pleas-

ing muse to sing through him or her, of romance, of song, or thought for the sake of the journal.

THE return of Dewey, one of our national heroes, has produced a great commotion among the American people as well as the public in general. Men were willing to fall down and worship this great man. Cheer after cheer arose on his behalf during the great celebration in his honor in New York City. Some looked on with awe and others were given to tears. But all this heat of spirit has soon passed away. The more ardent enthusiasm has given way to a few permanent fires of patriotism, while the fickle public moves on to take up the next exciting event and idealize another personage. The Yacht races absorbed part of the public attention. Football proved itself powerful enough to hold a goodly portion of the remaining multitudes, overrunning with desire for excitement.

It seems impossible for a day to pass by and no instance of hero worship occur. It is a trait that has been found in man for many years in the past, and it seems to have continued in all its intensity up to the present time, except that the public has grown more fickle. The tide of public favor is so easily and often changed that no one can take a certain stand, remain firm, and expect to remain popular. Now we as students may also have heroes which we unconsciously worship. It may be some literary author, some character in literature, or some living man who has attained great things. We must guard ourselves very closely that we be not fascinated by some excellent character and fall into the worship of its owner. It is the thought we must remember, and not so much the author. It is the purpose of the illustration and not the illustration itself that should become our own. We ought to learn from the experience of others to be firm in our decisions, strong in the working out of duty, cool, persistent and unexcitable in all kinds of work under all circumstances.

We must not worship nature, but its Creator. And to this end was the sun made to hide, the moon to change, great men to fall and wise men to err as fools. It is to Him we owe all worship. It is to Him and to Him alone that we must look for strength to attain the perfect life. It may be well in a very few cases to imitate a great character, but the cases are so few and so much care must be exercised in the selection of a model among men, that we should only follow and worship the Perfect One. He is the search light

by which we discover the fallacies in the most perfect man. He is the centre from which flows all good. And we should not be satisfied to worship or accept anything second hand, but go directly to the Source.

THE test of character today is not so much the ability of an individual, but the use that individual makes of his ability. It is not so much how much is done, as how well it is done.

The success of large enterprises depends on individual work and how this is performed. Large trust companies may be formed to make money at a fast rate, but if one individual in that corporation fails to do his duty, betrays its secrets, or ignores its laws it would be a total failure. Conventions assembled for public good would fail in their purpose if the individuals concerned would not faithfully perform their respective duties. A football team cannot play at all unless each man does hard individual work, at the same time working in harmony with the other players. In all corporations, companies or societies, the success of the same depends on how well the individual men do their work.

Each one of us has a duty to perform, a road to travel, an enterprise to uphold, an arduous task to do, and in all these drudgery is most prominent. To do what is required of us, which is the best, we must know ourselves. If we would do our duty at school or out in life, we must acquire a knowledge of our ability and learn how to use it to the best advancement of the cause of truth. We are required by all laws of common sense to develop our powers. And only have we done our duty when we have developed our talents to the highest degree, and learn to use them for the upholding of the truth at the best time, in the best way. Then let us remember that no matter how large the crowd in which we find ourselves, nor how extensive the society to which we belong, that we have still an individual task to do, and that we are required to do this with all the might we are able to acquire.

The Manager of THE SUSQUEHANNA would kindly call the attention of its subscribers and friends to a few very important facts, which are very essential in the success of our college publication. The editor and staff will do all in their power to make the literary phase sparkle with thought, humor and wit. The manager will do all in his power to improve the journal in what-

ever way possible : but in order to do this a new feature comes forth, viz : the financial. We need the support of every student, alumnus and friend of the institution, and with their support we can make improvements. Almost every student is a subscriber, which fact gives us a great deal of encouragement; but we are pained to see only a very small per cent. of our alumni on the subscribers' list. Show that you are interested in your Alma Mater by becoming a subscriber of its publication. Another fact. We need not tell you that it takes a considerable amount of ready cash to keep a college periodical running smoothly. The tardiness of subscribers and constant demand on resources often compel the Manager to keep dunning delinquents. A great deal of friction and expense could be eliminated by all promptly meeting their obligations. We take this means of reminding those who are in arrears that a remittance will always be acceptable and gratefully received.

MANAGER.

EXCHANGES.

The *Comenian* contains an article entitled, "The Passing of a Day," that is worth your reading. It is especially fine in description and figure.

"Literary Notes" as conducted by the *Muhlenberg* is a department that might be added with profit, at least to the writer to every college journal.

We may get some new ideas on the subject of Originality if we read "Originality in Fiction" in the Washington *Jeffersonian*.

A TOAST BY FRANKLIN.

Franklin was once dining with some Englishmen and Frenchmen. When toasts were proposed an Englishman arose, and, with a Briton's pride, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations." A Frenchman next arose, and, with a Frenchman's enthusiasm, proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tide of the world." Then Benjamin Franklin, with a twinkle in his eye, arose and said: "Gentlemen, here is to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."—*Ex.*

The *Wittenberger* gives a vivid and interesting account of the war between the Sophomore and Freshmen. As usual, in such cases, it ended in a drawn battle, and both sides claim the victory.

1900 is the last class of the four to which the *Century* offered three prizes of \$250 each for the best poem, essay and story.

As usual, quite a number of exchanges are late in appearing, and of course the first numbers are not quite up to the standard anyway, but we all feel happy when we have gotten the September number off of our hands.

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VOLUME IX.

No. 3.

NOVEMBER,

1899.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

SELINGSGROVE, PENNA.

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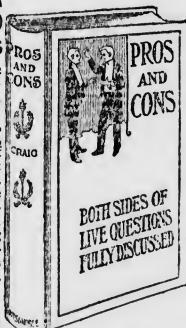
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NOVEMBER, 1899.



OUR NEW PRESIDENT OF SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

Rev. Chas. Washington Heisler was born in Minersville, Pa., May 16, 1857. He is the son of Rev. W. L. and S. H. Heisler, late of Harrisburg, Pa. After a course in common school he clerked for several years in a large store in Jersey Shore, Pa. During this time, at the age of fifteen, he was confirmed by Rev. John M. Steck, pastor St. John's church, Jersey Shore, Pa. At sixteen to eighteen he was in business for himself. During this time young Heisler determined to take a college course and study for the ministry. He fitted himself for examination as teacher in

the public schools, and whilst teaching school, put in every available moment in preparing for college.

With a very little aid from private teachers, and this during only a few months, he prepared for admission into Pennsylvania College, at the opening of the second term, in January, 1877, entering in full standing, except in Greek. The condition in Greek was removed at the end of the first month. He took high rank at once in his class, graduated with first honors and valedictory in 1880. In his course he took first and second prizes for best essays in college monthly, and Junior Latin gold medal. Upon graduation he was elected tutor in the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College, where he served two years, meanwhile pursuing full course in the Theological Seminary.

Leaving the seminary, he was called to the Belleville charge in Pennsylvania in the autumn of '83. In August, 1886, Mr. Heisler accepted appointment of the Woman's Executive Committee and Board of Home Missions, to Los Angeles, Cal. Here he spent five and a half years, having a fine congregation of over 1,000 members, an elegant church building, and a comfortable parsonage as the result of his labors. During his residence in Los Angeles Mr. Heisler was prominent in general church and reform work in the city and state, doing valiant service in making our church known wherever he visited or preached.

His health breaking somewhat because of overwork in 1892, his physician advised a change to Colorado, and he was appointed missionary to Colorado Springs, but after serving a brief period, was called to St. Paul's Lutheran church (Woman's Memorial), Denver, Col., where he served as pastor nearly six years, doubling the membership of the church, and in spite of hard times, expending over \$3,000 in internal improvements. His work during the past year has taken him into nearly all the churches of the city, and into closest touch with the Christian people in all of them.

He has preached or lectured in almost every Protestant church in Denver, and many throughout the state. For four years he has been superintendent of normal Bible instruction in Rocky Mountain Chatauqua, and occupied a similar position for three years at the Rock River Assembly in Illinois. In this Bible work Mr. Heisler proved himself an eminent success, and received highest commendation from all who sat as learners before him.

Eminent scholars and clergymen pronounced his lectures as very superior, and his maps and charts and harmony as among the ablest of which they knew.

It was during these lectures that the writer felt that Mr. Heisler should have a place in one of our institutions. Susquehanna will have at its head a man thorough in the Scriptures, and who will teach the word of God in its fullness. Mr. Heisler is a man of intense energy, and as a preacher combines Biblical research, good illustrations, sound reasoning and intensity of delivery. Mr. Heisler was married to Miss Annie Bingham, of Maryland, who will bring to the institution excellent qualifications as president's wife, and will be a valuable addition to the Christian social life of Selinsgrove. Mr. and Mrs. Heisler, Miss Margaret and Master Bingham compose the president's family. They merit a cordial reception by the citizens of Selinsgrove, as well as by the college authorities and students.

DES MOINES, Ia.

—S. B. B.



LITERARY.



THE SUICIDE.

'Twas night, and o'er the city
Fell the storm clouds drear and dark,
And silently lashed at its moorings
Was a poor old fisher's bark.
The storm increased, and fiercer
Was the tempest as it tore
Through the deserted streets and knocked
At the poor and the rich man's door.
'Twas night ! Within the bosom
Of the fisherman's daughter rose
The relentless storm of passion,
With its awful pangs and throes ;
For passion is a demon
That gnaws to the inmost soul,
And snatches from man's grasp
The hope of heaven's goal.
She paced her room in anger,
Peered into the dreary street,
Saw only the gleam of the street lamp,
The driving hail and sleet.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Just as within her bosom
 All was storm and doubt ;
 Excepting the spark of love,
 Which dims yet ne'er dies out.

But soon unnerved by frenzy,
 By madness and despair,
 She steals from her humble home,
 To find rest and solace there

Beneath the waters of the bay,
 Beneath the seething wave,
 Beyond the reach of tempest wild,
 Which above doth wildly rave.

Out from its moorings the fisher's boat
 Steadied by trembling hand,
 Carrying freight so dear, so fair,
 Nevermore to land.

Out from its home a soul doth flee,
 Borne by an unseen hand,
 From a home that is young and dear and fair,
 To a land, but Oh ! what land ?

'Twas night ! and o'er the city
 Were the storm-clouds drear and dark ;
 While out upon the surging bay
 Was the poor old fisher's bark.

NEMO.

KNOW THYSELF.

To the student of human nature there is no matter more difficult than to locate the individual, nor any question harder to answer than "Who am I?" with its correlate query, "Who are you?" If these two conundrums could be clearly solved, many of the problems of the waning century would pass away as cirrus clouds before the driving wind.

It is of paramount importance that each one settle the question as far as possible for himself. It is the one thing to us here on this mundane sphere. Though the way be difficult and oftentimes unpleasant, when once the precious goal is sighted no one will regret having made his own the motto "Know Thyself".

The multiplicity of relations makes the matter more complex. Suppose we imagine that each relation be represented by a cord extended between the two objects related. Picture to yourself the network within this building today—kinfolk, friend, classmate,

society brother, college mate, fellow citizen of town, county, state, and union, fellow Anglo Saxon, fellow Christian, fellow man, and so up to God. From each one leads a tiny silver cord. Through these cords course streams of love and life and idea. From each and all do we imbibe, and throw our quota into the mighty sweep of the many channeled current. Just as the physiologist even of this latter day finds it no easy task to designate accurately the seat of pain, so we find the inflowing and outpouring of these myriad streams so mixed and mingled, both within the person and along the lines of connection that it is virtually impossible to tell just what part of us is borrowed from associates, and just how much lies within the magic circle of originality.

The world of humanity is a great library with many different shelves and alcoves, corners and nooks. Reach up, take down a volume and read. Open up the book of your own life. Though the process be painful, separate the uncut leaves. Read it line by line from title page to finis. There is many a paragraph you have written there yourself, either in deed or thought, that long ago has slipped your memory; and everything looks different under the cool glance of an introspective eye. Down deep in the hidden recesses of your own heart are thoughts and motives and mental deeds that have never seen the light of day, that have never been called up even before the tribunal of your own conscience. Sometimes, aye, oftentimes, we shrink from the spectral image of our mind as he ramps in ghostly fury or gloats with diabolical pleasure over some deadly psychic crime. Had we "laid the ghost" at once, by finding out and asserting our true self in the matter, all would have been well; and when the hand of the will had cleared away the weeds, briars and brush of ignorance and hereditary and acquired sin, the warm sun of self-searching would have fallen full upon the spot and dried up the unsightly damp and mould, and caused to spring up the green grass of virtue and usefulness.

We are disgusted at the duplicity and insolent bossism of a Quay or a Croker, yet we deceive ourselves just as badly as they deceive the sovereign people of the state. We exercise our power over self in as arrogant a manner as the most polished politician could assume. It has been said that it is impossible to live in society without a certain amount of deception. Whether this be false has never been proven by a living illustration; but if there is any

place where deceit should be cast aside it is before the altar of one's own soul of souls. You do not think that you deceive yourself, do you? Oh no! A false position once assumed must be sustained. If you deceive another man your one object is to keep him from discovering the fact, so you have labored to keep yourself under a false impression. Have you ever made yourself believe that a certain thing was right because you wanted to do it? or that it was wrong because you did not care to indulge? This type of self-ignorance is the most dangerous of all, because it drowns the voice of conscience and leaves the mariner at the mercy of the wild winds of passion and desire.

Do you thoroughly analyze every motive before it turns to action? We hear men say "I am not responsible for my motives," when in all probability they have no clear idea of the impulse that leads them to action; and if they did they would be so disgusted at its littleness and meanness that it would be torn from their hearts by the roots. There comes a man you've quarreled with. You say to yourself "I'll not speak to him. It will lower my dignity." And you really think this to be the motive that prompts you to the action; but the all-seeing Eye looks deeper and sees what you might have seen—that it is malice and spite and envy that cause you to act as you do.

Within our minds there is a certain chamber—'tis a judgment hall. Before the dais on which the worthy judge is seated open windows high and wide. The upper half is clear as polished crystal, but the lower is tinted the color of the rose. Through the upper he sees the deeds of others, through the lower views our own. This state of affairs causes many a wrong decision by the judge, and we, blindfolded by undue and uneducated self-love, wander too near the lair of that man-killing beast called self-conceit, and we perish ignominiously. All around us lie the skeletons of men who have been destroyed by this evil beast. And yet how necessary it is that we have a proper appreciation of ourselves! Pope tells us in no weak, vacillating voice,

"That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

Time has proven the poet's words correct. Self-culture and social success grow side by side; ignorance and war, education and the brotherhood of man are inseparably connected; and all the knowl-

edge of all the ages can still be condensed to the one word—man.

We are but preparatorians in the school of self. Here we cannot expect to reach the hundred mark, but at that last great commencement day we will all graduate with honor or dishonor, and be ushered into the unknown world of the eternal beyond. Then will the "Great King" call us up before his Titan throne of jasper and gold, and point us with relentless finger to his wondrous book of records; to our expectant, anxious ears will come the awful and sublime command, "Read and know thyself."

H. K. B., 'CO.

THE CRADLE OF OUR LIBERTY.

The human mind is so constructed that abstract ideas must be comprehended through material symbols. It has ever been so and will remain thus as long as man remains human. The idea of power was conveyed to the Hebrew mind by seeing an ox use his horns to tear up underbrush and roots, hence they used the word horn to express power. Likewise man today must associate an abstract idea with something material before he fully comprehends the meaning of the former. On the same principle a simple object may recall vividly many events of the past. A single rose bud pressed between the leaves of a book may recall a day of pain or pleasure, a day that made or unmade the character of one of God's creatures.

A visit to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, corroborated this view of the human mind. A view of the dear old hall itself recalled many strategic points in our glorious past. The outside view of this historic structure made us think of our forefathers, how in anxiousness they waited with bated breath the outcome of the conflict of 1776. The first thing we see on entering the hall is "Liberty Bell." Standing before it, and filled with a feeling of awe, one is constrained to talk in whispers, while tears are liable to dim the eyes. How quickly the sight of the dear old bell carries back to the year 1776. We can almost hear the surging of the crowd in the streets. We can hear the debate in the hall among the signers: "Shall we be free?" "Will the Declaration of Independence be adopted by the assembly?" The questions of old become the questions of the hour. In imaginary suspense we hold our breath for news, so real does the unchangeable past loom

up before us. Finally our suspense is broken, silence gives way to clamorous outcries, confusion follows. Men and women, hushed by the greatness of issue, now give vent to their feelings of joy in shouts that sound not unlike famous redskin war cries, but loud above the uproar the bell in the tower above us peals out in notes almost divine, the fact that we are free! free! free!

Tearing our hearts and minds from the imaginary excitement, we contemplate the relation we, as men of '99, bear to this piece of metal, or better the relation it has to us. Ah! if it was only metal, then we would stop; but the events with which it is connected, the independence which its tongue declared that memorable July day, and the glorious nation of which it announced the beginning, all these bind our hearts to this broken bell and compel us to bow our heads in reverence to the crier of the liberty we now enjoy.

In the right wing of the building is the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Standing in this room and beholding its contents we are led back in mind to the day when the making of a nation hung in the balance. The faces of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock, and others well known in history, take their respective places in the empty chairs before us. Here and there we see two or three exchanging their opinions. Upon each face is written anxiety and care, and yet determination is plainly visible in every action. How we admire those firm set, care-worn brows. Our hearts burn with a sense of gratitude to them for their service to their country. We feel awkward in their presence, and wonder why it was that they were endowed with such wisdom and energy as they manifested in the discharge of their duties. And as we steal from the presence of this august assembly we feel like extending out our hand to touch the hem of their garments as if perchance some of their wisdom might be transmitted into us. Thus meditating as if in a dream, our companions lead us to the banquet hall on the second floor.

Here before us stands Washington's sofa, and by it our minds are introduced to other scenes of the early history of our nation. It may have been this very sofa upon which the famous general sat upon his return from a hard day's work for his country, to review his fortunes and misfortunes both to his faithful wife and for his own benefit. Perhaps on this sofa this happy couple spent many delightful moments of their honeymoon. It may have been on

this sofa that he sat near the close of his eventful life. We can imagine the retired President, near the death of the "Father of his Country," coming home one evening feeling very tired. His wife is sitting in this very sofa, before a cheery fire in the grate. Tired and a bit melancholy he sinks into the sofa beside his wife to rest. Gazing vacantly into the flames that dance to and fro in the hearth, visions of their past life loom up before him, as silently and yet as plain as the vapor rises from a cup of boiling water on a calm December morn. Together they review the early days of their acquaintance, then their marriage, after this the active life of George spent in defence of his country's rights, then his stay at Washington during his term of office, as the country's first magistrate. In short all the important events of their lives were thrust upon them, without any regard to the chronological setting, and it was near midnight when they parted, never dreaming that only a few more days should come and go, and their useful lives would close to open more beautiful in another world. All this is suggested not by the threads that make up the cushion, nor the wooden legs upon which it rests, nor the carving on its high back, nor yet the paper of explanation pinned on the cushion, but by the sofa.

On the opposite side of the room is William Penn's chair. And seated in it we see the man of calm, fixed countenance, whose fully developed breast contained a tender heart. He seems outwardly composed and contented but inwardly sad and lonely. The very furniture and furnishings of his home remind him of his friends in England; of his father stern, it may be, yet love turns William's heart to the home beyond the sea, and produces in him a longing to be with his parents again.

Thus we could continue for hours the great shifting panorama of historic events, brought before us by these material things. A piece of the tree under which Penn made that famous treaty with the Indians, a treaty never sworn to and never broken, and a pew from old Christ church, in which sat Franklin, Washington and Lafayette and other famous persons, recalls to our minds many interesting events of the past, but we must stop. We have given enough to portray the tendency of the human mind, and said sufficient to make every true American long to visit the birthplace of his independence.

Thus, then, our minds are created. Thus it was intended we

should grasp the abstract, and thus remember the past. Aaron's rod that blossomed was preserved as a monument to the children of Israel that God had chosen him to be their High Priest. So today the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, stands as a grand awe-inspiring monument to the people of the United States that they are free and independent! Then let him who visits Philadelphia feel it his duty to see the dear old bell, and may he look upon it with reverence, and open his heart and soul to be filled with a true sense of the significance it has to the people of the United States.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The American nation is slowly returning to its norm from the overwrought wave of enthusiasm which was the natural result of the return of Admiral Dewey, the lion of the hour, with his seamen who manned the Olympia. The American people truly have reason to rejoice in such men: as brave and shrewd a commander as ever paced the quarter deck, and as gallant a crew as ever stood behind the guns.

The American people have gone to the utmost limit of overflowing generosity to show these brave and deserving men our appreciation. A shout of joy goes up from coast to coast. The cannon roar, the flags wave and young America, as well as old men, and even the fair ladies of our land, have yelled themselves hoarse as they extend the glad hand of welcome to our heroes. A grand naval parade meets the incoming sailors.

A grand and costly pageant which led the hero through the arch decorated with the more peaceful triumph of art, a special meeting with the official heads of the nation at Washington and a fifty thousand dollar home, are among the rewards of American heroism. Dewey himself received a costly sword presented at Washington, while the chief executive makes proud to give him official recognition, hailing him as the one Admiral of the American navy.

A pretty picture is this; that of the nation rejoicing in the harmless intoxication of victory. It is a scene never to be forgotten.

But there must necessarily be a background to every picture, and this has no exception. Here we see a background which looks all the more dark in contrast with the brightness of the pic-

ture. After the top crest of enthusiasm has subsided a little there is room for calm and sober reflection from the standpoint of *the other side*.

Not to say anything of the troublesome Phillipine elephant, which was born into the hands of the American people on May 1, 1898, and without stopping to consider the desirability of our acquisition, we will try to clothe ourselves in the garb of a Spanish senior and see matters as they are seen in the streets of "Old Madrid" and among the foot hills of the Pyrenees.

While the results of that memorable battle, or rather execution, sent the hopes and pride of our republic skyward, the guns that day rang the death knell of Spanish hope and shook to its centre one of the oldest powers of Europe. It was all sorrow to them, for the star of their hope in the east had set and the flag of Spain began to furl on the pinnacle where for centuries by the indisputable right of discovery it had floated in triumph. A nation's blood stood still in its veins as the grim echo of the guns told the tale of defeat, disgrace and execution the world over.

While our chief executive rejoiced in the success of his naval pets in this first test of modern war vessels, and while the naval sphinx of the world so long silent had spoken gladness to his heart, the throne of the infant Alfonso XIII. tottered 'neath the force of the explosion, and the ghostly image and visage of Don Carlos, the Pretender, moved toward the Spanish seat of power. The American people were in ecstasy; the Spanish equally loyal and earnest, were in tears.

Admiral Dewey did his duty and came home to be greeted with a banquet and a procession, to receive a sword as a mark of honor. On the other hand, Admiral Montejo equally brave, displaying a gallantry and coolness equal to that of our own Perry on Lake Erie, is sent home with the prospect of prison fare, to be greeted by a warrant and presented with the dagger of national ingratitude at the hands of his superiors. All this was not so much the result of their own volition, but because the ghost of the Pretender, stalking about in popular sentiment, demanded such a show. So it happens that instead of riding through a triumphal arch decorated with all the skill and cunning of art, the Spanish hero is ushered into the presence of a court martial and made to pass under the weight of fabrication and falsehood, decorated with all the cunning of political shrewdness.

And the sailors: They have less to say, because so many of them went down into the silence of a watery grave through that hail storm of shot at Manilla.

While the American mother rejoices at the home-coming of her long absent son, while families long broken are here again joyfully re-united, in sunny Spain there is many an empty fireside where neither mother nor children may ever even know of the fate of husband and father. Many a sad-eyed maiden with wistful gaze stretching across the vast expanse of waters, will breathe a sigh for the lover who will never return. Bitter sorrow and weeping, the agony of despair has been brought into the homes of over five hundred Spanish marines who went down in that awful clash, where brother met brother with the roar of cannon and the screech of shell.

And yet, these men fought, they bled, they died for what they had a right to think a cause as righteous as that which cheered the sailors on the Olympia. They were true to principle as were our own brave men, and what their true relation to the right was, God alone, who made the Deweys and the Montejos, can judge.

We look here and we see a nation mad with the frenzy of victory putting garlands on the brow of her hero. We look there and behold a nation weeping in despair over the fruits of a war forced upon her as the result of contention at home, and deadly anarchy plotting against the throne. We see "Rachel weeping for her children," who sees every leaf of the hero's garland dripping with the blood of her sons. We hear the wail of helpless, abandoned infancy and the throbbing of broken hearts. Gaze on this picture and then on that. Who can, as he compares these two, escape the mental verdict that this spectre, this monster, this demon, war, "is hell?"

—Contributed.

A TANGLE IN THE SKEIN.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from October Journal.)

January 5, 1899, was the date on this insignificant sheet of innocent looking white paper that had caused a strong man to faint—a man who had faced almost with pleasure the dangers of Cuban climate and Spanish bullet, who had met with keen delight the smashing, tearing rush of the famous "Guards back" played by

its best interpreters—Woodruff and Wharton—the prototypes of future model guards, and had roughed it for two years in the wild fastnesses of the South American forest. When a man's life purpose is thwarted at one fell stroke, when the object for which he lives is separated from him as if by a single slash of a keen edged sword, is it any wonder his heart should almost cease to beat?

"We will increase your salary fifty per cent., Capt. Pierce," says Prof. Moulton, the head of the party. "No, professor, I really have news that compels me to return at once," and Pierce turns resolutely away. "But my dear captain, we cannot do without you, you have proven yourself invaluable, and confidentially, sir, I have been ordered to retain you, even if I should be obliged to pay three times your present salary," and the gray haired scientist looked in triumph at his pupil and co-laborer. Imagine his surprise when Pierce replies, "I am sorry that I must refuse your generous offer. I would rather work under you at a smaller salary than anyone else, but my decision is final—I am going back to the states." "Well, we are sorry to lose you, and if you ever take up this work again I hope we may be together." And young eyes as well as old are dimmed for an instant by a slight suspicion of moisture.

Preparations for an old time southern Christmas have been going on at Fairburg for some time, and already in early December guests were beginning to come in and several homes were already fairly well filled with jolly young people, even now anticipating the pleasures of those glorious holiday house parties, so famous and frequent in some parts of the south. "How de, Cap'n Pierce, tel' you, I'se glad to see you," and the old darky hobbles down the walk to meet him. He has arrived on an early morning train, and Carson's old gardener is the first one of a village full of friends to greet him. "Well, Uncle Jerry, how are the folks?" "Oh, dey's jest so-so, Cap'n, how's yo'self" "I'm sound as a dollar," and as if this was a reminder, he slipped one into old Jerry's hand and passed on down the street. Little did he reckon that a pair of eagle eyes took in this little by-play through the shutters across the road.

Pierce is not a man to mince matters, so at a very early date he calls at the Carson mansion. Nettie is a little pale when she enters the parlor, but aside from that, is the same rollicking "Net" as of old. "Well, Charlie, you couldn't stay away from us,

"could you?" she says, but regrets it a second later, when he replies, "No, Nettie, I couldn't stay away from YOU." There is more in his eyes than simply the glitter of rugged health. "Nettie, this man, what's his name?" "Martin Somers," she falters, now really frightened. "Who is he? Where's he from? What does he do?" "He is a journalist, of New York City, and, Charlie, he's just the finest man I ever met." (She has regained her self-possession now.) "Well," he blurts out man fashion, "do you really love him better than any one else on earth?" His tone is severe and reminds her somehow of a certain stern old judge, when he asked the condemned man if he could give any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on him. "Charlie, you have no right to ask me this question. You are unkind to even hint that I could be an untrue woman. Let me hasten to assure you that whatever I might do wrong or thoughtless, the man I marry I will love even unto death." She has worked herself up to a climax of intensity of feeling which is reached at the end of her sentence and she delivers this last as if it were a solemn oath. Pierce turns and walks out of the house a changed man. He is older by ten years than when he entered. If he had not turned too suddenly to see the quiver of her lip and the anguish in her eye when she had finished speaking, his burden perchance might have been lighter.

A little impromptu social is in session. It is one of the many held at every house in the "set," and subject to no rule or regulation as to form, fashion, amusement, etc. "Captain Pierce, if I remember rightly, you were an inveterate poker player on board that South American steamer," says Miss Leslie. "I was until I found a stronger attraction." "Suppose we all play poker," proposes Miss Leslie. "I don't know how." "Nor I." "I wouldn't play it for anything. I play every other game of cards, but draw the line against the great American Game." And so they run on. "I challenge you to a game with me." And Pierce looks meaningfully through the open door where a light glows faintly through the heavy screen, about a cosy nook in the next room. "All right, what shall we play for?" She queries. The spirit of devilry is aroused by the proximity of this Hebe-like girl who seems to invite him to conquest, and he replies aloud for the benefit of all: "A dozen roses against a dozen kisses will I stake, but be this agreed, no one shall know who wins." "Taken,

sir," she replies, with a defiant look at the assembled crowd. They go off to themselves, and not one of those present know that Miss Leslie turns as they reach the table, and says: "Mr. Pierce, I won't play for the stakes you propose, it would be like selling favors, and mine go only where they are given." Charlie is surprised and pleased at this, and his reply—"I hope I may be lucky enough to receive them under such circumstances"—has more of meaning in it than he really intends to convey. They decide to play for the cream, and having taken ten chips apiece, are soon deep in the game. Just when they have almost all their chips in the pot, and the stake depends on one hand, the crowd by degrees gather around them, and every one gets excited in the game. "Now, Flo, don't you discard so as to weaken your hand and let him win. I believe you think it better to give than to receive in this case," says naughty Grace Pettit. "I see you and go you one better," she says. "I call you," and he lays down his last chip. "Ah," says Pierce, triumphantly. "Your 'two pair' must succumb to my 'three of a kind'." "He's won! He's won! Pay up, Florence," they cry, and the two are such good actors that every one really believes the wager will be paid in private. Preston casts a vindictive glance on the fellow who is depriving him of his lawful prey (as he thinks), but it is all lost on Charlie, who has already thrown himself on a rug near a divan full of girls and boys, and throwing his leonine head back on the lap of one of the fair occupants, finds that it is Nettie, but he is soon launched into the recital of a serio-comic adventure that befell him in South America. He is such an accomplished raconteur that the remainder of the evening slips away. It happened as fate often wills it, that Charlie was telling Grandpa Melford a good old fashioned joke while the party was breaking up, so that he was the last boy to leave, and by a pure accident Nettie Carson was the last girl, and unescorted, so that it was but right and natural for him to walk home with her.

Pierce is not a dense fellow by any means, but he is so innocent and has such a high idea of the purity of love, that he fails to comprehend the veiled sarcasm, and suddenly hushed whispers and the raising of eyebrows and sundry bits of idle gossip that some dear friend or other has purveyed. But he has just passed a group of fellows, and he is almost sure he heard Preston say: "It wouldn't look so bad if they hadn't always thought so much of each other."

He is walking along in an unenviable frame of mind and in such a brown study, that Miss Leslie and Smith speak as they pass without being noticed; a hand is laid on his shoulder, and a strange voice says, "May I speak with you, sir?" "Who are you?" Pierce thunders—for the obvious discourtesy in the stranger's voice has caused him to cast aside for the nonce his usual polite urbanity. "I am Martin Somers."

H. K. B., '00.

(To be continued.)

EDMUND AS COMPARED TO IAGO.

In writing about Edmund and Iago we are dealing with two recognized and detested villains. One is perhaps the most fiendish and devilish character found in any literature of any age. In comparing them, we are not comparing a smaller to a greater, nor one devil to an equal, but we behold two different characters under quite different circumstances, which itself makes comparison very difficult. In holding these characters before our view to judge and describe the deeds of each, thus united, form such an inky blackness of vile pitch and devilish villainy, that, but for the light of the virtuous characters of those about them, we should utterly fail to describe the hideous acts of their dastardly lives.

In personal appearance Iago was of medium height; an uninteresting countenance in that it was commonplace in all but a high forehead, betraying his intellectual power. He went about his business in a slightly reckless yet fully determined way. Contrasted to Iago's uninviting countenance, Edmund possessed a beautiful face. He was rather tall and well proportioned. His manner was attractive and earnest, winning the admiration of his fellowmen, and the affection of the opposite sex, which in this case was unholy and a simple lust or desire to have him for the noble appearance he possessed. His noble person, however, was his downfall. It led him to pride, and under his disgraces of fortune, pride urged him on to generate guilt. Both, however, easily won the confidence of others, Iago by his speech, Edmund by his appearance.

Iago had an instinctive faculty for diabolical plotting. His villainess is innate and not superinduced by bitter influences. No witches burdened his decisions in the sense that they made him a

villain. It was an original gift, perfect without practice, and terrible in its scheming power.

Unlike him Edmund inherited no such evil. His nature was open and blank, in a sense, to receive impressions. Slightly sensitive, he felt keenly the disgrace which hovered over his birth. He was confronted by it on every side. He could not shake off the dishonor brought upon him by his father.

Iago was a cold, intellectual devil, performing deeds that no weaker mind would have attempted. Passionless, senseless and motiveless, he commits acts beyond description in their vileness, for the simple reason that he is able to do them. "His desires are of a Satanical order." Scorning the lust of the flesh, he uses his energies to heighten the pleasure he finds in criminality. He prefers lying to telling the truth, and the depths of his cunning cannot be sounded. He had an insatiable itching of mind to place himself into the deepest intricacies of some hellish plot. He delights in crime simply for the sake of crime. He overcomes all obstacles and turns them to his use. If he had remorse, which is very doubtful, it only urged him to deeper crime. Well has it been said that through the whole play "Iago's passionless soul revels amid lewd thoughts and images, like a spirit broke loose from the pit."

Edmund calls forth our pity and interest from the beginning to the end of the play. His own father is ashamed to own him as his son. No home presents itself to cheer his unloved heart. In the presence of Kent, whose respect he craves, his father speaks of his ignoble birth, and draws such comparisons between him and his brother Edgar as could not fail but excite his envy and anger. His father had sent him away from home for nine years, and intended to send him away again, in order to avoid the shame of his presence. He felt himself in a disgrace and shame for which he is not to blame. He thinks of it continually, and thus watches the countenances of those about him to know if they think of it.

In many cases perhaps he only imagines he is injured ; in many it is the truth, and he dwells on this thought until his mind and heart are drunk with the thought that he must do something to secure his rights. He may have thought of the blackness of his intentions, the purity of his brother, but up creeps the thought of his birth, and all his compunctions of conscience are silenced with a determined "I must."

Many characters under the same situation would have given up all hope, and their once bright talents would have shriveled up until death should have relieved their despondent hearts. Not so Edmund. Possessing great intellectual strength and a powerful will, he both overcame remorse and determined to rise above his shame, and as he says, "top the legitimate."

Although he acts as though justice to himself were a sufficient excuse for his evil intentions, he is not motiveless like Iago. He sinks deep into vile and horrible crimes, but not for pastime; he uses them as means for a great end. Through crime he expects to rise above the shame thrust upon him, and hold the place society denies him.

He may have hesitated long and endured many, many unpleasant and grievous things from strangers and friends, but when once determined against them he is firm. He is able to form plans, and more able to carry them out. He is artful and turns every circumstance, expected or unexpected, to his aid. Though his plans ripen in various unexpected ways, and he is led much farther than he anticipated, he is equal to all emergencies, and moves forward to his end with an undaunted courage.

Iago begins a villain and ends as such. Edmund changes very much when he begins to carry out his well laid plots. He is not the meek, obedient, disgraced child of Gloucester, but rebellious, hardhearted, and an intellectual giant, rising to his full height. He is so changed that though he once loved his brother, and looked upon him as perfect, his father expresses his present sentiment when he calls Edgar an "Abhored villain! Unnatural, detested brutish villain!" All who oppose him in gaining his end must go down before his powerful mind, and having once gained admirers and the confidence of others, he rises not so much by plotting, but through the confidence they bestowed upon him.

In two things Edmund approaches Iago in greatness, and those are his intellectual ability and artfulness in speech. In the latter both were well educated, and without it they would have failed in many cases where they succeeded wonderfully, under the most adverse circumstances.

A pitiful and unjust scene is presented to us when Edmund weaves his father's ruin through the confidence his father innocently and unsuspectingly bestowed upon him. His conduct here when compared to his conduct in the first scene of the play, is

best described in his own words when, in describing Duke of Cornwall's treatment of the Earl, he says: "Most savage and unnatural!"

Another side of his character is brought forth in his interview with the wife of the Duke of Albany. After escorting Goneril home he accepts her sweet invitation to "walk in," and before he leaves he has sworn allegiance to her, having been carried away by the arts her unholy affection invented. He accepts a kiss and favor from the wife of another with a conscious pride of self, and an inward feeling of lewd lust.

The straightforward, noble and eloquent speech of Edgar before his wounded brother, moved him and aroused once more in his last hour the better nature underlying his outward heartlessness. His disgrace comes up to his troubled brain, and half in reply to his thoughts of this, and partly from the feeling that he has to some extent accomplished his end, he exclaims:

"Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself."

The last and perhaps the most noble of his acts, was to save or attempt to save, the lives of King Lear and his daughter Cordelia. The life that had spent itself in wickedness and vile crime rose once more to do good. This deed done he is carried from the scene to remain forever ignorant in this life of the barren results of his last noble act. We study his life with interest. It inspires us first with pity for his condition of shame, secondly pity for his great mistake, and lastly pity because of the ruined state to which his life brought his noble self. If there arises any hatred for him it is deprived of its intensity by the sympathy we owe him. Iago was born, lived and died a devil, Edmund by wrong views and a weak, moral interest, fell to be a villain, an instrument to avenge the father's sin.

—A. STUDENT.

"Our passions, both good and bad, cease with our blushes. We do not hate, nor grieve, nor joy, nor despair in our thirties like we did in our teens. Disappointment does not suggest suicide, and we quaff success without intoxication."

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown."

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

Mormonism was the subject for discussion in the last missionary meeting of the class, and a few of the facts and thoughts brought out in the discussion would probably not be out of place here.

Every one is familiar with the history of the organization of this sect almost thirty years ago, and their marked development as they grow from a mere handful of fanatics, until today in Utah alone they have an aggregate population of over 130,000. To these we might add the Proselytes in every state of the Union, and the ten thousand immigrants which augment the followers of Smith from European countries, especially Wales.

Their marvelous growth concerns us rather in a secondary sense, when compared with the dangers that lurk in their practices and teachings, and it is these which it is our business to learn and combat.

The large element of truth in the Mormon teaching is one of its most dangerous features, as it serves as a pretext whereby they may the more easily take the unwary. They profess thus: "We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost." This article is so indefinite that orthodox creeds and peoples agree with it, but when we look at the interpretation given to it by the Book of Mormon it assumes another aspect.

There is, say they, one God who is the God of Adam; Adam is the God of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ is the God of Joseph Smith, and Smith the God of the present generation. In like manner they assert that any man can by piety and application become a God. The Holy Spirit, they say, is not a person, but simply a concomitant influence of the gospel.

They preach polygamy as a positive duty, grading a man's piety by the number of his wives. They subject themselves, theoretically, to civil authorities, and extol all the virtues.

Their object is, according to the words of one of their own bishops, to gain control of the civil power in the United States by so enlarging their borders, strength of numbers and wealth, that

the political parties would bid for their vote, and thus place them in the balance of power. To this end they already claim the balance in Wyoming, Montana, Utah and other states and territories. With this end in view they are working by sending missionaries to every state in the Union, and Europe as well. It has been given out as an official act of the "Apostolic Council," that fifty more missionaries will be sent to Pennsylvania during the coming year.

These men come with the more pleasing name of the "Latter Day Saints" or "The Church of Christ." Most craftily and cunningly they work among the more ignorant of the masses, giving full accent to the truths of the Bible, but forever putting on top of it the "Book of Mormon" as the interpretation and fulfillment thereof. They try if possible to persuade poor people to go to the Mormon colonies and there open the hearts of the needy to the reception of their doctrine by acts of charity which bring them into a state of prosperity instead of poverty. In the past few years they claim the greatest percentage of increase of all the churches.

Several of our supply students have met with their work on the fields of the church in Central Pennsylvania. They are the most subtle and dangerous foes of the church when undiscovered, but easily vanquished when their identity is made known and their principles published. It would be well for our ministry to keep an eye open for these fellows.

Mr. C. B. Harman preached at Mifflinburg on Sunday, October 29th.

Mr. G. A. Livingston visited at Beavertown on October 22, and assisted S. N. Carpenter in a service at that place in the evening.

Mr. A. E. Cooper has just closed a ten weeks engagement with the Montgomery pastorate, the regular pastor having taken charge.

Mr. Ernest Zimmerman, of the Junior class, visited his parents at Beaver Springs recently.

Mr. I. H. Wagner, of the Middle class, preached at St. Luke's, Williamsport, on the 22d.

Rev. H. C. Michael was a welcome visitor at one of our lectures recently. We were glad for his words of encouragement.

L. G. Stauffer and H. H. McMurtrie represented our department at the Y. M. C. A. convention at Milton.

Mr. H. D. Hoover, of the Junior class, visited his parents at New Oxford recently.

One of our Middlers has recently discovered that Levi was the father of Moses.

Rev. M. Grossman attended the Homiletic exercises of the class recently and gave a few words of encouragement.

Dr. Yutzy preached for Rev. M. L. Snyder, of Manheim, Pa., recently. On October 15th the Dr. assisted Dr. J. H. Weber, of Sunbury, Pa., in the administration of the Holy Communion.

—ED.

PREPARATORY.

Another month of toil and turmoil, of Freshmanism and fanaticism has passed into eternity and has borne the long-looked and ever eventful Halloween to its place among its time-honored precedents of the past.

Long did the heart of a certain Prep. throb with anxiety and expectation as he roamed among the survivors of other years, and drank in the tales of the daring deeds of those gone before him, and he looked forward with fear and trembling to the night when the uncanny spirits of his intrepid predecessors would again revisit the halls of old S. U. to demand his credentials, wise and otherwise, showing his aptitude and fitness for his position.

Greatly did he fear he would fall short in the terrible accounting, "be weighed in the balance and found wanting," and greatly did he ransack his benighted intellect and conceive mighty plans for the accomplishment of undaunted Halloween achievement whereby he would surround his name with a halo of reverence and become a Dewey among his class mates.

At last the fatal evening came, ushered in by dark clouds and a driving rain storm, meet companions for the occasion, settling upon and hushing the pentup clamor of his fears with the excitement of a critical hour.

With keen foresight and sagacious penetration he prepared all his lessons for the following day, and early in the evening smuggled his coat into the cellar in order to evade the watchfulness of the Proctors, and, having composed and disposed everything ac-

according to his preconcerted plans, there being a considerable interval until the appointed time, he, after setting his alarm clock at the desired hour, lay down upon his bed to obtain some rest in recompense for that which he would soon sacrifice for a noble cause.

Soon his brain was steeped in slumber; the mighty plans were forgotten, and he slept on with the peaceful innocence of a child, (or a Prep.) and was soon utterly unconscious to all that is earthly, even to the fire crackers being exploded throughout the dormitory. As the hands of the clock approached the critical moment, his slumbers grew deeper and then, according to ancient custom, in dreams he was a Freshman, green and gay, sitting on a back seat in chapel mourning the loss of his desk and vowing vengeance upon the Sophomores, like unto a child wandering in its sleep, and so sorrowful and heartrending did the dream become that the fatal moment arrived, the alarm sounded, and he slept on.

This horrible nightmare soon passed away and was substituted by more congenial dreams. Now he was seated in a lofty chair of state at the end of a mighty hall, whose massive walls were lined with innumerable books, volume upon volume, and whose vaulted ceiling displayed the gorgeous masterpieces of all ages, and arranged about him were all the college faculties in the world brought before him for playing Halloween tricks, and he was sitting in judgment over them. And again he dreamt that he had graduated, and having gone forth into the world, had reached the glorious climax of his career, all the nation were at his feet, college men made a divinity of him, his name was on every tongue, he was coaching a successful football team. But these hallucinations releasing his disordered mind, he finally sank into sweet and peaceful sleep, and the hours sped by.

At last, from the eastern hills the sun rose in majestic splendor, dispelling the ominous clouds of the night before, and, pouring its golden sunbeams through his window, it dispelled the clouds of sleep which enslaved him, and suddenly opening his eyes, blinded by the dazzling sunlight, he realized his situation, and arising and extinguishing the lamp which had burned all night, he entered the Halloween of 1899 in his diary as one of his "Lost Opportunities."

The new class pin recently adopted by the Sub-Freshman class

has received much praise and commendation on its beauty and appropriateness, and it is an article of great envy and emulation to the Freshmen.

Weis to Martin—"Did she throw you down, John?" Martin—"Yes, and her father threw me out."

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the deskless Freshmen and to bedless Stroub.

Swank and Haas while passing the Sunbury jail were heard to remark: Haas—"Isn't that an imposing building?" Swank—"Yes. It often imposed upon me."

We are pleased to mention that "Susque," who is a "normalite," having come in last spring, is the possessor of a new collar and blanket.

N. D. STURGES, ED.



CLIO.

It is with a feeling of joy that we look back over the meetings of the past month. Especially so when we notice the interest manifested by those who at the opening of the term were slow in taking hold of society work. The new members are also showing a deep interest by their willingness to perform, and by regular attendance. And why should it not be thus? A college course will not be long. Therefore, let us improve every opportunity. Let us strive with renewed zeal to excel all of Clio's former records.

We are sorry to state that at the present time we have no ladies on the active list. Nevertheless, they have the interests of Clio at heart.

Miss Edna Smith, although on the ex-active list, is present at every session of Clio.

Miss Mary Houseworth is pursuing her studies at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Miss Emma Kibbler, we understand, is teaching in Northumberland county.

Misses Anna and Mary Alleman are attending an art school at Philadelphia.

Misses Mildred and Christine Kistner are now at their home at Sunbury.

Miss Bertha Keller visits the society occasionally.

Mr. A. Merrill Allison, our giant, has entered the Junior class at Bucknell.

Mr. G. W. Miller is engaged in teaching near his home.

At a recent meeting of Clio Mr. A. F. Weis, of Lycoming county, was elected an active member.

L. G. STOFFER, ED.

PHILO.

It is a lamentable fact that many of our college students are practically as ignorant of the literature of the English language as the back-woodsman, whose library consists of a Lancaster Almanac and a few copies of the weekly paper. Year after year we see young men graduate from college who are ostensibly fitted to fill responsible positions in society, yet, with the exception of a few, who win laurels in life's broad arena by the sheer force of genius, they occupy a precarious position in relation to the duties which have been assigned to them, and the reason for this is largely the neglect of the English language and its literature.

This may be a bold assertion, yet the truth of it comes right home to us. Every year there are young men who, having passed the preliminary examinations, take up holy orders and go forth to minister to the spiritual wants of man. The palpable neglect of English is seen in the crudeness of outline, illogical deductions, the inconsistencies and extreme poverty of thought, the reluctant self-assurance and the atrocious manner in which they contrive to butcher our mother tongue. We do not desire to disparage the ministerial profession, but rather to see it elevated above the contempt which it sometimes incurs on account of the ill-preparedness of some of its representatives.

What is true of the ministry is also true not only of the rest of the literary professions, but also of those professions which are engaged in the field of science.

Our college professors are undoubtedly using all the means in their power to foster the more critical study of English, and indeed under the restrictions and limitations of the ordinary college curriculum of today are in some cases accomplishing wonders.

The student is in a measure to blame if he does not acquire at least a working knowledge of English literature, because in these

days of competition of book manufacture there is absolutely no reason why a student should not have at least a few works of the standard authors. There may be some students whose financial resources are too limited to permit them to indulge in the luxury of books, but even for these there is no excuse for not becoming acquainted with the beauties of our language, because the college library is always at their disposal.

The benefits of reading cannot be overestimated. The student who does not read and study English literature has no more joys in common with the diligent student, who with heart and mind intent revels in the glories which the masterpieces of the language open up to him, than has the urchin of the slums who sees nothing but dingy brick walls and a sky obscured by the smoke and miasma of the city with that child of nature, the sturdy farmer lad, as he romps about at play through field and forest under the cheering influence of sunny skies.

The student who has inculcated a habit of reading is lifted out of the narrow rut of everyday life, and his views are broadened and new avenues of thought are opened up to him and make possible the cultivation of the imagination, one of the most glorious gifts of the human mind, a gift which few truly appreciate, for as Ruskin says, "The imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains, bar her from breathing their lofty sun warmed air, and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the tower of famine and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona."

SOCIETY NOTES.

Corporal Kempfer ex-'00, a member of the famous Tenth Pennsylvania, and a son of whom Philo is proud, made a brief address to the society in his usual happy manner, on Friday evening, October 13.

It is with the deepest sense of pleasure that we add to the roster of members the name of Miss Mildred Focht, who was elected to membership on evening of October 20. We may well congratulate ourselves on such a valuable acquisition to our circle.

Miss Miller, a visitor from town, favored the society with instrumental music on Friday evening, October 27.

Through the herculean efforts of a few members, Philo is waking from her lethargy and showing the stamina of which she is com-

posed. We have excellent material in our society, and there is absolutely no reason why this should not be a banner year in Philo history.

Apropos of the question of how to stimulate interest in the society work, we would suggest that the programs be varied occasionally. By all means let us have more music. Philo boasts of many musicians among her members, and it is their duty to do all in their power to further the interests of Philo.

—FRANK E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

There is one thing in our Association work against which each member needs to guard, and that is the strong tendency to make of minor importance the work of our organization. We owe it to our God, to ourselves and to our fellow men, to see that the cause of Christ has our first and warmest sympathies, instead of being pushed aside for certain times and seasons. It is true that frequent demands are made upon our time and energy from the various organizations and other things of interest which go to make up college life, and it is right that we be loyal and help where we can in things that are right and legitimate in character—but the lamentable part of it is, that too frequently the spiritual is sacrificed for the secular. Is it right that we neglect the work of the Master and show our preference for worldly things? Are we not likely to give the impression, many times by our actions, that we have no time to worship God? When co-operation is asked in some religious work, the answer is not uncommon, "I am in favor, but have no time to give to it; I have so many other things to do." May there not be a tendency to ignore God and His claims upon us in order that we may engage in the "many other things?" Along this line we quote from a speech of S. M. Sayford, who has had a wide experience in college life:

"Among the decisions needed to be made by Christian fellows, is that whatever lays claim to their attention or time, the Lord Jesus and His service shall be neither neglected nor ignored. Whilst legitimate college athletics and social life have their just claims on every man, the claim of God upon His followers ought to be paramount to all other duties. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,' is one of the best mottoes for the

Christian college man. Every man ought to so systematize his time as to use it to the best possible advantage. Opportunities lost today are lost forever. A man in his professional or business life will be just about what he was in college. Habits being formed now will mould to a great extent future life. "The past is beyond redemption. We have absolute power over the future if we make the best use of the present." "

The writer is pleading simply that Christian men should live as Christian men ought to live, and that the Association, which is the recognized agency for the conservation of Christian activity, should have a portion of his time and the benefit of his influence as a member. Why not decide whilst reading this article that by God's blessing you will do your part toward making the Association what it ought to be, and what it easily would be if each Christian man did his part? Among the many decisions made such a one should be second in importance to none.

W. H. DERR, ED.



ATHLETICS



Victory has not been the result of all our games since our last issue. Defeat, both honorable and dishonorable, has come to our team, but not to be daunted by what might seem discouragement, the team is engaging in harder practice, and more faithful training (?) so as to be better prepared for the remaining games of the season.

Brumgart, the hero tackle of '97 and '98, has again appeared upon the field, and brought with him stronger hopes and renewed enthusiasm. His advent upon the gridiron is hailed with delight by the student body, and gladly welcomed by the team. It means additional strength and snap to the team.

It is not our intention in this article to set forth the requirements necessary for the development of a successful football player, but we wish to say that it is a recognized principle that physical strength is increased by the abstinence of such things as are detrimental to the body. Faithful training counts, unfaithfulness to this requisite tells also, but to the player's disadvantage. To be successful as a player, every young man must deny himself those things which tend to weaken him. He must be regular in

his habits, and true to the laws of nature. If each player were to observe all these rules, how much efficiency it might add. It would bring confidence, strength, victory and praise.

The game Saturday, Oct. 14th, with P. R. R. Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia, which resulted in a tie score of 12-12, was quite a surprise to the railroad men. Their high hopes of a victory to the tune of 30 to 0, were soon blasted when Barrett sprinted seventy yards for the first touchdown. During the remainder of the first half Y. M. C. A. failed to reach the coveted goal, and time was called with the score 6-0, in S. U.'s favor. In the second half, Y. M. C. A. being much heavier, succeeded in making two touchdowns, by the use of close formation. But a few minutes remained to play, when Barrett again skirted the end and tied the score.

This was a most enjoyable trip to the team, and they are loud in their praises of the treatment received from these people.

P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.	POSITIONS.	SUSQUEHANNA.
Moorely.....	Left end.....	Barrett
Burchell (Capt.)	Left tackle.....	Lang
Hildebrand.....	Left guard.....	Snyder
Harner.....	Centre.....	Brumgart
Weist.....	Right guard.....	M. Herman
Widoes.....	Right tackle.....	Nicholas (Capt.)
Harshaw, Hayes.....	Right end.....	Spigelmyer
Mintzer.....	Quarter-back.....	C. Herman
H. Schoenhut.....	Left half.....	Hoover
Brown, Stanton, Thomas.....	Right half.....	Iseman
L. Schoenhut.....	Full-back.....	Rollins
Touchdowns, H. Schoenhut, L. Schoenhut, Barrett, 2. Goals from touchdowns, Mintzer, 2; Rollins, 2. Referee, J. W. Fees. Umpire, "Beef" Wheeler, Princeton. Linesmen, W. H. Thomas, Y. M. C. A.; Burns, Susquehanna. Timekeeper, William Kraft. Time of halves, 15 minutes.		

Saturday, Oct. 21, 1899, was the first day in the history of S. U. that both teams had a game away from home. The first team met the strong Y. M. C. A. team of York, and secured the same number of touchdowns but failed to kick a goal, and thus lost by a score of 6-5. The Reserves succeeded in winning their second victory from Central Pennsylvania College at New Berlin.

The game at York was a most exciting one, and would have resulted in a victory for S. U., had not the frequent penalty of surrendering the ball been imposed upon our team. S. U. had

little trouble to plunge through the line for good gains. Crider and Hertzler did good, effective work for York.

Y. M. C. A.	POSITIONS.	SUSQUEHANNA.
Jacobs.....	Left end.....	Barrett
Senft.....	Left tackle.....	Lang
Menges.....	Left guard.....	Snyder
Buttorff.....	Centre.....	Brumgart
Schaberg.....	Right guard.....	M. Herman
Crider.....	Right tackle.....	Nicholas
Bowers.....	Right end.....	Springhart
Root.....	Quarter-back.....	C. Herman
Leber.....	Left half-back.....	Hoover
Smithers.....	Right half-back.....	Iseman
Hertzler.....	Full back.....	Rollins
Touchdowns, Hertzler, Barrett. Goal, Hertzler. Referee, J. St. Clair McCall. Umpire, Mr. Hare. Timer, Samuel K. McCall. Two 15 minute halves. Score, Susquehanna, 5; Y. M. C. A. 6.		

The game at New Berlin showed over-confidence on the part of the Reserves. They lacked their usual dash and spirit. The C. P. C. team was much strengthened by some new men, and their interference more compact, and their plays much faster than in their former game, but for the repeated fumbling on the part of S. U. the score would have been much larger than 5-0. Notwithstanding all these objections, the team showed up well, and made many pretty plays. In all their games the reserves have not been scored upon. Following is the line up:

C. P. C.	POSITIONS.	S. U.
Fisher.....	Centre.....	Price
Brosius.....	Right guard.....	Burns
McCue.....	Left guard.....	Diehl
Homan.....	Right tackle.....	Pierson
Kneiss.....	Left tackle.....	Erdman
Hensyl.....	Quarter-back.....	Cressman
Bentz.....	Right end.....	Swank
Harner.....	Left end.....	Weiter
Spotts.....	Right half-back.....	Crooks
Winter.....	Left half-back.....	Auchmuty
Runkle.....	Full back.....	Gerhart
Touchdown, Auchmuty. Referee, Bogar. Umpire, Young. Timekeeper, Sturgis, Strail. Time of halves, 15 minutes.		

S. U. met Bucknell on the gridiron October 28, and was defeated by a score of 45-0.

That the merits of a foot ball game dare not be judged by the

final score is a fact that must be patent to all who witnessed the contest on Bucknell's field October 28.

It is true, S. U. met her superiors in foot ball, superior in weight, superior in knowledge of the game, but none the less the Orange and Maroon yielded the palm of victory only after a struggle in which Bucknell merited not more than half the points that fell to her share. With the ball in S. U.'s possession ground was gained rapidly, and steady advancement made until some unfortunate fumble would place the pig skin in the opponents' hands. During the first half two touchdowns were directly due to uncertain handling of the ball, and in the second half fourteen minutes had been played without a score, then came a long series of fumbles, and in the remaining six minutes twenty-two points were enrolled by the Orange and Blue. Very much of S. U.'s failure to hold her opponents for a smaller score, was owing to her weakened condition, five of her men being far from that condition so essential to offering a successful resistance to the onslaughts of greater weight and accuracy in executing plays.

BUCKNELL.	POSITIONS.	SUSQUEHANNA.
Riemer (Capt.).....	Left end.....	Barrett
Carlin.....	Left tackle.....	Lang
Case, Taylor.....	Left guard.....	Wingard
Sweet, Gray.....	Centre.....	Brumgart
Gillis.....	Right guard.....	Snyder
Rowe, Armour.....	Right tackle.....	Nicholas
Friedenberger.....	Right end.....	Erdman, Spigelmyer
Bunnell, Prichard.....	Quarter-back.....	Herman
Stanton.....	Left half-back.....	Hoover
Weymouth, Sherwood.....	Right half-back.....	Eastman
Mathewson, Prichard.....	Full-back.....	Rollins

Touchdown, Mathewson 3, Friedenberger, Gillis, Riemer. Goals from touchdowns, Bunnell 4, Riemer. Goals from field, Mathewson 2. Referee, G. R. Sinnickson, Princeton. Umpire, Charles, Lafayette. Linemen, Burns, Susquehanna; Green, Bucknell. Timekeepers, Hare and Wassell. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

—L. P. YOUNG, ED.

"Two weeks of travel are as good for young men and women, who keep their eyes open and their souls responsive, as a term in the university."

"Nine-tenths of the most useful labor in any calling is drudgery-work which kindles no enthusiasm and elicits no praise, but without which signal success is impossible."

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, NOVEMBER, 1899.

(Entered at the Selingsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.



EDITORIAL



No ONE can reckon the ruin, disappointment and sorrow produced by selfishness, and the base off-spring of this overgrown monster. Greed, avarice, jealousy, that "greeneyed monster which doth make the meat it feeds on," prejudice, and unlawful desires have their source in selfishness. The pure and holy influence of unadulterated love, the innocence of heart and mind, and the peace of conscience are lost forever where this monster is permitted to establish his beastly reign.

The elevation of mankind, the beauty of character, the purity of the soul, the confiding love of true-hearted women, the sacred relations of the family circle, the magnanimous spirit of love, shown in the divine plan of salvation, and the authority of God are ignored and trampled upon by those whose souls are distorted by the crushing power of this malignant demon. All that is innocent, pure and good is destined to be lost in the mad, seething flood of greed that seems to be carrying so much of the human race back to barbarism.

For the pitiless traffic of human lives in Africa, the merciless

butcheries of the helpless Armenians, the cruel sacrifice of human lives in India, we may find slight excuses, at least these can be and are stopped by the introduction of the true religion into these dark and benighted lands. But the announcement in one of the London papers of a syndicate which has been insuring the lives of poor people and murdering them in order to collect the insurance money, seems the height of the spirit of greed. When the taking of human lives, in a civilized country, is made a business, I think it is time to call a halt. Who will come forward and by example and precept, command this spirit of evil to stop?

We burn with a feeling of pity because of the gross ruin brought about by this evil. And at the same time we are stirred by a feeling of indignation that such things should be permitted. But do you know dear reader, that it is not the larger manifestations of the plague that are doing the most harm? It is the hidden, deceiving, hypocritical way in which it attacks unsuspecting man. The larger ruin of others is wrought by it sometimes only to draw our attention from the slow but steady hold it is taking in our lives.

What! Are we guilty of harboring this evil? I am afraid very few, if any, can say no. It is true and we can not hide it. Will we permit it to develop in us an unconquerable demon? Will we permit our souls, fashioned after the image of God, to be dwarfed by this leprous plague? Let us rise and with one accord say no. Say no and mean it. We are sorry that it has entered our institution. We regret that it should have any harboring among the boys of old S. U. But it has. Jealousy is shown in office seeking, in attaining good class standing, in trying for positions in athletics; and even in Y. M. C. A. and mission work, where all should be done to the glory of God, this "green-eyed monster" has made his appearance. Are we sleeping? Awake! Throw off narrow mindedness, littleness and prejudice. Do not let selfishness take the place of the Creator in our worship, but let us stand together as one and labor for the success and advancement of old S. U., for we all love our college. May we always prove loyal to her, and whether it be on the athletic field, in the class room, or on the religious side, may we work together for the best interests of dear old Susquehanna.

The hindrance to the advancement of our institution is not all that will occur if selfishness is permitted to have control, but use-

ful lives will be destroyed, and human souls forever blighted. The habits we form in college will remain with us in after life. We are now in the formative period of our existence, when we lay the foundation of our characters by which our usefulness to the world will be determined. Thus if we develop selfish motives or harbor selfishness of any kind, the pure, educating, loving influence that might have come from our lives will be turned to agencies that bring sorrow and woe. It is through selfishness that we forget our great Benefactor, and hurl our souls far out on the waves of eternal destruction. Stop! Beware!

IN THIS age, when there is so much traveling done, and there are such excellent facilities for moving about, we should know how to travel, and receive some good out of it. The first abuse of traveling to be avoided is a desire to cover ground. There is a certain feeling of pride in the heart of him who is able to mention many countries and cities in which he has wandered. The benefits of visiting different scenes does not come from a great number of visits, or extensive roamings, but from going slow enough to let our souls absorb all that is beautiful and good along the way. The one who has visited one country and absorbed in that journey things which help him to succeed in life, and give to him true wisdom and useful knowledge, has received more good and can more truly be called educated in traveling than he who has traveled in every land, even remembering the names of all the countries, cities and persons he visited and yet learned no lesson. Waste no time in extensive travels, pass your time on something more profitable.

Another thing to be avoided is to spend time in visiting the wrong places. By this I mean that we must use our judgment as to the kind of places we visit. It would be unprofitable for us, even if we could, to visit the whole world, so we must choose from a host of places those which have some good for us. The very fact that we must choose is to our advantage. We should always have a purpose in traveling, and to carry out that purpose we must go to the proper place. If we are interested in the classics and literature, we should visit Greece; if history, we should visit Egypt; if religion, we should visit Palestine, and so forth. Let us attain the fulfillment of a single purpose in every

journey we make, and at the same time look for other benefits along the way.

But the main thing to observe in traveling is to keep the eyes open and soul responsive. There is no doubt in my mind that there are many lessons in nature, art and literature of which we never learn, many diamonds that we never find, simply because our eyes are closed, or filled with useless images, or our souls are wrapped in a blanket of carelessness and indifference. Until wax is heated one cannot make an impression upon it with a seal, for it is brittle and unresponsive. So is the soul until it is warmed by the enthusiasm of attention and ambition. But when thus heated, impressions that make or mar character will be made upon the inmost soul.

There are two kinds of impressions that can be made upon our souls. The one is good, the other bad. We are certain to meet with both when traveling, and so near alike will they appear to us that it will be very difficult to distinguish the one from the other. But there is a little monitor within our breast which is always faithful in the discharge of its duty. And this little magnifying glass will reveal to us the good and the bad, if we keep it clear and clean, keep it from getting dusty or being scratched.

Lastly, a visit should never be forgotten, if it had for us any particular lesson. In dreams we should recall it and thus maintain the inspiration which the journey gave us for our practical use. It is well to review the past if by it we can better the future. We would lose half the good of traveling if we retained not the lessons learned to be used at the needy moment on some future day. Beside the immediate effects traveling has on the character, there should be lasting impressions that would uphold that character in some future crisis.

These and other things will tell us how to derive benefits from our travels. But there are two great ways of traveling, with which we must necessarily be acquainted. The first is to journey in mind only. The second is to move about among the beautiful haunts of nature and art in body. We indulge in one about as much as the other. If we are contemplating a journey in body, we unconsciously travel over the scenes in our minds, by the aid of our imaginations, or in a more substantial way by the aid of guide books and photographs.

We often think of the latter only as traveling, but if we stop and

consider both, we will find the former to be the more extensive. In mind we can travel where we would not dare to go in body. Into dens of vice, into beautiful homes, into foreign as well as native countries and cities, into the jungles of vast forest lands, or on the grand streets of up-to-date cities, over the whole earth and by imagination into heaven and hell do we go in mind. We can travel from the highest heaven to the deepest hell in an instant. Surely the human being is a gifted person.

The first may be as complete, too, as the second, depending on the disposition of the traveler. A lady having visited Paris for several months called on her brother after returning to this country to tell him about the beautiful places in that world-renowned city. Much to her surprise he knew more about the city, its streets, houses and inhabitants by traveling in mind, with the aid of books and maps, than she did herself. Thus it matters not by which manner we travel; whether we derive any benefits depends on ourselves. To see Him and learn the lesson He would have us learn we must visit intensively, the right place at the right time, with our eyes open and our souls responsive to the faintest breathing of the beautiful and the good.

THE college journal preserved will be an encyclopedia of the good old times the graduate had while within the college walls. It will contain for him present recollections of his fellow students which he can secure in no other way. These, with the literary matter and interesting events of history it contains, make the literary representative of any college a necessary addition to the library of the alumnus of that institution. The only way to have this encyclopedia, fellow students, is to subscribe for and preserve your college journal. This, if not enough college spirit dominates your hearts to do so, should lead you to support your journal, both by contributing articles on up-to-date subjects, and paying the subscription price to the manager.

WE ARE very grateful to those who responded to our call for poems and material. It demonstrates a feeling of interest in the literary side of our institution. I know we all like to see good material in THE SUSQUEHANNA. It must come from us. Thank you, gentlemen, call again.

OUR ladies have received very little recognition in the columns of the journal in the past, but we hope hereafter there will be a "woman's page," devoted to the interests of our fair "co-eds."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Commencements. Do you remember the one at which you graduated? Commencement speeches. Do you remember the one you made, Mr. Alumnus? Did you ever think about it, since you imposed it upon a weary public on that day? Was there any purpose in it other than the perfunctory performance of a duty imposed? Has the subsequent train of events borne out your statements, or has your wider experience and firmer grasp on truth altered your views on the subject?

We are conscious of the fact that such reflections as these are almost wholly valueless, for life is too full of stern realities to revel much among the time-marred images of a dead past. But they may for a moment open up a world of recollections to an Alumnus.

Then let us ask, do these commencement speeches bear any helpful influence with them; do they have any weight in the making of public opinion? Likely the general answer would be, no. For each successive year for a period extending indefinitely into the past, every question of morals, religion, politics, reform and all other vital subjects have been aired, and positively set to rights, and clearly elucidated by the commencement orator. But the old world still rolls on and the planets are yet in their courses.

Altruism has been held up as the golden mean; but man continues selfish. The brotherhood of the race has been shown to be the thing to usher in a Utopian state; but the world still scrambles and does not love. Political corruption has been exposed; but politics continues vile. The moral maxims have all been dilated upon; but man continues in immoral deeds. In biography the glory of good living and the misery of evil existence have been held up; but man in general follows not the former nor shuns the latter. The cancer of Greece and Rome is laid bare; but nations seem prone to foster the same sore.

This looks pessimistic. Has all the sweetness of the sons of Demosthenes been wasted on the desert air? Let us not so conclude for the sake of our personal consolation, at least. The fact that the world has not been transformed by it is no argument that

cap and gown oratory is a failure. This argument, if true, would prove that the preaching of the gospel has been a failure because the race has not at once been turned to righteousness by it.

The success of a speech is measured by the impulse it gives and the sentiment it conspires to mould. The life of an individual or a nation may not be fully changed by an oration, but such a speech may form one of the myriad influences which enter into the composition of every character, whether individual or national. We are a part of every thing or person we meet or hear. So let us be charitable and hope that if we have not revolutionized things by our college oratory, we may have at least added some small measure of momentum to the ongoing car of a grander civilization.

'71 (Sem.) Rev. J. W. Reese, who has for some years served at York Springs, Pa., has been compelled to retire from active service, for a while at least, on account of ill health. He will move to Altoona, Pa.

'72 (Sem.) Under this year in the October issue of the *Susquehanna*, we stated by mistake that Rev. F. Aurand ('72 Sem.) had accepted a call to Martinburg, Pa. It should have been, Rev. C. M. Aurand, A. M. ('83 Sem.)

'72 (Sem.) Rev. A. K. Zimmerman is pastor at Lyons Station, Berks county, Pa. He spent some time recently at his home in Selinsgrove. It was from Rev. Zimmerman's property here that the new athletic field was purchased.

'79 (Sem.) Rev. R. B. Starks, who several years ago returned to the Seminary here and took up some review and special work, has since been in the active service of the ministry. His address is now changed from Butler to Sharpsburg, Allegheny County, Pa.

'80. Charles E. Ehrhart, Esq., is enjoying a good patronage in Hanover, Pa., where he is at present located in the practice of law.

'80. Mr. T. B. Ulrich is engaged in business in Kokomo, Indiana, where he has resided for some time. Mr. Ulrich has been in living touch with his Alma Mater for several years.

'83 (Sem.) Rev. C. B. King, A. M., who for some months has been president of the Home Mission Work in the Pittsburg Synod, has proven himself to be an efficient worker in that sphere.

'86. Chas. H. Dimm, M. D., is still located at Mifflinburg, where he is enjoying a large and an increasing practice. By his strict attention to business and by keeping abreast with the times, he has won the confidence of the people of the community.

'86. George R. Ulrich, A. M., D. D. S., who, several years ago, changed his field of practice from Selinsgrove to Philadelphia, is still located at the latter place.

'87. Prof. R. L. Schroyer, who has so successfully handled the Selinsgrove schools for a number of successive terms, is at his old post as principal again this year.

'88. Rev. Samuel J. Ulrich, of Wellersburg, Pa., has been spending some time with his parents at this place.

'92. (Sem.) Rev. W. H. Hilbish, lately pastor at McClure, Pa., recently crossed the line and visited our Canadian brethren.

'92. Prof. Call Piatt Bastain continues to hold the principalship of the Muncy Normal School. He is doing good work in this position.

'93. Rev. Harry P. Miller, who located in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the completion of his course at Mt. Airy Seminary, is meeting with encouraging results at that place.

'94. Rev. R. E. Crist, who graduated at Auburn Theological Seminary last spring, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Welsh Run, Pa. His installation services were held on Thursday, Oct. 19.

'94. On the evening of Oct. 19, Rev. C. E. Frontz, A. M., was married to Miss Mary E. Noetling ('91), at the home of the latter, in Selinsgrove. The wedding was a delightful affair. They started at once on a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and will be at home, La Grange, Ind., after Nov. 4. THE SUSQUEHANNA extends congratulations and kindest wishes.

How many classes at graduation have determined to have a class reunion in a specified number of years? How many have carried out their design? If any, such proposed reunions fall due the coming spring. Now is the time to think of getting things in shape for it. Such meetings tend to revive lagging interest on the part of the Alumni.

'95. (Sem.) Rev. G. S. Courtney, who has been satisfactorily serving the Homer City (Indiana Co.) charge, recently visited his Alma Mater.

'97. Prof. B. F. Long, A. B., is on the teaching force of the

preparatory department of the University again this year, where he has served since his graduation.

'97. (Sem.) Rev. C. E. Smith has taken charge of the Minersville church and has made a strong impression on the people there. He has already sent one student from his vicinity to Susquehanna. That is the true spirit of an Alumnus.

'99. In the September issue it was stated that Rev. H. C. Michael was located at Wilmerding. While it is true that one of his appointments is Wilmerding, he resides in Allegheney, Pa., where his chief appointment is located. The work, we hear, is progressing admirably under his care.

'99. St. Luke's, the youngest Lutheran church in Williamsport, Pa., is prospering under the care of Rev. W. B. Lahr. He is getting the work organized in every respect. He has added over thirty new members during his brief pastorate.

The man who originated the expression, "a needle in a haystack," must have had in mind an editor searching for Alumni notes.

About nine and one half per cent. of the men who have entered the Theological Department here since 1858, and about two and one-half per cent. of the graduates of the Classical Department, have subsequently been removed by death.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

We were very much delighted to see the smiling countenance and take the hand for a hearty handshake, of our former student and classmate, Chas. Yon, '01, on Oct. 25. At present he is attending Lafayette College, but came to this place to attend the 75th anniversary of the Masonic order, of which lodge he is a member. The reports have it that the affair was a grand one, and that several hundred visiting Masons were in attendance.

The painters are at present giving Prof. Fisher's house a coat of paint, which gives it a fine appearance. We understand that Prof. Allison has also purchased a plot of ground suitable for building purposes. Why, we will leave to some one else to fathom out.

A meeting of the candidates for the glee club was held on the 23d of October. Quite a number of candidates appeared, yet not as many as might have. We will no doubt have an excellent club

this year, as we have Mr. Nicholas as the leader, to whom largely depended the success of last year's club.

To a spectator all things in football look easy to our giant "Jack," but he remarks that he hates the d— close information.

It would be an act of injustice not to mention the glorious time our ball players had in Philadelphia after the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. game. All enjoyed themselves immensely. Burns was in ecstasy when, after he was only at the hotel about an hour, he imagined he had one of the waitresses on the string. But all his hopes and ambitions were blasted in an instant when Barrett informed the waitress that he was only one of the team's rubbers.

Our boy Jack became completely absorbed in the massive and majestic statue of William Penn upon the Public Buildings.

"Elec" found his ideal place of amusement in "The Rathskellar."

"Peck" was deeply inspired by the "Cairo" band at the exposition.

But "Spig," *poor fellow*; nothing appeared to catch his eye so much as the "monks" at the Zoo. Besides he accidentally met one of his old time cousins.

The "Ye Thamard Club" has had several meetings during the past month. They are already getting ready for the rendition of some drama in the future, which no doubt will be all right, if we may judge from past performances.

The college orchestra was organized on the 30th of October, under the direction of Prof. C. A. Keeley. Not all the old men are back, but there are found to be quite a number of musicians among the new students.

Halloween was appropriately celebrated by the students on the eve of the 31st ult. Some of them being invited out, spent the evening pleasantly in this way; some introduced our new theologian, Fritchie, into the secrets and pleasures of a theologian's paradise, and others delighted themselves by turning up things in general, especially those who conveyed Stroup's trunk and bed down to Zimmerman's.

Class spirit was manifested at Susquehanna for the first this year on Wednesday night, Oct. 19th. At this time the Freshmen had planned to have a class demonstration, consisting of speeches, orations, etc., to be carried out under the glare of a large dummy representing Cato, which they had prepared to be burned on this occasion.

As luck would have it the Sophs became aware of their whole program, and they turned out in a body to enjoy the fun themselves. They first kidnapped E. M. Gearhart and C. O. Frank, two of the Freshman class leaders, and after tying and blindfolding them, conveyed them six miles into the country, where they

were turned loose. The Sophs then had quite a demonstration celebrating their supposed victory, and then retired. The two Freshmen, however, returning ere all was too late, finally aided in carrying out what they had planned.

Mr. Zechman, '03, had a very pleasant time from Oct. 28 to 30, having spent these days at his home.

D. J. Snyder remained at York after the game on the 21st ult., to receive some healing balm for his lonely heart. Well, Dan, how is that "dear friend" by this time?

THE FRESHMEN TAKE A BACK SEAT.

Tuesday morning when the Freshman class came to chapel they found that their row of desks and chairs had completely disappeared, so that they were compelled either to stand or to take a back seat. Some of them sat with the Preps., which position became them very well since both are too green to burn, and both have swelled heads though the Freshmen's are the larger. Green chalk (emblematic of the class) marked the place where they once had rested their big and tired heads.

—A SOPH.

EXCHANGES.

The *Free Lance* contains an article on the life and genius of Poe, which is an excellent compendium of the best criticisms of this poet, and contains some original ideas that may perchance explain why we are at last beginning to appreciate him.

The *Touchstone*, Lafayette College, in its artistic dress, comes to us this month almost exclusively made up of short stories, some of which show real merit. "The Hermit" is one of this class.

The *Red and Blue* panders to the aesthetic eye of the reader with a lovely half-tone, then gives him some good solid matter in prize articles, followed by two good stories and a thoughtful article on the great American novel.

The literary notes in the *Muhlenburg* are very interesting. We cull the following:

The seven best selling books of the year in their order are "David Harum," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Mr. Dooley," "In Peace and War," "Red Rock," "The Day's Work," "Aylwyn and Dross."

We have rich men and active business men in the literary world. F. Hop. Smith is one of the largest light house builders in the country. Another is James Alexander, author of the *Princeton Stories*, who is Vice-President of the Equitable Life Insurance Association.

In the dramatization of Ben Hur, a mechanical device will be used to represent the chariot race. Gen. Wallace invented it himself. Gen. Lew Wallace is not only a mechanic, soldier, diplomat, statesman and author, but a painter besides. Twenty years

ago he had on exhibition in Indianapolis the painting of Cupid with purple wings. The color of the wings occasioned no end of criticism, but the artist refused to change it.

The October *College Student*, Franklin and Marshall, is largely In Memoriam of the son of Dr. Stahr.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* does not represent, as it should, the literary element in the school. Its news columns are all to be desired, but that is not all that is required of a college journal.

Read the editorial in the *Dartmouth*, October 20, but do not look for an exchange column, they discourteously omit that department.

"Human Destiny" in the *Comenian* is worth a perusal at least. Too many of us like to believe in blind luck.

Poetic imagination is well reflected in the *Bucknell Mirror*, but we think the October number of this journal rather scanty as to quantity of material.

The *Thielensian* voices in an editorial, concerning Thiel College itself, what from the signs of the times we believe is generally true. We quote the following: "A student entering college will not be accepted at his own estimate. His tales of past achievements, his ancestry, his wealth or his poverty are not accepted as evidence of his worth. What he is and what he does determine his standing in the college. It's the honest, square fellow who becomes popular, and the hardworking, talented student who leads his class. A sneak or a bully is taken at his proper value. Students, as a class, are keen enough to read human nature aright."

From the *Midland* we clip the following: "Rev. C. W. Heisler, Ph. D., a member of Midland's Board of Trustees until last year, was recently made President of Susquehanna College, Selinsgrove, Pa. Mr. Heisler is a hustler and will make a successful college president."

We heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the *College Folio* under the caption, "Maintain the Standard." Whenever a school, for any reason, fails to compel each and every student to come up to the required standard, it makes a grave mistake, and not only loses the respect of its present student body but anyone else who is thoughtful enough to know that a diploma from such a school is worth as much as the spoiled parchment it is written on.

The *S. U. I. Quill* declares its intentions to become more literary. A step in the right direction. Good luck to you.

"The only articles of any literary merit seem to have found their way into THE SUSQUEHANNA. We refer to sketches on 'Hamlet.' "—*Ex.*

He—"Do you know what would have been a good epitaph for Robert Ingersoll's grave?" She—"No. What?" He—"ROBERT BURNS."

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VOLUME IX.

No. 4.

DECEMBER,

1899.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

SELINSGROVE, PENNA.

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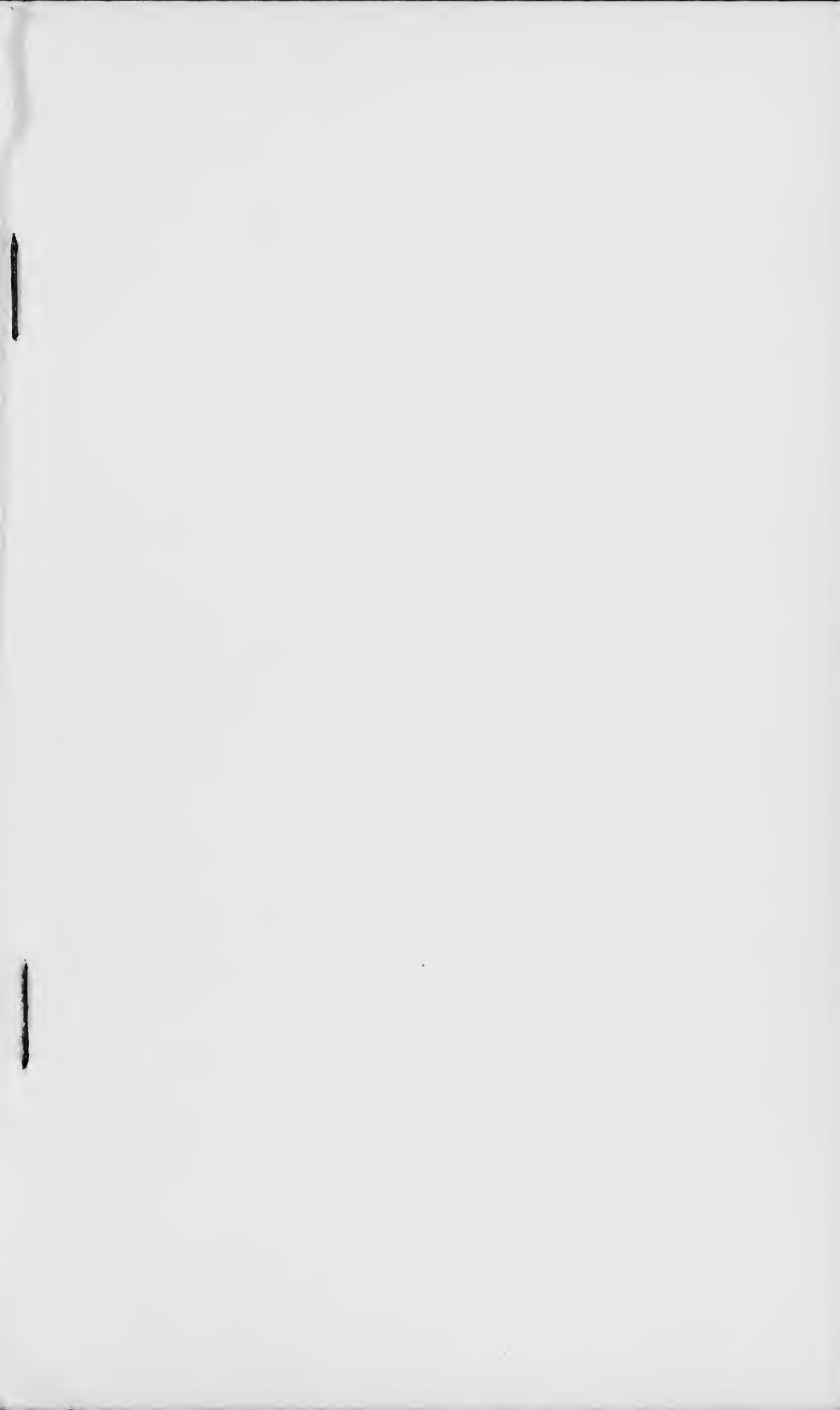
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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

DECEMBER, 1899.

LITERARY.

NOVEMBER.

The trees stand shivering in their nakedness,
Only a few brown rags about them cling,
Sole remnant of their former gorgeous dress
When each in gold and crimson stood a king;
And largess to the minstrel wind would fling.
But now the wind goes moaning on his round,
Forgotten all the songs he used to sing,
Over the sodden leaves that strew the ground.
The birds, his sweet accompanists, are fled;
Only the crow's harsh voice is never whist;
The flower faces all are vanished
That watched his coming, waiting to be kissed;
He sings the dirge of summer—she is dead,
Wrapt in a burial shroud of cold, white mist!

“Ol.”

THE SEASON AT SUSQUEHANNA.

In taking a retrospective glance at the recent history of football events, although we see things which “should not have been” and also things which “might have been,” yet we see no cause for sack cloth and ashes, while we can proudly point to some laurel wreaths gallantly won by our sturdy gridiron warriors.

In the game with the Indians we did not make as good a showing as we had hoped to do, but looking fairly at the existing conditions the cause of it is obvious. The Indians had nearly all of their old players, who rounded into excellent condition in a very short while. We had a comparatively new team and that means weeks of hard practice before a winning force can be expected of any team. We, consequently, were handicapped by weeks of practice, coupled with being outclassed in weight, training and other essential football elements. These things must be taken into consideration when a score of 56-0 is looked at.

The game with Shamokin Y. M. C. A. shows that our boys were in very poor shape to roll up a large score owing to lack of team work, which can be gotten only by continued hard practice. We won, 5-0, and it may be safely presumed that in the middle of the season our boys would have been able to roll up at least 30 points more.

Oct. 14th was a day of surprises, both to the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. and Susquehanna. The high hopes of the railroad men to roll up a score of 30 points were tied, 12-12. The fact of their not being able to do so shows the game which S. U. put up against superior odds. The treatment our boys received here merits profound praise. The P. R. R. men showed a true spirit of manly sport.

York Y. M. C. A. game was practically tied by our men. The score 6-5 is not a sign of superior playing on the part of York, but a mere accident which caused our full-back's sure foot to fail him just once. This is the best showing our men ever made against the invincible York eleven and speaks louder than words for the team. S. U. played all around her opponents, and hard luck, coupled with a big handicap in the referee, tell the tale.

He robbed us once and he had the gall
To rob us again when we played football,
And now indispensable who art so small,
When we wish to be robbed we then may call—McCall.

The scene changes to the college gridiron. We are now on Bucknell's campus. But how are we? In very poor condition to meet our strong and well-trained neighbors. We are suffering the consequences of a series of accidents. In such a condition as to justify the cancelling of the game. But we are here to play and evidently to meet defeat. We are defeated by a large score, but our men give them some good, hard work, making them fight for each inch of ground. The score, 45-0, is due, rather, to Bucknell's perfect condition, weight, training, brilliant playing and good team work than to Susquehanna's inferior work. Susquehanna plays good ball at intervals, but Bucknell plays better. Considering, then, the excellent team Bucknell has this year and the weakened condition of our team in this game, we have no cause for complaint.

In the game with F. & M. there was a pair of disappointments. Susquehanna hoped to win and F. & M. was not only confident of winning, but expected to win by a good score. The first half

was tied, 0-0. The initiative of the second half Susquehanna took with a spirit and a dash which netted her a goal and touch-down in a very few minutes of play. The second half was almost finished, only a few minutes were left before the referee's whistle announced the game over when lo! the unexpected occurred, F. & M. on S. U.'s 40 yard line. She failed to advance the ball. "Third down, 5 yards to gain," said the referee. The old trick worked not to effect before, in this game worked once, just once. But that once gave F. & M. a touch-down. Alas! and alack! but true! The goal was kicked and the score stood 6-6. In a little while F. & M. stood on her own 30 yard line but too late. The whistle blew. Time up.

The game with the Olympic Club was a happy surprise for us, but not so happy for Columbia. They were not scored upon on their own grounds for the four seasons prior to this one. Susquehanna had not only the coveted pleasure of scoring but of defeating them 12-6. Columbia were mourning on the night of November 11th. Why say more? We glory not in Columbia's defeat, but we do in Susquehanna's victory.

History always has some pages full of pathos and bitter chagrin, but they belong there nevertheless. And there we manfully assign them. The game with Gettysburg marks an "era of good feeling" for Gettysburg, but of mourning for us. But we have suffered our afflictions to our good. Our team unfortunately chanced to be in its worst condition when it played its most important game. Three substitutes were put in to start the game, not to mention the number of disabled ones who bravely dared "to do or die." But why envy her victory? Gettysburg won. Yes, won the first game she ever did win either in football or base ball from Susquehanna. Rejoice and be glad. Eat, drink and celebrate, thou battlefield gridironists, for in the near tomorrow Susquehanna will go and do likewise while thou dost otherwise.

The last game was played. Yes, it ended. The game ended and so did the season. Sunbury saw the end. They beheld the death and was present at interment. Did they weep or rejoice? With whom did they weep? With whom rejoice? Was it victory? Let those who will, call it victory. Take it and exalt, will we say with a spirit of charity, and we will rejoice in what is still left—honor.

What shall we say of this season? Was it successful or was it

not? What do we mean by a successful season? Let us consider the circumstances as they have been and not as they have seemed to be. Recall the scene at the beginning. The season opened—no coach, no captain, no manager and but five of the old players on the field. May we behold the advancement against the odds at hand throughout the season. Look at the list of the games; consider with whom played and be wise. Don't forget the games the scrubs played, and how manfully and successfully they played. Fail not to note the financial status and the conditions that brought about this status. See herein the attention and care of the management in the arrangement for and of the games and the willingness on the part of the team to sacrifice on their trips. Have the advisory board been negligent and dozing? Nay. Rather have they been more diligent and wide awake than ever. Remember the coach who came at the time of great need, at the time of emergency, and faithfully and earnestly did all he could, the best he knew in the interest of his Alma Mater. The captain arose, stood in the face of unpleasant issues and nobly served his position. Manager Wingard coming into the kingdom at the time he did, performed his duties commendably. Yes, we can rejoice over the season even while considering both sides of the story. We can feel proud of our boys. We do feel proud of them. They have been manly and faithful, and by their demeanor on and off the gridiron have, as in former seasons, won friends for our institution. Let us let them know that we are proud of them and grateful for what they've done. Let us make them feel that we are. What greater recompense can they receive? What greater can we give.

PERSONNEL OF SUSQUEHANNA'S TEAM.

No doubt everyone interested in the welfare of Susquehanna would be pleased to know personally the valiant young men who battled for her honor on the gridiron during the season of '99.

We will endeavor to make our friends better acquainted with each man on the team and with substitutes as well by a brief sketch of individual characteristics.

Mr. C. M. Nicholas ably filled the position of captain and right tackle. His strong playing, good generalship and constant encouragement of the team were responsible for many points on the

credit side of Susquehanna's account. As a tackle he is a heady and speedy player, while his artfulness makes him an opponent to be watched by the most skillful antagonist. He is 24 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 172 pounds.

Mr. Ed. Brungart, our left tackle, is one of the "old reliables" on our team. This season was his fifth and last on the team, as he graduates next spring. Every one on the side lines will miss this faithful and conscientious player. He is a good student, well up in his classes and a hard player, well versed in the points of the game. With him at tackle there was no fear of an opponent's offence at that point of the line. Mr. Brungart showed the true college spirit by coming out to play for his Alma Mater in the face of every inducement to the contrary. He is 28 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds.

Herbert Brungart, the brother of the former, has filled the hole at centre most acceptably for four years. He passes well and tackles all over the field when backing up the other parts of the line. His disadvantage of comparatively light weight was overcome by an abundance of sinew and agility and his strength was a match for mountains of flesh pitted against him. He stands well in his classes and is a model gentleman. We lose this excellent man next year as he is a member of the class of 1900. Both these brothers are natives of Centre county. Herbert is 26 years old. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds.

O. R. Barret, left end, finished his third season as a successful player on the team. Barret is a strong all-around player, and his phenomenal dashes were the occasion of much comment on the part of opposing players and colleges. Barret is a native of Northumberland county. He is a member of the class of 1902. His age is 20 years, height 5 feet 10 inches and he weighs 165 pounds.

Mr. D. J. Snyder played right guard as sub last season and came in as a splendid first team man this season. While his work is not phenomenal it is of the steady and consistent order which inspires confidence in all who play by his side. Gains through his particular scope of territory were rare articles for opposing teams, and he opened large gaps for the passing of S. U. full-back and the halves. He is an excellent student and exemplary character. Mr. Snyder hails from Tioga County, Pa. He is a member of the class of 1900. His age is 25, height 5 feet 10 inches and weight 170 pounds.

Mr. M. P. Herman filled the position of left guard, a position he

has held for five years. He is a strong man and an ideal man in his position. Herman is a man of few words in a game but mighty of deed. He can always be relied upon to do his part. In defense he holds like a rock, oftentimes breaking through and tackling the runner for a loss. He is 25 years old, 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds. He is a native of Snyder county.

Mr. H. D. Hoover played the position of left half. This young man was a power in breaking interference, and it was almost impossible for an opposing team to get around Susquehanna's left flank where Hoover waited to break interference and Barret to dispose of the runner. As an offensive player he carried the ball well and was a hard runner. There is possibly no other man on the team who gathers so much momentum as he runs. Hoover's success at half is the result of superior head work, which is an essential characteristic of an all-around player. His home is in New Oxford, Pa. His age is 19, height 5 feet 10 inches and weight 169 pounds.

Mr. L. L. Iseman, a member of 1902, did duty as right half, which position has been his for two seasons. Iseman displayed good judgment and skill in keeping behind interference and dodging when it was broken. On the defence he played end where his tackling was fierce and sure. His ability to advance the ball through a broken field makes him an opponent to be feared. His home is in Missouri. He is 20 years old, 5 feet 7½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds.

Murray B. Herman is a find at quarter-back. Last season he played at sub-end and in the early part of this season worked as half-back. His passing is clean and he is a good man in interference. In defense he was played at full-back where his skill at gathering in punts made him a valuable man. Herman is a steady player and experience in his position will convert him into a most excellent quarter. He is a native of Kratzerville, Pa. He is 20 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 156 pounds. The class of 1901 claims the honor of his enrollment.

John Lang is a new man at right end, who was moved from guard to tackle, and from tackle to end, which position he played to the entire satisfaction of his fellow students. "Jack," as he is familiarly called, runs like a steam engine, and considering his weight, his speed is phenomenal. It usually requires two or three to bring him down. On the defense he played at half where his

weight and strength made him a terror to interference. He is an earnest student, working as hard at his lessons as on the gridiron. We predict for him a successful future. His home is in South Fork, Pa. He is 23 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 202 pounds. He is a student in the Prep. department.

Alexander Rollins, our new full-back, hails from Altoona, Pa. He received his first football training in that city. He is a hard line bucker and a swift man to set the pace for interference. On the defense his work at quarter was especially commendable, as his speed overtook many a runner who appeared good for a long gain. With a few years' experience at full-back, he will be able to take his place among the best of them. He is 20 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

W. W. Spigelmyer, left tackle and left end, is a valuable man in either position. His strength was the subject of comment on the part of opposing players. He is a sure tackle and runs well with the ball. His experience in the game qualifies him as a good all-around player. Spigelmyer is a good, close student and a model man in every respect. He is 25 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 167 pounds.

Frank Shambach, half-back, claims residence in Reedsville, Pa. As this is his second season in football experience, the fact that he has already practically won a position on first team speaks best for his skill. Shambaugh is a hard player and on defense tackles well. He will develop into a first-class man for the team. He is an excellent student and deserves credit for hard work on the team. He is 21 years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 151 pounds. He holds place in the class of 1902.

Robert Z. Burns, centre, is one of the men who has won promotion by dint of hard and consistent practice. His grit and fire, coupled with strength of body, make him a good, aggressive centre. He passes well and does good work getting under line plays. He is a member of the class of 1901. He is 23 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 166 pounds. His home is in Bloomsburg, Pa.

Mr. Edgar Wingart is our fair haired guard, end and all-around player, whose very height must inspire opponents with dread. When playing in the line he has always exhibited a faculty for keeping his eye on the ball and became celebrated for his securing the ball on fumbles. As a guard he had a faculty of

getting under plays which creates the impression that he will develop into a first-class man. Wingart is 21 years old, 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 174 pounds. He belongs to 1901.

THE SEASON OF NINETY-NINE.

In all de seasons ob de yea' none can rank in football line,
An' all de seasons dat hab passed koint tech dis ninety-nine.
Deh is Nick, our singin cap'n, an Casey, full o' sand,
An Snyder an Milt Herman gin de udders' rushes stand.

Den dere's Barret out at lef, an sayin nuffin, sawin wood,
Dere's a heap o' schools I reckon dat'd grab 'im ef dey could;
Dere's nuffin runs kin ketch 'im, an a streak o' lightnin'd get
All de hustlin dat he wanted followin Susquehanna's pet.

Our Elec. am a daisy, an Hoover's mighty fine,
But when ole Jack goes tearin roun I tell you it's sublime.
When you see ole Spigie comin where de res has got ter fall,
You ken make yo min up sudden dat long hair doan push de ball.

Now de football season's over, an canvass laid away,
But memory's still a clingin' roun many a happy day.
When we started wid Shamokin tings was lookin hazy like,
But it wan't long until de boys had showed dat dey could fight.

F. & M. had figgered up de score a little soon,
Dey forgot about de countin' wif de Orange an Maroon.
An we bumped agin de Indians, big an strong an fat an red,
But we showed em dat in football we was holdin up our head.

An when it come to Gettysburg, it was ha'd to taste defeat,
But anudder yeah am comin when dey'll hab dat treat.
Dere's a great big change a cummin, its a cummin mighty soon,
Den de laurels all be hangin on de Orange an Maroon.
Dey am license ter acknowledge it war powerful bad luck,
Gwine down to Gettysburg an fo Monday's breakfus gettin stuck.

Ez dat parson aint de holies wot has de meekes look,
An does de loudes bangin on de kiver ob de Book,
So it am wif Susquehanna, we ain't makin no big splurge,
But wen de season's ober we ain't got to sing no dirge.

ROBERT BURNS.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."

ATHLETICS

Another football season has passed. The canvass and long hair have been laid aside. The gridiron and side lines are deserted. All seems changed, and now at its close, we desire to make a few comments.

That it was a successful season is proven by the number of honorable victories that are ascribed to us. The Maroon and Orange has waved triumphantly over arenas upon which appeared foemen who seemed mightier than S. U.'s warriors, but who were unable to check the powerful "rushes" and swift "dashes" of our heroic men. It was successful because of the gentlemanly conduct of her players, as shown upon the scene of every contest. Successful because of the untiring efforts of Coach Hare, who labored earnestly in the interest of the team; successful because of the faithful, plucky work of the "Reserves," who met the onslaughts of much heavier men in a manly way.

True, we have been defeated, but in nobly contested games, and only by teams which far outweighed us, and by colleges where football is not of such a recent date. One of the defeats is easily accounted for when we remember that it is hard to play eleven men and officials too.

The selection of the officials before the game is one of the important features which should not be overlooked. Coaches are not proper persons to officiate in games where their team is one of the contestants. This mistake cost us a defeat by Dickinson.

We desire, in these columns, to express our thanks to Dr. Cooper, of Sunbury, for the kindness and courtesy shown by him to the players who were injured in the game played at that place. His kindness and attention are appreciated by the students.

The "Reserves" played their last game at Lewistown with the Athletic Club of that place. In this game they retained their enviable record of not allowing their opponents to score. It was a contest of muscle against science, with victory in favor of the latter. Never was S. U.'s goal in danger, and the game ended with the score 11-0 in S. U.'s favor. During the season the "Reserves" scored ninety-three points while all of their opponents failed to

score. They have made an excellent record, although the team was light. Their games were all won from heavier teams.

In the Lewistown game Captain Gerhart chose to defend the south goal, and Lewistown kicked off. The ball was carried to the middle of the field and after a series of beautiful plays, Weeter carried the ball for the first touchdown. A try at goal failed. Repeated line plunges and long end runs brought the ball to the twenty-five yard line, when Heicher "skirted the end," and carried the "pig skin" behind the goal. Pearson kicked goal, and first half ended with the score 11-0.

In the second half Lewistown carried the ball for short gains, but finally lost it on downs. After this the ball changed hands several times, but time was called without either side scoring in second half. The following is the lineup:

Susquehanna	Position	Lewistown.
Swank.....	Right End.....	Hoffman
Strail, Reynolds.....	Right Tackle.....	Riden
McMurtrie.....	Right Guard.....	Bannon
Price.....	Centre.....	May
Diehl.....	Left Guard.....	Trout
Pearson.....	Left Tackle.....	Carothers
Weeter.....	Left End.....	Martz
Cressman.....	Quarter-back.....	Weber
Crooks, Heicher.....	Right Half-back.....	Stevens
Edwards.....	Left Half-back.....	Pannebaker
Gearhart.....	Full-back.....	Bell

Touchdowns, Heicher, Weeter. Goals, Pearson. Referee, Young, Susquehanna. Umpire, Hoffman, Lewistown Athletic Association. Linesmen, Sturges, Susquehanna, and James McCoy, Lewistown Athletic Association. Timekeepers, Dentler, Susquehanna, and Haffley, Lewistown Athletic Association. Time, 20 and 15-minute halves.

On November 4 the "Reserves" succeeded in defeating the strong Sunbury High School on the home grounds. An exciting game was anticipated, and a large crowd had assembled to witness the contest. Sunbury played good ball at first, but finally weakened and failed to check the steady rushes of "Reserves." It proved to be a fast game on the part of Reserves. They did not lose the ball once on downs, nor fumble. It was the finest game of the season played by the Reserves, they succeeding in scoring 33 points while the opponents failed to score.

Susquehanna.	Positions.	Sunbury.
Price.....	Centre.....	Deppen
McMurtrie.....	Right Guard.....	Keithan
Strail.....	Left Guard.....	Zerby
Burns.....	Right Tackle.....	Frick
Pearson.....	Left Tackle.....	Kennedy
Swank.....	Right End.....	Putman
Weeter.....	Left End.....	Vellea

Cressman	Quarter-back.....	Weitzel
Crooks	Right Half-back.....	Shipman
Edwards.....	Left Half-back.....	Beard
Gearhart.....	Full-back.....	Deitrick

Touchdowns, Edwards, Gearhart 2, Weeter, Burns, Pearson 3. Referee, Young, Susquehanna. Umpire, Dr. Roback, U. P. R. Linesman, Sturgis. Timekeeper, Newhouser. Time, halves ten and twenty minutes.

The game at Lancaster, November 4, against Franklin and Marshall resulted in a tie of 6-6. The first half neither side scored, but in the second half S. U. played superior ball and in a few minutes rushed the ball over the line for the first touchdown. After a series of rushes F. & M. secured the ball, and on a double pass Simpson made a run of 40 yards and tied the score. The next kickoff S. U. held for downs, and were rushing the ball down the field in fine style when time was called with ball on 10 yard line.

F. & M.	Positions	Susquehanna.
Schnader.....	Left End	Barret
Fisher.....	Left Tackle	Lang
Marburger.....	Left Guard.....	Wingard
Royer.....	Center.....	Brungart
Zimmerman.....	Right Guard.....	Snyder
Wentling.....	Right Tackle.....	Nicholas, capt.
Kinzer, Fox.....	Right End	Spigelmeyer
Brubaker.....	Quarter	Herman
Simpson.....	Left Half.....	Hoover
Treichler.....	Right Half.....	Iseman
Peters.....	Full-back.....	Rollins

Timekeepers, Mr. Hare, Susquehanna, Mr. Garwood, F. & M. Umpire, Mr. Houston, Dickinson. Referee, Mr. Bindenberger, Dickinson. Halves, 25 minutes. Linesmen, Mr. Cramer, F. & M., Mr. Wingard, Susquehanna.

On November 11 S. U. met the strong Olympic team, of Columbia, and won to the tune of 12-6.

The Olympic team had not been scored on for the last four seasons, and Susquehanna can well feel proud by defeating them on their own grounds. The game was beautiful throughout, fine interference, every player in each play helping the runner, and in truth the very offensive game Coach Hare had been teaching. Susquehanna's defense was excellent, stopping the line plunges and many times throwing the runner for a loss.

Olympic kicked off. Iseman rushed the ball back 15 yards, Brungart around right end for 10 yards, Lang around left end 8 yards, Nicholas and Spigelmeyer each 5 yards. Rollins made fine plunges through line, and after a few more rushes Lang was shoved over for a touchdown. Rollins kicked goal. Olympic again kicked off. Susquehanna by steady gains rushed it down the field, Shambaugh making some nice gains. Olympic got the

ball on downs, but S. U. soon held them for downs. The ball changed hands several times, when time was called.

Second half was even more exciting. Olympic made some nice gains around tackle only to lose the ball on tricks. Brungart was compelled to retire from the game. Spigelmyer went in at tackle and Barret went in at end. Barret by two rushes with good interference netted 70 yards for Susquehanna and next rush Lang was pulled over for second touchdown. Rollins kicked goal. Olympic by a series of rushes then made their only touchdown of the day. Susquehanna held them on her two-yard line for three downs but by a mass on tackle Oberholtzer was shoved over the line. Oberholtzer kicked goal. A few more rushes were made after the kickoff when time was called. Score, 12 to 6. The teams lined up as follows:

Olympic	Position	Susquehanna
Bailey, Christ.....	Left End.....	Barret, Spigelmyer
Cranford.....	Left Tackle.....	Brungart, Spigelmyer
Zeaman.....	Left Guard.....	M. Herman
Gillman, Barefoot.....	Centre.....	Burns
Barefoot, Gillman.....	Right Guard.....	Snyder
Joseph Sheckard.....	Right Tackle.....	(Capt.) Nicholas
B. Clepper.....	Right-end.....	Lang
Kernes.....	Quarter-back.....	M. B. Herman
M. Clepper.....	Left-half.....	Shambaugh
Oberholtzer.....	Right-half.....	Iseman
James Sheckard.....	Full-back.....	Rollins

Touchdowns, Lang 2, Oberholtzer. Goals, Rollins 2, Oberholtzer. Referee, Mr. Berntheisel, Columbia. Umpire, Mr. Hare, Susquehanna University. Timers, Messrs. Engle, Columbia; Barret, Susquehanna University. Linesmen, Haefner, Columbia; Wingard, Susquehanna. Attendance, 800.

The game played with Gettysburg, November 18, at Gettysburg, while resulting in a score of 22-0 in favor of Gettysburg, again demonstrates that scores show by no means the relative strength of teams. When we remember that just one week prior our team defeated the strong Olympic Athletic Association team which had not been scored on in four years on their home grounds, and consider the crippled condition of our team, two of the 'Varsity players not being able to play at all, it should be a source of congratulation that the team from "that little place up the Susquehanna" put up such a stubborn defense.

Notwithstanding the fact that S. U. began the game with three "subs," and that her opponents were much heavier, S. U. made good gains through their lines and carried the ball around the tackle and end for ten and fifteen yards. The score can be attributed to several fumbles at critical times and lack of spirit gener-

ally. Even in her crippled condition the team did not play the game that it was possible for them to play, as demonstrated a few days later to the satisfaction of even the most exacting. This year we suffered our first defeat in three years from this team, because of crippled men and costly fumbles, and do not take this as an indication that we "will never win again," as they would have us imagine. The lineup:

Gettysburg	Position.	Susquehanna
Emmert.....	Right End.....	Lang
Gilbert.....	Right Tackle.....	(Capt.) Nicholas
Nicely.....	Right Guard.....	M. Herman
Hyckman.....	Centre.....	Burns, Miller
Hoffman.....	Left Guard.....	Snyder
Williams.....	Left Tackle.....	Spigelmeyer
Minnigh.....	Left End.....	Barret
Rugh.....	Quarter-back.....	C. Herman
Dale (Capt.).....	Right Half-back.....	Iseman
Koller.....	Left Half-back.....	Hoover
Young.....	Full-back.....	Rollins

Touchdowns, Koller, Hoffman, Emmert. Goals, Dale 2. Goal from field, Dale. Referee, C. G. White, Gettysburg Seminary. Umpire, E. R. Heckman, Dickinson. Timekeeper, W. E. Wheeler, Gettysburg.

November 25, Susquehanna's warriors met at Sunbury to play Dickinson, the last game of the season. Faithful practice and careful training was observed the week previous and a good game was expected. Shortly after 3 o'clock the game started. Dickinson had both officials. Why? Because all of our officials were objected to. We named disinterested persons, not in anyway connected with either institution or team, and even they were refused. This being the case an agreement was made that in case either official proved to be unsatisfactory to either team, an appeal for another official could be made and he should at once be substituted.

The ball was put in play by Dickinson kicking to Susquehanna, who carried the ball up the field for a good gain. After several good gains the signal for a kick was given and Rollins kicked to opponents' 20-yard line. Dickinson man fumbled and S. U.'s centre dropped on the ball. Our captain then carried the ball for a good gain and after he had laid it upon the ground, the ball being dead, a Dickinson man kicked the ball and dropped on it. Referee declared it Dickinson's ball. Following this our opponents scored 16 points after which time was called.

In the second half Susquehanna scored one touchdown, Barret clearing the end and planting the ball behind the goal, after a brilliant run of fully 70 yards. Dickinson kicked off to Captain Nicholas who carried the ball to centre of the field. Then by

good judgment in the giving of signals by the captain and hard line plunging the pig skin was carried to the 30-yard line. Here the ball was openly and deliberately kicked out of our centre's hands, then given to Dickinson. In the next rush an S. U. player got the ball and ran twenty yards before being downed. The ball was called back and given to Dickinson, they claiming the ball dead, although the one advancing it was running at full speed when he lost it. S. U. refused to accept this decision at first, then compromised by accepting it in case another official be gotten as prearranged. Dickinson broke her contract. S. U. refused to continue to play. The referee, although shorn of his authority by previous contract, declared the game forfeited to Dickinson.

L. P. YOUNG, ED.



THEOLOGICAL.

"Progress" has been the order in our department during the past month. The Homiletic work of the men has been in the main satisfactory. Every member of the classes has been well pleased with our progress in this line. Under the able leadership of Dr. Focht we have successfully prepared and preached two series of sermons with textual themes and divisions, and have started upon the first series of sermons with topical themes. This arrangement is a wise one, as it teaches the embryo preacher to distinguish between the various styles of sermons.

Dr. Yutzy has brought the class in Revealed Theology to the study of "The Trinity," in Schmidt. The Dr. makes a practice of making strict use of the text and the authorities there quoted, after which he gives a most instructive and comprehensive outline of the system in review, giving the authorities and other information not hinted at in the text. This is as it should be, as it is always best to follow the Fathers and masters rather than to frame an independent system. In Exegesis the Senior Greek has been studying Hebrews; the Middlers, Romans, and the Juniors have been looking into the salient parts of the Gospels.

The minor prophets, the Book of Joshua and Genesis have been the fields of labor for our Hebrew students. This exegetical study of the Word is one of the most valuable fields of labor in the course,

and he who fails to hear Dr. Yutzy in his masterly exegetical expositions misses the chief means of learning sound doctrine and proper methods of research.

The regular Missionary meeting of the class took place on Friday, November 24.

We are glad to see our new president, Dr. Heisler, take such an active interest in our work. This is as it should be. The Theological Department is not an appendage to Susquehanna, but the first and chief department. The Dr. has the hearty support of every man in the class.

Mr. Cooper, of the Senior class, has been supplying the White Deer charge for a few Sundays.

Mr. Harman of the same class ably filled the pulpits of the Mifflinburg charge recently.

Mr. S. N. Carpenter supplied the Buffalo pastorate and the congregation at Gordon recently.

Mr. I. H. Wagner will hold a week's prayer service at his place of supply near Oak Grove, beginning on December 17.

S. N. CARPENTER, ED.

“THE GIRLS’ DEPARTMENT.”

Since the last issue of THE SUSQUEHANNA a new department has been added to the staff. At last the girls have been invited by their learned brothers to draw the curtain aside and air their literary attainments. Heretofore these so-called “Lords of Creation,” in their proverbial self-efficient way, imagined themselves fully able to edit this paper alone, but at last they have seen the fallacy of this premise and have deigned to acknowledge at least some ability on our part. They have asked us to take charge of what shall be known as “The Girls’ Department.” Since our institution is a co-educational one, such a department in its journal is but the recognition due us. We enter upon the duties thus devolving upon us with the hope that our work may be of such a character as will reflect credit upon the institution and in some small way assist in the making of our journal a still more acceptable visitor in the homes of our patrons.

Our abilities, we are fain to acknowledge, are not of that superior grade which would render the productions of our brain and

pen most eagerly sought for. We will do the best in our power, though, that this department may be satisfactory and an addition to the journal. Our experience along these lines is very meagre. We feel that we are reaching out in the dark, but what others have accomplished we hope to be able to do. If a willingness and determination to work will accomplish these ends, then we feel that we have not undertaken an impossibility. Our efforts shall be to bring the work of the girls more fully before our readers and by so doing present to them the many advantages our institution affords us.

With the first issue of 1900 we will take our place upon the editorial staff for the regular work of this department, hoping that in every sense it may prove a credit to the girls of Susquehanna.

E. D. S.

PREPARATORY.

At last the end of the term is here and it is with great satisfaction that we view the term's work of our department. The individual classes have easily completed the requirements of study and the general class work has reflected much credit upon the instructors and the department, and we finish the term feeling that much has been accomplished in the acquisition of knowledge.

But a shade of sadness also accompanies the thought that we are nearing the closing days of 1899. Soon we shall witness the departing light of a year that has been eventful in the history of our institution and of a century that has been eventful in the history of the world. We, who now as Preparatorians, enshrouded by the obscurity of ignorance, toil in the dust of the arts and sciences, must, in this fast approaching century, go forth to apply that which we now acquire, and while lost in meditation upon this absorbing thought, we are imperceptibly transported to a cavern of imperishable rock whose floor is covered with the dust of all ages, and whose massive walls and lofty pillars are decorated with huge mirrors which reflect the motives, actions, and results of all dead past, present and future, and we soon realize that we are in the bewildering immensity of the Abode of the Fates.

Slowly are we conducted through the intricate mazes of the governing influence of all ages until suddenly, at the furthest extremity of the cavern there rises, towering high above us, a mas-

sive instrument whose lofty summit bears the inscription, "Prognostiscope." At first we stand amazed at the glorious opportunity before us, but we are soon tempted to look upon the realities of the future and to gaze upon the destiny of some of our classmates.

The first scene that bursts upon our view is that of an impoverished dental office. We see a lean, hungry-looking fellow moving about with the mien of a Doctor of Dentistry, and in the lineaments of a once striking countenance we recognize the visage of our old classmate, Michael Kenneth Crooks. Slowly the office door opens and, with a painful step, a tall, round-shouldered man approaches, whose brilliant red hair crowning his sorrowful countenance reveals the old-time beauty of Reddy Weis. Slowly he crosses the room and whispering a few words in the dentist's ear, he reclines in the operating chair. The dentist, as though it were a strange sensation, starts to work and soon fills the patient's teeth with—tobacco. Gradually this scene fades away and another of less saddening effect takes its place. We now see the stage of a popular theatre. The first act has passed and the time for the specialties now has come. Out from the wings on each side of the stage walk two persons attired as German comedians. They sing a duet and then the one tries to sing a solo while the other tries to dance, and in the one we recognize the charming tenor of "Tragedian" Young, and in the other the combination hoe-down of "Feather" Martin. We are much affected by this scene and close our eyes but to open them again upon a sight that dims our visionary organs. We see a dirty street lined on each side with weather-beaten, tumble-down houses and buildings, and in the doorway of a second-hand clothing store we see the emaciated form of "Pat" Miller. Down the street, arm-in-arm, come two withered, scholarly-looking persons who stop to patronize the clothing merchant, and while they are being fitted with some castoff wearing apparel, we recognize our two Algebraic prodigies of old, Swank and Keboch.

Scarcely has this been perceived before it gradually fades away and we see one of the back streets in Snyderstown. From an old, rickety dwelling comes forth a man and woman, apparently his wife, and several children, and as they pass we see a music roll in the man's hand, and as he turns to address his wife, whom he calls "Mandie," we recognize the features of Lloyd Keifer.

This heartrending scene begins to fade away when suddenly

there is a sharp rap at our door which instantly recalls us from the Prognostiscope and the Abode of the Fates, and brings us to realize that we are still among those whose destinies we have foreseen, and so, at present, we must abandon the hope of perceiving the future of our other classmates, but at some future time we expect to be again transported to those realms of infinitude and then we will be glad to impart the knowledge that we there attain.

During the past month we enjoyed the ceremonies attending the installation of President Heisler, and with the aid and kindly advice of a few of our older Collegiate and Seminarian brothers, in the overflow of our joyful spirits, we helped to accompany his induction into office with a few manifestations of our good will towards him, which were equally enjoyed by all concerned.

Although many of the students went home to spend their Thanksgiving vacation, yet quite a few remained at the buildings and succeeded in letting their more quiet brethren know that they still existed and had something to give thanks for.

It seems to be quite a fad among the students to keep kittens in their rooms. There are at present three kittens living in our dormitory, and the fellows say that they are raising them to supply the glee club in case of emergency.

The son and daughter of Dr. Heisler have recently entered this department.

When "Pat" Miller was asked why certain words in the language were called "roots" he said, "Because you have to dig them up to get at them."

Keifer's correspondence has become so extensive that he has taken several assistants to help him handle it.

Lang and Rollins became quite famous on the gridiron. We also notice that they are equally conspicuous in the ball room.

N. D. STURGIS, ED.

SOCIETIES

PHILO.

A question which often comes to the mind of the student is, "What shall I read so as to read to the most profit?" And the more he contemplates the question the more difficult is its solu-

tion. In these days the itch for scribbling is widespread and as a result thousands of books are turned out every year. Do you wonder, then, that the student hesitates in making a choice when he is confronted by such an overwhelming army of books?

If he has a proper regard for the value of time he will hesitate to make a selection, because he realizes that he will waste much valuable time in reading books that do not benefit him, and even more, perhaps, are pernicious in their effect. Nor can he afford to rush from one book to another in search for that which interests him most. Life is too short to read an infinitesimal part of the books which might interest him, so that the novice needs a guide to direct him in the reading of books that he may use his time profitably to the building up of a noble character.

High upon the pinnacle that marks the progress of literature is carved in flaming letters the name of Shakespeare. Shakespeare had passed through many vicissitudes of life and had played many parts. Life was to him a great stage with ever shifting scenes and characters, and he was able by his wonderful powers of observation to assume any role he chose. Hence there is presented to us a strong personality in every one of Shakespeare's characters. Shakespeare undoubtedly designed his plays to entertain, but they are instructive as well.

The student should read poetry early in life if he would appreciate it properly. He will learn to love life in all its forms and be lifted to a higher plane of living. Koopman in his "Mastery of Books" says, "Matthew Arnold defines religion as morality touched by emotion; in like manner we might define poetry, as prose fused by emotion. Prose appeals mainly to the understanding, and to the rest of human nature only by the way; but poetry addresses the whole personality."

"Poetry," says Shelley, "awakens and enlarges the mind itself by rendering it the receptacle of a thousand unapprehended combinations of thought. Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar; it produces all that it represents, and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light, stand thenceforth in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted contempt which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists."

Among the poets whose works should be found in every stu-

dent's library are Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Tennyson, Byron, Browning, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Poe, Aldrich and Whitman, whose daring departures from the ordinary beaten track of poetry commands our admiration. Of course the lover of poetry will read Chaucer and Spenser, nor will he neglect reading those poems, veiled by the glamour of bygone ages, and whose very words breathe the air of gods and heroes, the *Iliad*, *Kalewala*, and the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam. If possible he should read the *Iliad* in the original, as it is only then that he will have a clear conception of the beauty of that great classic. If, however, he is not able to read it in the original, Bryant's translation is perhaps the most preferable of all the translations extant, while Crawford's translations of the *Kalewala* and Le Gallienne's *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam are recommended. By the way, in speaking of the *Kalewala* it is interesting to note the striking similarity between it and Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. The plan of the two poems is the same, and there are some lines in *Hiawatha* that are identical, word for word, with certain lines in *Kalewala*. As to the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, suffice it to say that it is a grand poem. There is no other poem which the writer has read as often and to as much profit as this.

We come, now, to the consideration of another class of literature—fiction—which approaches Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry—a picture of life. Many have condemned novels on the ground that the graphic pictures that are sometimes in them inflame the minds of the young reader to an unnatural degree. It is true that many, and indeed the best novels, present life in a vivid manner. For instance, in *Vanity Fair* the author leads you by means of your fancy through the streets of London and shows you the narrowness and superficialities of real life; he shows you the grim spectres, envy, greed and malice stalking about in the ranks of society; he lays bare the human heart, quivering with all its passions. Indeed, so true to life has he written that it requires but a slight stretch of the fancy to imagine that you are standing by the window watching the great stream of life as it flows by, now in tumultuous waves and again quietly and peacefully, to the great sea of eternity.

George Elliot has been very unjustly condemned because she painted life in such glowing colors. Shall we condemn her for

this? Does the father, when he sends his son forth into the world, tell him only of the bright side of life and let him learn of the dark side by a bitter experience? No! He will show him the dark as well as the bright side of life; he will show him the pitfalls for unwary feet and the false allurements of life. This is just the office that the standard novel performs. It shows up life in all its phases and makes the young man better fitted to meet and cope with the difficulties that beset his pathway; it acts as a bright lamp unto his feet.

The novel is also instructive. History, which is usually a dry subject, becomes quite a different thing under the magic wand of the wizzard of the north, Scott. With what zest do we enter into the adventures of the wild forest life so charmingly depicted by Cooper? And what pleasant memories are connected with, and what sweet harmonies of soul-music and soul-culture are aroused by the reading of Lytton, Irving, whose thought flows along like the music of some wind-haunted stream—Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, Elliot, Cable, Crawford and "Ik Marvel," upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of Irving. The reading of these will cultivate a taste for reading that will last through life, and the reader will learn to appreciate more fully the beauties of the English language.

There are other departments of literature to which, on account of lack of space, we shall refer very briefly. One of these is the essay. Among the essayists of the front rank are DeQuincy, Macaulay, Bacon, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Lamb, Schopenhauer, Arnold, Emerson, Carlyle, Whipple, Lowell, Montaigne and Thoreau. In Biography we may mention Boswell, Froude, Trollope, Morley, Headley, Abbot, Parton, Stoddard and Mahan.

In Travels, Bayard Taylor is pre-eminent. Gibbon, Grote, Macaulay, Bancroft, Lossing and Motley are the great writers of history.

When we contemplate the array of great writers is it not strange that so many waste much precious time that might be profitably spent in reading? Here is a work for the literary society to perform. Let us labor, hand in hand, to inculcate a taste for reading among the members of our society and in this manner hasten the day when we can send men and women out into the world, not only with dry theories, but also with a liberal and genuine culture.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On the evening of November 3 Mr. G. D. Mower was received into active membership. We extend to the gentleman a hearty welcome to our midst and wish him success in the literary arena.

That interest is increasing in the society is shown by the number of voluntary performances during this month. Among those who gave voluntaries are Miss Focht, Messrs Snyder and Carpenter, Miss Wagenseller, Mr. H. K. Barbe, Miss Miller and Mr. Wm. Phillips.

The program for the evening of November 24th was postponed on account of the lecture by Prof. Little, of Washington, D. C.

The following were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, Schoch E.; Vice-President, Weis S.; Recording Secretary, Bingaman; Corresponding Secretary, Harman, C. B.; Editor, Schoch G.; Assistant Editor, Breimeier; Critic, Snyder; Assistant Critic, Focht; Monitor, Weis.

FRANK E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

CLIO.

We have now come to the close of a term's work. We are about to lay aside our work and prepare for the vacation period. It is with a feeling of deep joy that we look back over the term's work. Every Clionian has proven himself loyal to the interests and welfare of Clio. Why should it be otherwise? It has often been said that the knowledge and experience acquired from society work is greater than that which is acquired in the class room.

Our members are also cheered by the fact that the debt which burdened the society for a number of years was paid at the close of last year. It was discovered that we are in need of a new piano. The matter was brought before the society and in a very short time the sum of \$300 was subscribed. Later we have received very encouraging promises from several ex-members.

At the recent election of Clio the following persons were elected: President, Reynolds; Vice-President, Sturgis; Recording Secretary, Martin; Corresponding Secretary, Brumgart, Jr.; Critic, Brumgart, Sr.; Assistant Critic, Wolgemuth; Editor, Weeter; Factotum, Burns. The special session on November 10th was attended by a large audience. The following program was rendered: Essay, Zechman; Music, Keefer; Select Oration, Erdman; Declamation, Miss Lamberson; Solo, S. B. Hare; Original Oration, Weeter; Music, Keefer; Clio Herald, Young, W.

The following poem was prepared and read by Rev. H. C. Michael at the meeting:

I remember! I remember!
How it used to cheer my soul
As we would answer "present"
To our name on Clio's roll,
And the many pleasant evenings
Here we've spent as one with you,
Working, singing, speaking, shouting
For the olden gold and blue.

I remember! I remember!
How for knowledge here I sought
In the little room adjoining
Every night absorbing thought,
Until Friday, pale and haggard,
Work within that room would cease,
And we'd come to Clio, trembling,
To recite our little piece.

Oh! those fearful, cruel moments
On this rostrum we would stand,
While our knees, like leaves, were shaking
And our hair stood up on end,
And concluding leave the platform
Scarcely knowing where we'd land,
Though we heard the people whisper
As we passed them, "That was grand."

Here it was we planned the future,
With its pictures brilliant hued,
How in life from bench and pulpit
We would sway the multitude,
'Till a mighty throng of people
Would our honored name repeat,
And the seething, surging thousands
Would lie prostrate at our feet.

Months have passed and these weird pictures,
Once so maddening to the brain,
Prove to be but lurid fancies
Which we never can attain;
Life has given paltry pleasures
Much, indeed, of which we're foud,
But the greatest boon is always
Just a little ways beyond.

In the mist of coming ages,
When our goals have been attained,
We may sometimes sit and ponder
O'er the prizes we have gained,
And beyond the lurid visions
Mixed with fancies good and bad,
May there be no joy beyond it
That we were a Clio lad.

When the sun of life is setting,
And the day is soon to pass,
May we breathe "Mentalis Ordo"
And "Moralis Dignitas."

L. G. STAUFER, ED.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, DECEMBER, 1899.

(Entered at the Selingsrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.



EDITORIAL



It was clearly demonstrated during the last football season that careful training made the best all-around player. By careful training we mean not only faithful practice, but also a constant, watchful care of the body. It was also noticed that most of the players "broke training," as they call it, as soon as the season closed; some, perhaps, before. Why should this be? Why not keep on training? When there were important games before the team to win the players practiced regularly and took special care to develop their physical powers. When the games are all played most of the players cease to observe these habits. Are football games the highest ambition of the student? Are they the coveted end for which we all strive?

We are glad to know that the continued training of a goodly number of the team negatively answers the above questions. Football has taught them the lesson of laying a good foundation, and consequently they look to the future and here in the fleeting present practice and train for the coming game of life. And it is certainly true that we need to train just as faithfully and persist-

ently as the successful half-back on any football team. There will be many foes to meet in life, great kingdoms to battle against, traitors to deal with, false prophets to judge, and battles to fight for the cause of right. There will be a mind to inhabit our bodies, and there will be the Holy Ghost seeking our mortal tenements as His temple. For this we must needs prepare. And instead of training as we do for football only, not to say anything about carelessness and dissipation in this matter, we should train with much more carefulness and indulge in those things only which shall make us the strongest men with the best prepared intellects and the most responsive souls.

Life is not a dream, but a powerful reality. A reality that brings many disappointments, holds many defeats, causes many heartaches, presents dangerous and troublesome paths, and withal almost sinks our little bark by its mad, seething waves of despair and death. This is the lot of some, while others are allured to indolence and defeat by pleasing scenes of revelry and painted powers of vice, or by the ivy-vining spirit of selfishness and greed. In this cosmos of contending evils we, as servants of the most High, made in the image of the perfect Father, must stand forth as living truth that right may conquer and God be glorified.

Every young woman and man among us will uphold some cause, serve some master and accomplish some end in life. The degree of success that will crown our efforts depends on the training we do, the care we take and the development we make of our endowed and acquired physical, mental and spiritual powers. I think we shall all agree, then, that the training we do for life is controlled by the love we have for the cause we uphold. And *vice versa*, the training we make for life measures our love to the master we serve. But do we make this personal? Do we really search into our hearts and examine our lives to find out if we are making the proper preparation that will fit us to do our duty? Am I wrong? Does not life require of us better training and more care in preparation than football? Do we then know and neglect to do our duty?

THANKSGIVING vacation was enjoyed by a number of the students at their homes. A few of our correspondents also went to their homes or filled an important part in some other home—hence the

writing of articles for the journal was forgotten in the enjoyment of the hour. Thus this number is a little later than usual. We, however, thank those who were faithful to duty and presented their material on the 1st inst. We take this means also to express our thanks to those who wrote the general summary of the last football season. We should like to urge all editors and contributors to hand their material to the editor-in-chief not later than the 1st of each month; otherwise we cannot promise the publication of the same. The poem "November," which appears in this issue, was too late for the November number, but because the author did not know that material should be in by the 1st of each month, we publish same in this issue.

THE football season of '99 has closed and the record of both teams remain what they made it. Many members of the 'Varsity team have played their last game, and next year will find their field of labor among other alumni on the trying gridiron of life. But may the traits of the college football player remain with them still. There is a feeling of sadness to know how many of our warriors will be missing next autumn. But somewhere they will be scoring honor and success for the cause of truth. That giant determination to do in the face of overwhelming odds; faithfulness and honesty in training and practice; obedience to coach and captain, together with a strong physical body and a clear, well-trained mind, foretell the glorious success which awaits the "battle-scarred heros" of Susquehanna's football team.

We hope, therefore, when the season of 1900 has come there will be a great number of men to fill the vacant positions—men who will not only win laurels for old S. U., but who will enter the game to acquire those traits which mark the successful man—men who will care for and develop their physical bodies as well as train and develop their mental powers.

EACH month of the year is remembered by some important event whose anniversary is celebrated in that particular month. December is not lacking in this, and though it comes last in the calendar yet in it we celebrate the anniversary of an event which is the first step in the fulfilling of the prophecy regarding the salvation of the human race. To the child Christmas means the possession of pretty gifts; to the youth a good time with a big dinner; to

the aged a recollection of happy times and a source of inward joy; to the Christian of any age it is a day of special communion with God and a day of all days in which the godly heart is filled with sincere joy and heavenly peace. What will this day be to us, students?

Of course, we will give gifts. Will we give them in the spirit in which God gave His son to be the Saviour of the world? It is understood we want to have a good time. What do we call "a good time?" Will it consist in the reception of a large number of costly gifts, a big dinner and the possession of temporal pleasures? Or will we enjoy that heavenly peace that only comes to those who are in close communion with the great Gift of the day? How will we spend X-mas this year? In a selfish enjoyment of our own comforts and possessions, or in self-sacrificing—giving to the needy? Will our hearts be filled with a selfish contentment, or will we be full of that untiring desire to do good to others which will always find needy ones to help, lonely hearts to comfort and burdened, discouraged souls to cheer? X-mas will be what we make it, and in all our making I hope we will permit ourselves to be cheerful and kind; in giving may we remember the first great Gift of this day and the love in which it was given; in conclusion, the SUSQUEHANNA wishes a very merry X-mas day to all its readers.

On account of lack of space the serial, "A Tangle in the Skein," by Mr. H. K. Barbe, will not appear in this number, but will be concluded in next issue.

MRS. STAVER'S BOOK.

A JOURNAL OF FOREIGN TRAVEL HALF A CENTURY AGO.

The Presbyterian.

"The Moravian Publication Company, of Bethlehem, has in press, and very near completion, "Fifty Years After," by Mary Wiley Staver, a journal of travel in foreign lands in that far away period when the opportunities of travel were so strangely different from the marvelous facilities of today. The finely reproduced illustrations are from views purchased at the time."

Mrs. Staver, who is a resident of Jersey Shore, when Miss Mary

Wiley, a graduate of the Lititz Moravian Female Seminary, made the journey in companionship with and under the care of the then principal of said Moravian Institute, with his wife, carefully detailing in a journal the experience of the tour.—*Jersey Shore Herald.*

LOCAL-PERSONAL

This term is rapidly drawing to a close, and already we can hear the fellows counting the days when they will be permitted to wend their way homeward to spend their joyful Christmas vacation.

Our Freshmen this year are evidently getting along in very hard luck. Some time ago they desired to have a flashlight picture taken and when everything seemed to be going on all right, their ever alert foes, the Sophs., surprised them and frustrated all their plans.

Irving College, situated at Mechanicsburg, in the beautiful Cumberland valley, has proven itself a very attractive spot for our Dan. He made a sojourn there while returning from Gettysburg. We presume, however, that it must be a girl instead of the place that has won his affection.

The school Mission Band held meetings in the Lutheran church at Salem, November 25 and 26.

Rollins entertained his brother on the 26th ult., who was a spectator at the Dickinson-Susquehanna game.

The students and their friends listened to a very fine, illustrated lecture by Prof. Geo. E. Little, of Washington, D. C., on the 24th of November. The audience was kept in an almost continual state of laughter by his witty sayings and finely-executed drawings. This was the first of a series of lectures to be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Woe unto any turkeys that have their roosting places near the buildings, whether sick or well, for they are not safe by any means, as was demonstrated on the night of the 25th ult. A good, sound turkey, no doubt, might be all right, but to have secured one which its owner had tried to kill—but it wouldn't die—must not have been very appetizing.

We clip the following from our local paper: "The young

student who took a young lady from this place to Sunbury last Saturday to see the ball game must have gotten a tired feeling when his lady took a fancy to another gentleman. At least, he played with a bull pup to pass the time."

Mr. E. P. Soper, College Y. M. C. A. secretary, was seen on our campus during the month.

Mr. C. B. Harman spent a few days at his home visiting a sick father and sister.

On account of the funeral of Mr. M. L. Miller, the Union Thanksgiving services were held in Trinity Lutheran Church. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. B. Focht.

Rev. Dr. Heisler delivered a Thanksgiving sermon in Dr. Weber's church, Sunbury, on Nov. 30th.

Mr. S. B. Hare, our football coach, made a trip to Lancaster on the 22d of November. He took part in an opera made up of local talent.

We are still receiving fresh recruits to our ranks: Mr. Wagner, of Treverton, Pa., and Master and Miss Heisler.

Mr. Wm. H. Shindel accompanied the football team to Gettysburg. While there they took occasion to go over that famous battlefield, where was fought a most decisive battle of the civil war.

We had quite a delegation of students and professors at Sunbury to witness the Dickinson-Susquehanna football game. We are especially pleased to note the interest our new president takes in athletics, he and his family being in attendance at this game.

The members of the football team, after a season of hard work, ended it in magnificent style when they were invited to an elegant supper, the favor of our worthy coach, Mr. S. B. Hare, prepared by the landlady of the American House and her corps of assistants in their usual faultless style. Thus at 7 o'clock of the 28th of November they crowded around this table and did themselves justice to everything in sight. The time after supper was spent in smoking and making of speeches by the team, manager and coach. The jolly time ended in cheers for the kindness of our popular coach.

Since our last issue the government of "our little school along the Susquehanna" has changed hands. On the 17th of November the newly elected president, Rev. Dr. Chas. W. Heisler, of Denver, Col., was inducted into office under very imposing cere-

monies. On the above named evening the students and their friends gathered in the college chapel, where the exercises took place. Mr. Geo. C. Wagenseller was president of the meeting. The following speeches and addresses were made: The retiring president, in a short speech, delivered the keys and records of the school to the president of the Board, Mr. Reimensnyder. Dr. Weber delivered a welcome address in behalf of the Board. Prof. Houtz, in behalf of the Faculty, and W. H. Derr in behalf of the student body. Then Mr. Reimensnyder, in a few well-chosen words, delivered the government of the school into the hands of Dr. Heisler, who responded in an excellent address. The music for the occasion was furnished by the University orchestra and glee club. After these exercises an informal reception was held in chapel. The event was further celebrated by the students by firecrackers, bon-fires and nightshirt parade.

ALUMNI NOTES.

It is said that when the Spartans had seized Thebes they placed Archais in command of the garrison. Pelopidas, with eleven others, banded together to put Archais to death. A letter containing the full details of the plot was handed to Archais, while he was seated at the banquet table. He did not read the letter, but thrust it under his cushion saying, "Business to-morrow." A few hours later the plot was carried out and Archais was among the dead.

No doubt this principle of pleasure today and "business to-morrow" obtains somewhat among all classes of people. But especially must this be the case in the student world, if we are to make a logical deduction from the sentiments invariably expressed by Alumni. It is a fact that must have been observed by every one in their academic and college life that when our Alumnus returns and makes his little speech before the student body that he always expresses his regrets for not having applied himself when within "college walls." He has no time for study now, for he is being daily slaughtered by the relentless demands of a hustling world. What is the "deep-seated cause" of these stereotyped speeches? Is it the case of Archais repeated—"business to-morrow," when in college? Or are they good-natured lies to make an impression upon the receptive minds of the students? Or is

this little song an hereditary affair transmitted through the generations, like the song which the first robin was taught on the day of its creation and has been transmitted unimproved to every robin since? Which?

'67 (Sem.) On Dec. 10th Rev. Mosheim Rhodes, D. D., celebrated his twenty-eighth anniversary as pastor of the St. Mark Lutheran Church of St. Louis, Mo. We are delighted to read from time to time the products of Dr. Rhodes' pen as they come to us through the various papers and magazines and in the books he has published.

'72 (Sem.) The synodical sermon at the last meeting of the Kansas synod was preached by Rev. H. C. Haithcox, D. D. Subject: "The Bulwark of Lutheranism—Justification by Faith." The Doctor was re-elected president of that body. We are proud to have such a strong representative of Susquehanna in the far west.

'73 (Sem.) Rev. H. A. Strail is located at Gallupville, N. Y. He remembers his Alma Mater by giving us an occasional visit and sending us students from the Empire State.

'75 (Sem.) Rev. J. A. Flickinger has been supplying at Elderton, Pa. Owing to failing health he fears that he will be compelled to entirely suspend active work for some time.

'79 (Sem.) Rev. J. A. Wirt, D. D., has just completed extensive repairs on his church property in Des Moines, Ia. Dr. Wirt has not forgotten the "School of the Prophets," altho' he is separated from her by distance.

'80. C. E. Ehrhart, Esq., and wife, of Hanover, Pa., recently visited friends at Fisher's Ferry, Pa.

'86 (Sem.) A farewell service was held in honor of Rev. W. H. Harding, A. M., by the congregation in Williamsport, Pa., which he lately served.

'87. Rev. R. G. Bannen recently delivered an address before the West Branch conference on "The Pastor's Care of the sick." Rev. Bannen is still in Burlingame, where his labours have been very successful.

'88 (Sem.) Rev. W. A. Trostle was formally installed as pastor of the Oriole charge on Nov. 5th. Rev. I. H. McGann, of Lewisburg, Pa., and Rev. J. C. Fasold, A. B., of Jersey Shore, Pa., were the officiating ministers.

'88. W. H. Ulsh, A. M., M. D., is still surgeon in the U. S.

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'88. W. H. Ulsh, A. M., M. D., is still surgeon in the U. S.

Navy. At present he is on the Glacier, at Manilla. He will take a cruise in the near future to Australia.

'88 (Sem.) Rev. I. H. McGann, of Lewisburg, preached the sermon at the last meeting of his conference. Rev. McGann is a progressive member of the board of our institution.

'88. E. E. Pawling is now located at Dry Run, Franklin Co., where he is principal of the Dry Run Academy.

An Alumnus writes: "Every Alumnus should occasionally send to the editor of this department all the news he knows concerning the movements of the Alumni of his acquaintance." Are there any more who think so? Prove it.

'89. Dr. Edward B. Cooper, of Sunbury, is enjoying a lucrative practice in that city.

'89. G. W. Wagenseller, A. M., editor of the *Middleburg Post*, has recently come before the literary world in bringing from the press two complete books. The first is the *History of the Wagenseller Family in America*, with kindred branches, a book of 225 pages. The second is *Snyder County Marriages, 1835-99*, a book containing 266 pages. There are over 7,500 marriages or 15,000 names recorded in the book, to which there is a complete index. Mr. Wagenseller was recently offered a position in the Census Department, at Washington, but refused the appointment, preferring his present work.

'91 (Sem.) Rev. H. C. Salem has received a call to the Lower Chanceford charge, York Co., Pa. We understand that he has accepted the same.

'93 (Sem.) Rev. J. I. Stonecypher was elected president of the Northern Conference of Central Pennsylvania Synod at its last session.

'93 (Sem.) Rev. Moses Grossman, of York, Pa., late pastor of Green Hill charge, has accepted a call to Manassas, Va. This congregation is in connection with the Tennessee Synod.—*Luth. Evan.*

'94. Rev. W. I. Guss is located at Eldwood, Indiana. The Olive Branch Conference held its last session in his church.

'94 and '91. Rev. C. E. Frontz and wife, on their arrival at Lagrange, Indiana, were tendered a reception by the Lutheran society of that place. Among the other pleasant things of the occasion Rev. and Mrs. Frontz were presented with a purse of \$40.00.

'94 (Sem.) Rev. J. B. Lau, of Blaine, Pa., has been prostrated by an attack of typhoid. He was taken sick while in attendance at his mother's funeral. At this writing he is improving.

Several years ago there were usually from two to six items in the Alumni notes. This furnished a pretext for much kicking and not subscribing. For some time we have been giving three pages to this department. The kick is still on and there has been no additional influx of subscriptions.

'97. W. B. Nipple, B. S., is at present in Milton, Pa., where he is learning the secrets of the knitting industry.

'97 (Sem.) Rev. H. S. Gilbert, of Alleghany, Pa., has announced a series of six doctrinal sermons on "The Last Things."

'97 (Sem.) Rev. F. J. Matter, of Leatherwood, Pa., has received a call to the Maple Hill charge.

'98. C. P. MacLaughlin was licensed to preach by the Synod of Northern Illinois on Oct. 29th.

'99 (Sem.) Rev. G. O. Ritter, whom we recently mentioned as having a call from Chapman, Kansas, has accepted the same and has commenced his labors there.

'99 (Sem.) Rev. M. L. Snyder has been very successful along the financial line since he took charge at Manheim. The church debt of \$3,700.00 has been cancelled.

A western college organ states that a prominent man, who is on the board of two institutions, has made the assertion that colleges receive less support and sympathy from their Alumni than from any intelligent class of people. Let this not be said of Susquehanna.

EXCHANGES.

Two articles in the *College Folio* entitled "Epic Poetry" and "A Plea for the Novel" are very interesting, although short. The former gives the history of the epic, together with a few frequent hints as to material and conditions necessary to its production. The latter outlines clearly the object and scope of the modern novel.

The short story "Within the Ellipse" in the *Free Lance* is decidedly good.

The *Touchstone* enhances the value of its advertisements by hiding among them such gems as these:—

MODEST.

She.—Miss Wells is an awfully modest-looking girl, isn't she?

He.—She's the most modest girl I ever knew! Why, she is actually ashamed to tell the naked truth.—*Cornell Widdow.*

The sunlight dances on the wave,
The moonbeam on the sea,
The starlight on the gloomy plain,
But—She won't dance with me.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

"The Miltonic Satan" in the *Midland* shows good, hard application on the part of the writer and is a first class critical synopsis of the epic, but the name is scarcely appropriate, as it implies a comparison of Milton's Satan with the creations of other writers such as Shakespeare, Dante, etc.

From "Class Loyalty vs. Bigotry" in the *Maryland Collegian*—we quote the following: "Class loyalty is to be encouraged, but not to such a great extent that it leads to bigotry. A truly loyal class has for its first object the general welfare and good of the school itself, and secondly, that of the particular class in question.

"Oh, Johnny," said his Auntie dear,
"Come here and beside me sit;
"And watch your Auntie closely,
"For you love to see her knit."

"Oh, yes," said Johnny, 'I will come,"
And a smile was on his lip,
"For there's nothing gives me greater fun
"Than to watch my Auntie (nit.)"—*Ex.*

There is a good review of the popular novel, "David Harum," in the *Spectator*.

The following from the *Stylas*, Newbury College, S. C., reminds us of McMurtrie:

"Prep. R. (one of the rats) is very timid. Meeting on the streets a few days ago a pretty girl of whom he thinks a great deal, he was so electrified by the smile she gave him that he immediately collapsed and fell off his wheel."

The exchange editor of the *Red and Blue* comments on the fact that so few under-graduates take as a topic for a story, victory on the football field. Wouldn't the Thanksgiving day game be good material for a U. P. man.

To the American the unwritten law is stronger than the

written, and in every phase of life there are certain rules perchance never even uttered, yet strong as tempered steel. The *Gettysburgian* most assuredly has been transgressing the ethics of true college journalism in showing a spirit towards Susquehanna that, to say the least, is unbecoming. Some one in its columns speaks of S. U. "luckily" beating Gettysburg. It is allowable to tell "how it happened" to give any amount of excuses, in short to perform all the mournful duty of explaining to friends on what a tiny thread the destiny of victory hung, but the true soldier always acknowledges the "foeman worthy of his steel." Not so, the *Gettysburgian*. Contrary to all the fixed rules for calculating chance or probability, she declares Luck brought victory four consecutive times to the banner of Susquehanna, with everything else in Gettysburg's favor. Truly, we might say with Bob Ingersoll, this world just happened—no one made it. Again after their victory which, if there is such a thing as luck, we might say was partially accidental, being only one out of five, they even grow patronizing, and admitting what a grind it has been in the past to be beaten by "that little place up the Susquehanna," as they call us, they confidently assert that it will never happen again. My dear brother of the Quill, you only do yourself a grave injustice when you allow prejudice to supersede common sense and emotion to take the place of intellect. Certainly ill treatment on the field or street of a visiting team, though it be ruffianly and ungentlemanly, is far more excusable than from the pen of the journalist. The one may be in hot blood, the other is deliberate, planned, Machiavellian.

SUMMER.

They stood beneath a spreading tree,
And talked as lovers should;
And then, to seal the compact, he
Cut "Mabel" on the wood.

AUTUMN.

Now, back to town they both have strayed,
One day they chanced to meet,
And then and there the self-same maid
Cut "Charlie" on the street.—*Ex.*

From The Roanoke *Collegian* we clip the following: The first stanza of Raabe's "Ode to Hansen's Pipe" runs like this:

"A bowl of content
And a bone of contention;
The source of a scent
Too awful to mention!"

There is an interesting article on Dr. Joseph Priestly in the

Bucknell Mirror. In the same journal there is an article headed "Five to Nothing." Of course, it is not intended to be literary, but that does not excuse the mistake the author makes when he speaks of "leaving off their enthusiasm," while we are sure from the tenor of the thought that he does not wish this prime requisite to victory left off the program.

We are very much pleased to welcome to our table the Dartmouth *Literary Monthly*. It is literary in fact as well as name, and has for an editor the best amateur poet of whom we know. The following delicious bit is from his pen:

MY AUTUMN GIRL.

My autumn girl, her hair is red
As frost-touched maple leaves;
Deep are her eyes as autumn skies
Where faint mists overweave.
Her heart, my autumn maiden's heart,
When to it I appealed,
I found as cold as stones that lie
In yonder frozen field. —H. E. K.

Few of our exchanges has made such rapid strides on the road to progress in the past year as the *Susquehanna*.—The College *Folio*.

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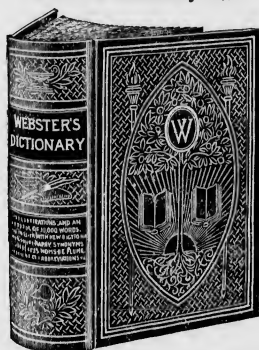
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VOLUME IX.

No. 5.

JANUARY,

1900.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

JANUARY, 1900.

LITERARY.

A BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

The year of ninety-nine has fled,
Like mist on a cold winter's day;
Just as the quiet march of the dead,
It passed from our poor grasp away.

It came to us, the child of time,
Arrayed in a robe of nakedness;
Its infant days were short and sublime,
And gayly spent in hopefulness.

But soon those happy days were past,
And disappointments, large and small,
Came not by ones, but thick and fast,
To make us strong, or make us fall.

Dark clouds appeared in the clear blue sky,
Concealing well the rays of the sun,
Yet soon we learnt our strength to apply,
To fight our foemen, one by one.

The idle dreams of last new year,
Soon changed to views of real life,
Instead of hope came doubt and fear,
Instead of peace, dread wars and strife.

The lovely vales we hoped to see,
The river bank we dreamed about,
Were lost in the stern reality:
A lonely, stony, desert route.

That we have fallen oft, we know,
But do not these mistakes disdain.
Will not the past and all its woe
Teach us to stand when tried again?

The last gray dawn of the year is past,
The last bright hope has been realized;
Of trials sore we've had the last,
The year is gone we so highly prized.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

The bright new year that now has come
 Is robed in a gown of spotless white?
 It brings sweet peace to every home,
 Diffusing sunshine, left and right.

It holds sweet joys, but battles, too,
 This last short lap of the century's run,
 And it depends on me and you,
 If we shall hear Him say "well done."

Hope, then, and for the strife prepare
 By silent hours of careful thought,
 In stead of gloom and useless care
 May you with cheer and love be fraught.

When tried by mighty storms, stand firm,
 And banish all your foolish fear.
 Live true to Him who made life's term,
 And thus enjoy a bright new year.

A TANGLE IN THE SKEIN.

 CHAPTER IV.

Concluded in this number.

After their encounter on the street Capt. Pierce and Martin Somers adjourned to a private room in the Virginia Hotel, where we find them now.

In these men two distinct types are presented to view. Pierce is standing, an indignant perplexed look on his honest countenance, his hands clenched as it were to hold himself back, and his fearless eye looking through and through his companion; Martin Somers is seated, his hands in his pockets, his shifting eyes unable to meet the direct gaze of Pierce, yet withal as cool as if the raging giant looking down upon him were only a child. It was the cunning audacity of the fox who faces the fettered lion. Martin Somers is not a coward, but his bravery is not of the kind the poet sings. Of the two men the one is preeminently a gentleman, the other is preeminently a lawyer by nature, tho' a newspaper man by profession.

"Well, Sir, what do you want with me?" says Pierce, unable to keep a portion of his boundless contempt out of his voice.

"Ah," and the tone, tho' oily, does not calm the troubled waters, "My dear Mr. Pierce, don't get excited; let us discuss this

matter dispassionately. You are doubtless aware that Miss Carson is soon to become my wife (Pierce stifles a groan just in time) and therefore there are some things in connection with her over which I naturally have control, as for instance, the protection of her good name. My wife must be of a spotless reputation (Pierce starts up with an awful look in his eyes, but settles back with a helpless groan) and now I come to my business with you. I come to you because you know what you are doing, while she is too innocent to comprehend the case." "Man, what do you mean?" Pierce fairly shouts in the little man's ear. "Keep cool, no use for pyrotechnics," Somers, laughingly, rejoins. "But," he continues, "to come to the point, you—you have been too intimate with my betrothed. I have evidence that you had Carson's old darkey in your employ as a messenger; you were seen to pay him; you were escort almost everywhere; your manner and bearing towards her was not becoming from a single man to another man's fiancée! Now, I come down here to tell you that this must stop; you were beaten; take it like a man." Every word cuts Pierce like a lash. During this speech he has slowly wakened to how things have really appeared, and he is mad at Madam Gundy, as well as Martin Somers.

"You infernal puppy! So, you have had watchers employed? Well, if you want satisfaction name your time and place."

"Oh! no, my dear sir! You won't get such a chance as that to kill me; you are too anxious. If you kill me the law will demand your life in return. There is no possible way for you to marry Nettie Carson. Why don't you succumb gracefully?" This vulgar sneer acts like a douche of cold water on Pierce, and he is more himself when he replies: "If you have no further business with me, I shall leave you, sir!" He stands with his hand on the doorknob, just ready to close this unpleasant interview. Somers looks up with the most despicable expression a human countenance ever knew—half dog, half demon—and says, in a passing tone, "I have no more to say, but remember, I will not quietly allow any Tom, Dick or Harry to bandy about the virtue of my wife to be." Like the surge of a mighty wave on the strand the hot, red blood rises to Pierce's face, then it retires and leaves it white as the sands on a southern shore. He clenches his hand on the knob for an instant, then all the tiger is loosed; he springs towards Somers, who rises; the cool, snaky smile

changed to a look of alarm, for on the face of the thoroughly aroused man we see death to himself plainly portrayed. "You cur!" hissed Pierce, "no man dare insinuate anything against Nettie Carson's virtue, even tho' he should be her husband." And infuriated beyond control he grasps Somers by the shoulders to dash him to death against the wall; there is a flash of polished steel, a groan and the powerful form of Captain Pierce sinks full length to the floor.

Weeks of oblivion roll around until one morning, as cheerful rays of the sun steal athwart his snowy couch, the wounded man stirs uneasily, turns and looks up into the bright eyes of Nettie Carson. "Why, how, where is your er—Mr. Somers?" "The doctor says you are to keep quiet," Nettie replies. "But," he queries, "what are you doing here?" And she sees that it will be better to explain, so she tells him that Somers was arrested and held for his murder, and then it was discovered that the prisoner was wanted for forgery. At this point in the story a group of visitors come to inquire about the sick man and Nettie ushers in Miss Leslie, Grace Pettit, Preston and Smith. After greetings have been exchanged Smith whispers in his chum's ear the news "that orange blossoms are blooming for Grace and him." Preston has lost almost all of his disagreeableness, evidently through the efforts of Miss Leslie, who has him under her especial tutelage.

The visitors have brought in with them an air conducive to the giving of confidences, and when they leave Nettie, in taking up the thread of her story, says: "Oh, Charlie, it has all been a horrible mistake. I acted like a foolish child." "Nettie, may I tell you something?" "Yes," she whispers. "All my life you have been my ideal; I measured you by no standard, but measured other girls by you. What you did or said was right. I have always loved you as naturally as if it could be no other way. All my life has been wrapped up in you; for you I strove in every contest; for you I tried to make a man of myself; for you my triumphs were sweeter and my defeats more bitter; you have been my life, it is all yours; can you, will you accept it?" "Charlie," and the voice that faltered before is firm now, "let us blot out that dark chapter of mistakes in which I misunderstood you, you misunderstood me, and that sharp man of the world shrewdly worked a scheme to obtain my promise to be his wife,

using my love for my father as his strongest weapon. Oh, the depth of his villainy !”

Now she stoops over the bed so that not even the walls could hear, “My heart has been yours ever since I can remember, only, only—” “What, dear?” “Only I was the woman and you never asked for it.” It was real kind of her to stoop down, since he couldn’t rise up, but it was cruel of the doctor, who entered at this juncture to look so pointedly at her tousled hair and flushed cheeks.

H. K. B., ’00.

EXERCISE.

In the height of our imagination let us make empty space. Let us wave the wand of our power o’er the entire universe, so that all created things shall disappear.

There is now no world beneath our feet; no radiant clouds, no blazing sun, nor silvery moon. We look up, there is no light; we gaze down through the impenetrable abyss; all around there is naught save silence and utter darkness. Such was the condition of the universe, ere God stretched forth his mighty hand.

He placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The devil, in the form of a serpent, beguiled them. They tasted of the forbidden fruit. They were driven from the garden, and ever since the word work or exercise has been a divine mandate unto all succeeding generations.

That the ancients accepted the command of the Almighty has been clearly demonstrated in past ages.

When Greece was in her infancy Egypt had long been swaying her sceptre o’er the world. She was noted for her glory, power and magnificence; all acknowledged her preeminence in wisdom and civilization; but above all, her men had forms such that the gods themselves might have envied.

It is not then wonderful that the power of the Greeks in discerning the beautiful had its first germs in the valley of the Nile. In all the remnants of statuary that have descended to us, we have ample proof of the conception that the Greeks had of beautiful physical forms. Those images of marble that have been chiseled by the unerring hand of the sculptor are enduring monuments of the height of physical education attained by that people. Even without these proofs, we feel from the character of their fine arts and literature that such was the case.

You have heard Niagara's thunder; have stood beneath the immensity of the falls; have seen thousands of gallons of water hurled by God's powerful hand; would you say there is no power, no beauty there? It is just as impossible to connect the idea of physical weakness and debility, with the philosophical and poetical genius attained by the Greeks.

Let us look for one moment at the results of not exercising and of exercising. Who does not know the trembling figure, stooped shoulders, narrow chest, palpitating heart and sallow countenance? Who is not familiar with the slow, tottering gait, cold, pallid skin, oppressed breathing and the weak pulse of the one who lacks physical stamina? Truly! all the known ills which the son of man has ever incurred might be expressed in the one broad statement—lack of exercise.

Who is unacquainted with the sparkling eye, the deep inspiration of the powerful lung, the glowing color and the serene brow of a man joyous in his strength and might?

Just as sure as the soul depends upon the body for its existence, so sure is a strong, healthy and robust frame the true source of all courage.

Consciousness of strength, independence of mind, control of all limbs, enables one to meet danger with eyes open, head erect, shoulders squared and muscles rigid for the fray. Here are the two roads. The one leads towards the abyss of suffering humanity, into which thousands are daily plunging, never to rise again, until death ends their woes, or his brother palsy strikes them with his benumbing touch. The other leads to the realms of infinite pleasure and exquisite bliss; and exuberance of feeling, an abundance of vitality, coming as near to perfection as any son of Adam might ever hope to attain.

Yesterday we sprang into existence; today we are boys; tomorrow, old men tottering on the verge of the grave. Would you know no death save old age? Would you be free from pain and sorrow? Would you know the secret to prolong youth, when the hair turns gray, the brow becomes furrowed and the step feeble—it is but the little word, exercise. Who does not know that the caterpillar loses its skin? The outer covering becomes hard and when the shell is finally broken, a beautiful butterfly is the result. Gaze on the snake, blind, sluggish and torpid as it hides in its hole. After a season the snake comes forth fresh, full of

vitality and has a new lease of life. Thus the entire animal kingdom casts off skin and shell. The bird loses its feathers, the crab its shell, the deer sheds its horns and in every instance for a certain period, new vitality and abundance of life is the result. Thus it is with man. He is constantly rebuilding and reconstructing himself. He is rejuvenating day after day and year after year. But that strength of muscle, that power of endurance and that reconstructive process, increases only so much as exercise calls forth all the latent powers lying dormant in the human frame. Would you increase and assume the new? the dumb-bell and indian club are by no means an unimportant factor to produce that result.

Life is a battle, a warfare, a strife. We need all our faculties and gifts, and they cannot be too highly trained. Our whole physical, moral and intellectual nature should be disciplined. We cannot afford to dispense with a single weapon. We must use the hammer and the chisel to hew off the rough edges, the "weak-lings" must be strengthened and then, and only then, can we ascend to the highest excellence of the intellectual and philosophical.

O, men and women! would you have your sons and daughters pure in heart, strong in mind and sound in body—exercise is the great panacea for all ills. It is the physician with omnipotent powers. It perpetuates youth, dispels the wrinkles from the brow, drives away sorrow and care, and sends the old man down rejoicing to the grave. O youth and maidens! would you know life as it should be, would you enjoy that which God destined you should attain, here is the fount which Ponce de Leon sought in vain to discover, this the source of happiness and wealth, this the beginning of a pure, healthy organism, this the fabled Elixir of Life which the sages have striven, in vain, to pluck from the realms of the unknown.

"'ANGO."

THE LATIN HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

A COLLEGE INCIDENT.

Of Sheridan's ride, or of Paul Revere,
If you haven't heard, it is something queer.
Of this hero of mine, ne'er a line has been penned,
But perhaps 'tis because of his tragical end.
But stop, Mr. Reed! that hero of thine

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Couldn't ride half so well as this hero of mine.
The name of my hero you want me to tell?
Ask one of the boys, they know him quite well!

'Twas half past two by the college clock,
When he mounted his steed of the finest stock;
The time was summer and warm the day,
And class time half an hour away.
So he tightened the reins, gave the word to his horse
And started to ride through his troublesome course;
And thoughts of the class room, the Prof. and a zip,
Floated over his mind as he plied on the whip.

The lesson was Latin, and hard and long,
But skillful the rider, the horse fleet and strong,
And, nostrils wide open and tail straight out
The horse galloped on, in hollows and out.
At a quarter till three, when the time was half gone,
He was riding so fast he could hardly keep on;
For long was the lesson and short the time,
And some of the hills were hard to climb.

At straight three o'clock to the class room he dashed,
The horse covered with foam and with mud besplashed.
A few minutes after when called to recite,
He dashed through the reading with vigor and might.
But now comes the strangest part of my story,
That robbed our hero of much of his glory;
For the horse that thus far had o'ercome all obstruction
Threw the brave rider off when he came to construction.

—CONTRIBUTED.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE SWEDE.

Far up in the Alpine region, on the cliff of a mountain whose crest was constantly covered with snow, in a secluded nook, shielded from the gaze of the observer, dwelt a Swede. He was standing in the doorway, smoke gently curling upwards from a pipe in his hands, endeavoring to catch a last glimpse of the sun, whose rays smote the earth in the vale below. In the valley beneath him the rivulet leaped from crack to crack and cliff to cliff and whirled onward in its ceaseless course. All was silence, desolation and loneliness, and in the words of the poet, "The grave of a dead nation in a dying land."

Not more rugged in structure were the mountains themselves than he. Tall, of commanding stature, with depth of chest and breadth of body, his head poised gracefully on his massive shoul-

ders, he stood the embodiment of strength and power. And there he stood soliloquizing, full of health and strength, a veritable "giant among giants." His flashing eyes betokened ruling ability; his bronzed cheeks and sunburnt hands, labor and an almost unlimited amount of endurance. Such was the kingly leader of the people who were going to strike a last blow for freedom and their fatherland.

Coming up the winding path he heard the murmur of voices and the jingling of swords in their scabbards. It was his little army. He went down to meet them and conduct them to his little hut. Then he addressed his little company as follows: "Tomorrow is the day wherein we do or die. We gather around this festive board for the last time, perhaps tomorrow's eve shall find us cold and senseless on the plains below. To our rest that we may be the better prepared to hurl the lance and strike with the sword."

The first faint streaks of early dawn had hardly begun to appear when he arose. He awoke his men, and one by one and in silence they equipped themselves for the journey and strife. Taking the lead he led them along the paths of the mountains to a pass on the other side. All nature was silent. Not a leaf stirred, the birds in the trees were hushed. No doubt the ominous silence was a presentiment of evil to him, as he walked in advance, with his head bowed and his sword clanging at each step. The pass was reached; he formed his men and in silence they awaited the onset of the enemy. With a clash of arms and a shout that echoed and re-echoed o'er hill and vale the enemy burst upon them. With an answering shout no less reverberating in its intensity the Swede leaped upon a rock, his glorious manhood outlined against the sky; he raised his glittering broadsword aloft and with the force of a catapult it descended upon the head of the nearest foe, cleaving him to the shoulders. This was the signal for general strife. The clash of arms, the shouts of the commanders and the groans of the dying resounded up the mountain. Thrice did the little band hurl back the invaders. The fourth time but few gathered about the Swede and at the first attack all but him were laid low.

There was a lull in the battle. He stood leaning on his broadsword, looking at his friends groaning and weltering in their blood. That day he had performed deeds of valor that would live for-

ever in the hearts of his people. Great drops of perspiration stood on his noble brow and blood flowed from numerous wounds. His locks, uncut from childhood, were clotted here and there with blood. His regal countenance revealed sorrow and care. His eyes had a vacant expression and he seemed altogether unconscious of his surroundings; perhaps the transactions of a life-time were crowding before him in the twinkling of an eye. He was offered peace and life, and like the mountain lion goaded to the attack by the hunters, so the insult aroused him. For an answer the blazing sword flashed in the sunlight, circling three times around his head, it descended with a thud as it pierced the bone of a foe. It rose, it fell, it cut, it hewed, it turned hither and thither and wherever it descended there was one foe less and another on the pile about him. His arm seemed possessed with a hundred-fold strength of a man. At length a fatal thrust reached him, and as falls the mighty oak shattered by the blast of the thunder-bolt, so fell he. With a shout the foe rush upon him. He raised himself and flinging his sword in the face of the advancing foe, seized two of their number, hurling them o'er the cliff into the vale below, and sank dead upon the plain.

W. A. W.

THE DAWN OF A NEW EPOCH.

Time is measured by weeks, months, years and centuries; history is marked by epochs.

The opening of the present year, the last in the nineteenth century, may properly be termed the gateway of the twentieth century.

Thus Susquehanna University, like a rising young giant, stands on the threshold of the twentieth century; and a far more important era than that marked by any division of time has dawned upon her.

With the election of President Heisler and his assumption of the duties as head of the Institution, a new epoch was marked in our history. With respect to Susquehanna, Father Time has reversed his hour glass and the sifting sands begin to run the other way as the dawn of a new era comes upon us, bright with its prospects and hopes.

While looking forward with expectancy we must not be unmindful of the present foundation prepared for us, together with the extent and limits of our capabilities.

In the past decade we have, by sheer force of circumstances, with the hearty co-operation of faculty and students against tremendous odds built for ourselves a sure and a firm foundation.

We have enlarged our borders from one building capable of being dormitory, recitation hall, library and laboratory to three, which are at present as much crowded as the one building was five years ago. Through the urgency of her undergraduates Susquehanna has enlarged her campus to twice its former size, and an athletic field second to none in the state for convenience of position awaits on its smiling surface the projected gymnasium.

The reading room has come up from a nonentity to being a cyclopedia of current knowledge and valuable information in which eager students find a means of becoming acquainted with the busy world of tragedy, science and literature second to none in Central Pennsylvania.

The college journal has grown from the old Missionary Journal of a few faded and badly printed pages to the present spacious, well edited and cleanly published SUSQUEHANNA. A journal which takes by actual acknowledgment place among the first of her active competitors. Let it be said that to the student body and Alumni belongs all the credit of this remarkable advance. THE SUSQUEHANNA has grown to its present proportion and possibilities because of the live personality of the students who took hold and pushed the enterprise.

Since the advent of our new President, the student body has contributed one hundred dollars toward the purchasing of a new physical apparatus.

By reason of the active spirit of her athletes, Susquehanna has risen from an unrecognized and oftentimes idle factor to no mean place in athletics among the other colleges of the state.

This remarkable growth along various lines means something. It means that the hand of Providence has been with her. It means that she has a great work to do in lifting certain classes from the darkness of spiritual and intellectual ignorance. The question which confronts her at the dawn of her new epoch is: Will she do it?

Although there are dark clouds to mar the beauty of the dawn, yet a sky without clouds would not make a live picture, and without difficulties our conscious activity would again slumber.

What with a college alumni who while at college are ready to

give out of their poverty to support her cherished projects and by their own strength push her best advertising mediums to success? What with a small alumni who stand ready to erect a gymnasium out of their own means?

With Dr. Heisler at the head and such a loyal student body and alumni to second his efforts, we can stand at the gateway of the new era and in prophetic vision see our growing library increased tenfold in useful books within the next five years. We can see the cupolas of five or six new buildings looking heavenward, among them the gymnasium and the ladies' dormitory which are both well on the way.

We look to the future to see our glee club eclipse even the bright record of the first year of its existence. We look to see Susquehanna's athletes gain distinction and win victory on many a field. We need not long wait the time when her scholars, as they are even now doing, take their places among the first of the land.

Such is the possibility within the easy bounds of reason. Even greater things may be the reality.

But before this is accomplished there must be work. The moving of mighty projects or the successful issue of any undertaking depends on work. To have this accomplished we must work! work!! work!!! The labor is not for one man, nor yet for the faculty, nor student body, nor yet for the alumni alone, but for all.

Who is ready, or rather we would say, who is too cowardly or indolent to put his shoulder to the wheel, to make sacrifices, to give a labor of love for his Alma Mater that she may rise to her possibilities in this the new era of her history?

AN ALUMNUS.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

This poem has received more comment perhaps than any other written in the last quarter of this century, with the exception of "The Recessional." Prof. Markham has certainly achieved marked attention at the hands of the general public. Some claim the production to be a masterpiece, others tangled in its depth of thought admit it to be a cunning make up, but deny it the quality of literary merit. Thinking our readers might want a copy to study, criticise and preserve, we quote the lines as they appeared in one of our western daily newspapers:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
 To feel the passion of eternity?
 Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
 And pillared the blue firmament with light?
 Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this—
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that arching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the judges of the world,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 How will the future reckon with this man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
 After the silence of the centuries?

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

The Theological Department with the new year and new administration has taken a new start. The Theological students sort of feel as though they were in a new kingdom with rights and privileges of a distinct department—a department that has hitherto been, and still is, the soul and power of our institution. Give to her what rightly belongs to her, and she certainly has more than she now seemeth to have. Take her away entirely, and defeat the very purpose of the Institution's founding. We would not be understood to be depreciating the other departments of our school. We could not if we would. They speak for themselves. But we must decry any attempt made to build up a classic edifice on Theological ruins. And happily do we know that this is but voicing the sentiment of the Board of Directors, lately expressed in emphatic terms by the present President of the Board. With an earnest Board of Directors, a faithful faculty, and a co-operating body of students—with the men we have in the van—do we need any longer fear the fulfillment of that prophecy which announced the abandonment of the Theological Department? As students we are now totally free from any such apprehension, and we are working with an earnest that has not been ours since our seminary days began. And there is within the department every means of encouragement thus to work. The course itself has been greatly improved. An effort is made to separate the classes in recitation, and there is a separation as far as it is practicable. The course is progressive, and the first year men have more work in the class room for the purpose of lightening the work, especially of the Senior year, that more time may then be devoted to collateral reading. The Juniors don't have practical homiletics. The first year's work is now to consist of theoretical homiletics and reading and studying and analyzing sermons. There will be but two sermons preached each Friday, and these as to a church audience, of the usual length, and acceptable pulpit decorum. We have now three professors in the faculty. But it must be remembered that

there is not one we can call exclusively our own. Yet we are confident that the time is near when we can.

"New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who should keep abreast of Truth."

S. N. Carpenter has spent his vacation partly at Berwick with his people. He has been home with his parents at Beavertown. He preached for I. H. Wagner at Oak Grove church and very acceptably performed the pastoral duties there in communion services.

A. E. Cooper has been unanimously elected to the White Deer pastorate. Mr. Cooper will supply the charge, preaching every two weeks until his ordination, which will take place in May at the meeting of Susquehanna Synod.

J. F. Stabley was most of his vacation with his parents in York county. He preached once in Dallastown.

Harman, C. B., spent most of his vacation in the west, visiting Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin, in Chicago, and friends in Indiana. He also spent a few days with Rev. Michaels at Wilmerding, and Rev. MacLaughlin at Tarentum; concluding his visit by spending Sunday with the Brumgart brothers.

I. H. Wagner's vacation was not one of cessation from labors, but rather entering more abundantly into work. He preached every night for eleven successive nights and did a great amount of pastoral work. On the last Sunday of the past year there were added to his church six promising members, the fruits of catechisation. The church at Oak Grove is flourishing, giving the best evidence that his faithful labors while supplying there are successful.

Rev. Ott has been canvassing in Altoona and has come back with the wonted spoils of the average agent.

Harman, H. E., was most of vacation with his wife and son in Selinsgrove, but spent a few days in Williamsport and at his home near Muncy.

G. A. Livingston was, as usual during vacation season, with his folks at home and his friends in Baltimore. He is very much refreshed for the labors of the new year.

H. H. McMurtrie, evidently while enjoying the ease and luxury of holiday vacation, didn't lose sight of the needs of our department. The contributions to the seating capacity were secured

through his efforts. While we express our appreciations to the donors we must not forget McMurtrie. We might all take lessons from his deed.

Nicholas says the best part of his vacation was spent in the presence of a New Year's turkey, for a hearty participation in which he was eminently qualified through protracted abstinence and vigorous exercise.

The Juniors were all at "home." The term "home" has a variety of meanings. Hoover spent his entire vacation there. So his report gives it. Wolgemuth was home all but a few days when he "was away." Garnes was at home "resting." He has stored away a large quantity of rest for future emergencies. Zimmerman was home with his parents at Beavertown, and in Selinsgrove not with his parents. Of course he "stayed in Selinsgrove to attend installation services." The people of Snyderstown enjoyed the presence of Erdman on the street and in the pulpit. He preached twice, evidently with good results. Stauffer's vacation was not so pleasant as he anticipated. After being home for a short time he took sick and was prevented from returning at the opening of school. Mr. Stauffer took the place of pastor in the Christmas exercises at York Springs. J. W. Weeter was at his home at Licking and preached there and for Rev. Matter at two of his appointments. Mr. Fritch reports having been home and that he preached three times, one of these times in German.

The Theological Department take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude to the people of Williamsport who have contributed to the needs of the department. By contributions a half dozen chairs have been furnished at a cost of \$15.00. We are certainly grateful for the chairs because they were much needed, and we are further grateful for their interest in us and our department. Among the contributors were A. H. Heilman & Co., who gave half the amount, Mrs. A. Niemeyer \$2.50, Rev. R. G. Bannen \$2.50, and the balance was given in two \$1.00 subscriptions and one 50-cent. May there be many others to help us in other ways.

H—.

"THE GIRLS' DEPARTMENT."

With the advent of the new year a new field of thought and new supply of energy is placed before the different editors of this work.

Nineteen hundred, the closing year of another century, has placed its cycle of 365 days immediately in front of our positions, and with each forward step we must enter farther and farther into its domains. As the cap-stone to the century it should necessarily be a jewel to befit its place, just as the first year of the century was a huge foundation block, rugged, firm and immovable. The latter held out its broad shoulders to support the remaining 99 years; and has done it nobly; so must this last stone stand top-most high and with its radiant brilliancy pierce the gloom of coming time, proclaiming the cycle of prosperity, intellectual advancement, and universal love of mankind.

To have this year then reach the expectancies of our foregoing statement, each and every one of the ladies, of which this department stands emblematic, by the aid of past experience and the impetus of the new environments, must put their hands to the loom and, side by side with their brothers' shoulders at the wheel, make every day and hour reveal its gem of truth.

With the change to the new year's robes the inscription hanging over the close of the old year, "Somnus," must come down, and instead we must hang the motto "Sere" over the portal of the new.

Then with our eyes turned, always toward the motto, not away and ignoring its imperative, we will line up and meet all foes in the shape of Science, Mathematics, Ethics, Art and Languages as befits daughters of S. U., and the final score cannot be failure.

The editor of this department, Miss Schoch, is ill at the time of writing.

Miss Ella Kessler visited friends in Sunbury a short time ago.

Miss Boyer pleasantly spent part of her winter vacation with friends in Huntington, Pa.

Miss Zimmerman visited a former schoolmate at Hughesville over the holidays.

Miss Rine enjoyed the dainties of Christmas tide at her home, Mahantonga, Pa.

Miss Sarah Gortner returned to school a few days late, having spent a very pleasant vacation with her many friends at Elmsport.

"Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was sensible of this he would not be ignorant."

PREPARATORY.

"Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial plate of Time."

With the dying cadences of the Old Year lingering in our memory, our department joyfully welcomes the New, and with the admonitory experiences of the past looming up to guide us, we stand on the borderland of the future, gazing out upon its broad **expanses** of unknown possibilities. And how different the future appears to each individual Preparatorian!

Some stand on a lofty eminence of mental grandeur, eagerly awaiting the coming days merely as periods within which to attain an unprecedented position in the competition for fame. Some hesitate upon the margin of the future, hardly daring to consider its and their own possibilities. Some, with the consciousness of recognized ability, stride boldly forth to cope with the doubtful invisibilities of the new year. Some, with the dignified deliberation of an austere mind, slowly approach the uncertainties of the future. Some, with the despicable slothfulness of an idle brain, greet the coming year merely as time within which to plan nothing, accomplish nothing, merit nothing. And of all these the last is most to be pitied, and happily we have very few of them among us.

And to us as Preparatorians the new year extends its grandest opportunities and offers realization of lofty ambitions, for, ere 1900 is ushered into oblivion some of us will have departed into larger spheres of usefulness, and it is to these that this year should especially appeal for greater application and more constant effort.

But from the stock of yesterdays we should all draw a bountiful experience, and with this as the basis of our calculations, and with the hope and ambition of an aspiring mind, we should all greet this new year as one of the most glorious opportunities in the possibilities of life.

Messrs. Chas. Kennedy, of Sunbury, and G. L. Moatz, of Middleburg, have entered this department.

A few New Year Resolutions:

By Young—To walk to Sunbury no more.

By Crooks—To keep the students in Frishmuth no longer.

By Wren—To go home.

By Showers—To work the pony less.

By Weis—Never to clean the room.

By Keboch—To fall in love and get married.

By Keefer—To buy a pony and ask fewer questions.

By Wagner—To part his hair in the middle.

By Martin—To get some false teeth.

By Bingaman—To spoil no more dry plates taking pictures of the Freshman class.

By Keiser—To flunk every day.

A Tragedy.—It was on a freight train running from Sunbury to Selinsgrove. The night was black and cold, a bleak wind blew from the North, and darkness and gloom brooded upon all, and yet, above the thunder of the engine and the rumbling of the cars, out of the darkness and gloom came the piteous wail of a well-known Prep., "Why, O why did they turn me down?"

N. D. STURGES.

SOCIETIES

CLIO.

Another term has opened and another series of opportunities, the acceptance or rejection of which lies wholly within the power of the individual. Man is often prone to consider that he is lacking in power over life, yet after all to a far greater degree than he thinks, he is the controller of his own destiny. If his life turns out well he pats himself upon the back in self-congratulation for his own foresightedness; if his life turns out ill he bewails the evil fortune that has pursued him, when in truth the primal cause of his success or failure lies in the acceptance or rejection of opportunity.

In the midst of the turmoil of contending nations, while the cloud of international war seems hovering around awaiting some decisive step on the part of one of the great powers, it indeed behooves the college man of today to train, equip and discipline his mind by every means in his power. Each passing year is drawing nearer and nearer the time when the trained mind, the skilled pen must take up the sceptre of power and authority in the arena of life and face to face meet the onslaughts of opposition and

adversity. The result of that struggle can have but one of two issues, defeat or victory, and that issue the college man of today is determining for himself. According to his breadth of intellect, according to his strength of character, according to his intensity of purpose, according to his love for what is right, good, pure and true, will he realize success at the goal of life's stern race.

By the setting forth of a right and high ideal, by the growth of power in distinguishing between the true and the false, in judging and in reasoning, by the seizing of opportunity for enlargement of the life in every direction, may we hope to gain that which the world sees not yet feels, which is the mainspring of existence, and which marks the soul for eternity, namely Character.

Most heartily do we say "Let Clio rise." But before she can rise there must be an uplifting force applied, and if that rise is to be fruitful the uplifting force must be continuous.

In this new term of college life let every Clio determine to the best of his ability to support the Gold and Blue.

NOTES.

Mr. Weis, of Williamsport, spent a few days of his vacation as the guest of Walter Young.

Harry Haas was so occupied with his new mandolin that he forgot when school opened.

Zim was back on time. It might be well for Clio if all her sons might feel the same magnetic influence, yet Stauffer delayed his coming, but McMurtrie came a week ahead of time "to get the room fixed up."

ROBERT BURNS.

PHILO.

Nearly three weeks have elapsed since we relegated to the darkest recesses of the memory all thoughts of our studies, and left for our respective homes, filled with happy anticipations for a pleasant vacation, and just as we had settled down to the enjoyment of such a novelty as remission from studies, a brief examination of the calendar reminds us of the fact that vacation time had ended and now we are again endeavoring with indifferent success to intrude into the elysium in which we wandered, a few thoughts relative to our studies. It is a hard task indeed after a relaxation of a few weeks to resume our places in the class room, but the memories of the pleasant vacation should be a spur to greater efforts.

We presume every one has made resolutions for the new year, but let us hope that unlike the proverbial New Year's resolutions they will remain intact and resist all the false allurements that beset every wayside along which the pilgrim in search of knowledge passes. The apprehension that New Year's resolutions are made so that they may be broken does not deter us from hoping that every student has made a firm resolution to take an active part in his literary society for the remainder of the year.

The century which is dawning will doubtless witness many revolutions in thought and manners. Capital and labor are silently concentrating their forces which must eventually burst into open conflict. The time is approaching when society will experience a mighty upheaval. A rotten aristocracy whose claims to superiority can only be equaled by its ignorance and arrogance, and whose breeding can be measured only by the length of the purse, will be shaken to its very centre, and Phoenix-like there shall rise from the ruins a new and perfect manhood and womanhood.

Now is the time to prepare for the great changes which will be evolved in the course of the century. We may not live to witness the great world changes, but we may at least by our efforts hasten their coming.

The great conflicts of the future will not be of brute force but of the intellect. The deep thinker, the orator and the diplomat of the future will take the place of those who have figured as the world's greatest heroes on the battlefield. The Golden Age of the world will only begin when the intellect shall have assumed full sway.

But in the development of the intellect care must be exercised lest there be a tendency to sophistry, casuistry and plausibility, because these tendencies are often and easily developed by many of the studies needful in building up the intellect. In the words of President Henry Morton, of Stevens Institute of Technology: "It cannot but be manifest to every thoughtful observer that one of the most discouraging signs of the times is the want of honest thinking and practical common sense which is daily exhibited in high places and in low, in the rulers of nations, the dispensers of law, the managers of great enterprises, and so on down to the political 'boss,' or if there be a lower level, the politician of the saloon."

The cold weather has put a stop to open air sports and time will

hang heavily on our hands. Now that our craving for physical development has been stopped for the time being, we may profitably spend our time in intellectual recreation. It is a pleasure to sit in a cosy room and commune with our silent friends from the library while the cold wintry winds are howling outside, for it is amidst surroundings like these that one is led to exaltation of spirit and nobleness of purpose.

SOCIETY NOTES.

In accordance with the usual custom, the last session of the term contains some extra features, and as a result the hall was filled. The society was favored with several fine vocal selections by Mrs. R. L. Shroyer. Mrs. Shroyer is a gifted and highly accomplished lady and she and her husband, Prof. Shroyer, have done much to render the sometimes-prosy life at college more agreeable to the boys. Prof. Keeley and Mr. D. J. Snyder also entertained the society with a piano and cornet duet. Under Good of Society, Prof. R. L. Shroyer made a short address, speaking reminiscently and exhorting the members to greater efforts. Prof. Houtz, Prof. Fisher and Prof. Allison made short addresses, and both by their words and presence encouraged the members very much.

The unique spectacle of a society or club existing within a society is afforded in the Philo Debating Club. This club which now numbers about twenty members was organized for the purpose of discussing the questions which are brought up for debate before the society. The club meets every Thursday evening, and in the meantime every member of the club studies the question in all its phases and comes to the meeting filled with information. In the meeting the question is informally discussed by the members and as a result more interest is taken in the debates, and if any of the regular debaters are absent from society, there are others who are prepared to take their places. Philo claims the honor of having introduced this feature into college literary society work.

FRANK E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Look not mournfully into the past—

It comes not back again !

Wisely improve the present—

It is thine !

Go forth to meet the shadowy future

Without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

The past year with all its joy and sorrow, light and shade, sun-

shine and gloom, has slipped away and is now beyond recall. The events of another twelve months have passed into history, and 1900 is on the wing. How short the time seems since a year ago, when we stood in a similar position at the opening of a new year. Behold that year has gone, and we may now look back over its pages and read the record of our lives. In a retrospective view there are always those things which cause regret; so many things said and done we now wish otherwise; so few things accomplished; but the record is made and is beyond our power to change. The past "comes not back again," and the only honest and right thing to do is to "wisely improve the present." We ought to think upon our ways, and follow it up by "turning our feet unto His testimonies." Let us not sit down amid broken resolutions and the discouragements of the past disparagingly, but rise up with greater determination to meet the future with a manly heart, wholly surrendered to the will of God.

As to the work of the Association, it has progressed and has been a blessing to many, but only so far as the membership has been faithful. The burden of the work has rested mainly with a few, while many have been listless and indifferent in regard to their duty. This ought not to be, and we hope and pray that a quickening of life and effort may characterize the coming year's work.

The greatest hindrance to the work here has not come from without, but from the indifference of our own members. But we are not going to bemoan the past; that is gone. It had its encouragements and discouragements, and blessings always followed faithful effort, yet we would "stir you up by way of remembrance." Shall we not purpose in our hearts to live nearer to Christ this year and do what we can to help others do the same? Our appeal to each one is, that you may enter this year with a strong step upward into a closer heart-life with Jesus Christ. The higher Christ is in your heart the higher will be your character and influence before the world. And then will you not solemnly determine, if God helps, to save somebody else this year?

What we all need is to have the selfishness which dominates our lives eliminated from them, and to be filled with all the fulness of God through the riches of His grace in Jesus Christ, by the operation of the Holy Spirit.

The annual convention of the State Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, will be held in Williamsport, Feb 22-25. The special speakers on the program are T. S. McPheeters, of St. Louis, Mo., Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and John R. Mott, of New York City. We hope that many of the boys will avail themselves of this opportunity to hear these men. The special purposes of the convention are education, inspiration and consecration. No one should miss this gathering who can in any way arrange to be there. W. H. DERR, ED.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, JANUARY, 1900.

(Entered at the Selingsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.

EDITORIAL

ANYONE who has carried arms for his country knows the mingled feelings of trust and mistrust that take possession of the soul on the eve of a great battle. He knows the excitement that must be conquered, the patience it takes, and the inexplainable spirit that controls the being when he sees the enemy approach the trenches filled with human energy. He knows, too, the feeling of determination that directs his actions when the conflict begins. He sees his foe, recognizes him, meets him face to face, and hand to hand they fight as demons, knowing only one thing, "I must win." All else is forgotten, home, country, loved ones; there is nothing existing to him but the foe, and with careless determination, unwavering courage, and summoning to his aid superhuman strength he meets his enemy "to do or die." But in every army of any country there are some, though often few, who wear the soldier's uniform for the honor in it, and fight because of the pay or because they must. It is among this class that we find fear and anxiety as to life and property to be the controlling power. For what are we bearing arms, for the cause of right or for honor?

We stand now not on the eve of one battle, but of many battles and varied conflicts at the beginning of a new year. We have before us not one foe, but many. With what spirit do we look to the future? What motive is dominating our beings? What is our policy for the coming year? Are we coming to school because we must? Will we enter some profession this year to make a living, or secure prominence and honor? Or are we lying in the trenches, testing our weapons and preparing to meet the enemy? Are we sure we know the cause which we are upholding? If we do, do we love it? If we do both we are certainly preparing to do our duty in regard to it.

The year of ninety-nine has gone into the unchangeable past. This year is still before us, and what we shall accomplish, and how, depends upon the spirit with which we enter into the work of preparing to do our duty. Our path leads into a great forest of mighty trees and entangled underbrush. Mountains and rocks, rivers and marshes will have to be crossed. Stormy weather will often chill our ardor and rust our patience. But through all these we may safely travel if we step firmly, make haste slowly, surely and persistently. Then as soldiers bearing arms for the cause of truth, may we meet our enemies with that determination and courage that always brings triumphant victory to the faithful soldier.

WE OFTEN talk about our battles in life. We too often talk about our sorrows and troubles. We advise each other how to meet our foes, but few of us appreciate and use the quiet hour, the silent meditation, the systematic, devotional study of the Word to fit ourselves for public service. The blessings and strength that come from quiet meditation and thought we can never know until we too sit at the feet of the perfect Lawgiver, and listen to the still small voice of truth. I am afraid we forget the fact that we owe our best time to our Master. We seem to think we can keep on giving to others what we do not have ourselves. Parties, balls, midnight tricks, athletics, social duties and the classroom work all seem to receive their proper attention, but are we properly nourishing our spiritual beings? In this age when there is so much business, worries and hurries, it is very necessary that we spend much time in silent meditation and study, and especially make a complete study of the Word of God, that in these quiet hours we may receive strength, patience and forbearance enough to enable us to

remain firm in the hardest battle, true in the deepest distress, and loyal at all times. For the purpose of devotional and systematic study of the Word several classes have been formed in the Y. M. C. A., and we hope that many more will join with those who are now members in their study of the dearest, greatest and best book the world has ever known. Sunday afternoon also there is a "sweet hour of prayer" in the Association hall, which we should all attend, not out of duty, but to feed our hungry souls the bread of eternal life.

AS WE understand, the excellent illustrated lecture given by Prof. Little in the college chapel was the first of a series which is being arranged for this year. This is a step in the right direction and should receive the approval and patronage of all the students. Many a good lecture heretofore could not be secured because of the half-hearted interest manifested in this matter by the student body. Prof. Little's lecture was very well attended considering the brief time there was for advertising, which fact shows an increasing interest in lectures. We absolutely need to meet these master minds and "drink in" their ideas if we would receive the full benefit of college life. Besides this, the proceeds of each entertainment and lecture will always go to a worthy cause in the school. A cause which must be supported by subscriptions from the students or by this method, which is by far the most profitable and economic. It is hoped, therefore, that the efforts to secure lectures and entertainments by a few of our number will meet with the patronage of the entire student body.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

After spending a very pleasant vacation, we are again assembled in these halls of learning to battle with the classics, etc., which shall lay the foundations of our future life and success. With us have come some new recruits for our ranks whom we heartily welcome. However, a few have been somewhat tardy, and for these, no doubt, vacation was not long enough.

Harry Hare, of Altoona, a former S. U. student, mingled with friends in town and at school during the beginning of December last.

A number of our students attended the meeting of the Snyder

County Teacher's Institute during December. President Heisler and Profs. Fisher and Long were conspicuous with their presence. Dr. Heisler addressed the teachers, and is very highly complimented upon by teachers and press. He also lectured before the Union County Institute during the beginning of January.

Ralph Wagenseller, '00, was on the sick list during vacation, having had a bad attack of rheumatism.

L. P. Young's latest: "Boop! Boop!! The hand car is coming."

The one hundredth anniversary of Gen. Washington's death was very fittingly celebrated in the town hall on the 14th of December by the G. A. R. Post of Selinsgrove. An excellent programme was rendered suitable to the occasion. All speak very highly concerning it.

Since our arrival the students have greatly enjoyed the skating on the dam.

The Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs have begun their work in earnest in preparation for the many engagements which they expect to fill this season. All indications are favorable for a very successful one.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Mr. Chas. Ruhl, of Mifflinburg, Pa., to Miss Spigelmyer, of Hartleton, Pa. Mr. Ruhl was formerly a student here, but now fills an honorable position in Williamsport, Pa. The best wishes of the staff go with him in his new venture.

L. L. Iseman, '02, as usual, spent his vacation at Johnstown, Pa. He reports a fine time. We wonder why.

The season for class banquets has arrived in our midst.

On the afternoon of the 4th inst. the Freshman class went to Adamsburgh, Pa., and held their first annual banquet. An excellent time is reported.

Very much dissatisfaction has arisen among some of our students in regard to the action taken by the Executive Committee with respect to the payment of their tuition. Not knowing the present conditions, some have been refused the needed signature, which means the non-admission into classes. Under these conditions we think the Committee should be somewhat lenient, and after this inform all in time.

Harry F. Wagenseller, a former student, but who is now attending medical lectures at Medico-Chi, Philadelphia, spent his Christmas vacation in this place.

On the 16th of December Rev. J. B. Focht was formally installed as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church. Drs. Heisler and Yutzky took part in the exercises.

H. I. Brungart, '00, visited the smoky city of Pittsburg, Pa., over Christmas.

Mr. E. R. Wingard made a flying trip to Philadelphia in December on important business.

An interesting District Farmers' Institute was held in this place January 1 and 2. Besides foreign speakers of note, Mr. A. E. Cooper, Profs. Woodruff and Fisher, and Mrs. Prof. Fisher, gave very entertaining and instructive discussions pertaining to rural subjects.

The Week of Prayer was observed by the congregation of Trinity Lutheran Church during the week commencing Jan. 7.

Prior to the close of last term, our President explained to the students the extreme need of books in our library, and also asked them to co-operate with him towards the securing of new books. In a small measure they have aided, as several hundred volumes have been secured, and it is the duty of each one to do his best in this direction. We positively need copies of books in all the different lines of thought for our library, and let this be a reminder of your duty.

Chas. Lambert spent a pleasant Christmas vacation at Loysville, Pa., visiting the folks of "the home."

It is queer that D. J. Snyder and L. R. Hause spent their vacation days and nights in Williamsport, when their homes are in far different directions. But their smiling countenances reveal partly the good times they passed with the fairer sex.

"Mac." D. D., the popular ladies' man, has returned and is endeavoring to discharge his social duties. "Mac" has a peculiar talent for getting around things.

At a meeting of the Society of Natural Sciences held Friday, Dec. 8, Prof. T. C. Houtz delivered a lecture on "Meteors". The speaker gave a concise but comprehensive introduction to the subject by giving a description of attendant and similar phenomena with their technical distinctions. This style of introduction is characteristic of the man. He always makes sure in the classroom that his students are thoroughly acquainted with the groundwork of the question under discussion, which, by the way, is one of the unwritten regulations of the Society of Natural Sciences.

After this introduction the Professor launched into a general discussion of meteoric disturbances which was interesting in the extreme. He separated that information on the subject which is certified from that which is merely conjecture, thus allowing the student of science to take his own ground.

The dissertation wound up with a statement of the various theories concerning the display of falling Leonids which was scheduled to appear in November. Altogether the lecture was instructive and edifying, and no student of Susquehanna can afford to lose the opportunity of hearing such discussions by carelessly neglecting to join the society or failing to attend every session.

Before the readers of *THE SUSQUEHANNA* see this account, the University expects to be in possession of a complete set of the Crowell physical apparatus. The purchase of this much-needed apparatus has been made possible through the liberality of our students and friends.

Before the close of last term Mr. N. Richter presented to our museum a very fine collection of minerals from North Carolina, Colorado and California.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The orator reads that in the face of his hearers which either discourages him or inspires him to reach his most lofty flights of eloquence. When he sees gleaming from the eye of his auditors an intense interest and sympathy and a ready response to the sentiments he expresses, the circuit between speaker and hearer is connected. It is then that the soul of the orator is thrilled by some subtle magnetism which fires every faculty of his being and transports him to a realm of joy undefined and inexpressible—the joy of successful public speaking.

Now, no doubt, many of you have wondered how we have waxed so eloquent in our monthly epistle in this department of poetry. Must we give up our ultimate secret? We would say that your Brother Quill suffers from somewhat delusive flights of imagination. When we write these notes we consider the entire Alumni as our audience, and as we proceed we imagine the faces of our hearers growing brighter, we see their eyes begin to dance and flash enthusiasm for the cause we are presenting—Susquehanna University. We also imagine that we finally see the strings

which confine their rusty ducats relaxing at the knots, and semi-occasionally we hear the joyful ring of one as it bounces in toward our Alma Mater to further some worthy cause. Such enthusiasm from our audience is the mysterious, invisible hand that reaches down into our sanctum and guides the pen which records these soul-stirring notes. You have wrested our secret from us. It is not copyrighted either. We fain would write more, but the intense interest manifested by our audience at this juncture is more than we can bear; it dims our eyes with tears of joy; so our pen must cease.

'63. (Sem.) Rev. Stephen W. Owen, D. D., one of the early graduates of our school is still located in Hagerstown, Md., where he stands high in his calling. We are proud to number such men as Dr. Owen among the graduates of our Seminary.

'63. (Sem.) Rev. Richard Lazarus, of Chicago, Ill., has been compelled on account of throat troubles to retire from the regular ministry. He is employed at present in the postoffice department. He continues active, however, in Christian work and has been doing some most excellent and valuable service for our church in the line of pioneer mission effort in Chicago.

'65. (Sem.) Rev. J. M. Anspatch, D. D., the able pastor of St. Paul's church, Williamsport, Pa., contemplates making some extensive repairs and improvements on his church property in the near future. His congregation have arranged for an excellent course of lectures for the coming winter. The Doctor in enclosing his subscription writes, "Accept congratulations for the success of THE SUSQUEHANNA. It represents the institution very creditably."

'71. (Sem.) Rev. John H. Zinn has resigned the Leetonia, O., pastorate and has accepted a call to St. Paul's Lutheran church, of Akron, O.

'76. (Sem.) The Second Lutheran church, of Chambersburg, Rev. E. H. Leisenring pastor, rendered a cantatta entitled, "The Children of Bethlehem," on Christmas evening. It was well received and highly complimented by all who heard it.

'79. (Sem.) Rev. Isaac Krider, of Duncansville, Pa., received a much appreciated Christmas gift from his people in the form of a purse containing \$23.10 in cash.

'80. H. E. Miller, Esq., is practicing law in Selinsgrove, Pa., where he has been building up a substantial practice.

'82. Miss Catherine E. Erhart is visiting friends and relatives in Selinsgrove.

'83. (Sem.) Rev. C. M. Aurand was duly installed as pastor of the Martinsburg charge, Blair Co., Pa., on November 15. Rev. B. R. M. Sheeder and Rev. H. M. Heilman officiated at the services.

'84. Mr. Sumner M. Smyser is located in Selinsgrove, and is at present teaching in the public schools. He is one of the popular instructors.

'85. Rev. Sidney E. Bateman has been elected pastor of the Calvary Lutheran church, of West Philadelphia, Pa. We understand that he will accept.

'86. "Rev. Charles A. Hay, of Funkstown, Md., has resigned his pastorate and gone to Chicago, where he is said to have joined the 'Christian Catholic Church.' "—*Lutheran World*.

'86. Rev. John Weidley has been very successful in his labors at the Bethany Lutheran church, Pittsburg, Pa. He has started a most promising mission at Mt. Vernon. An edifice costing \$4,000 will be erected.

'91. (Sem.) Rev. J. J. Miniemier, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, recently received a pleasant surprise from his people in the form of some substantial gifts.

'91. Rev. Walter S. Oberholtzer, of Albion, Ind., recently held a series of meetings in his church under the leadership of Rev. Sieber, of Gettysburg, Pa.

'92. Rev. J. S. English, pastor at Saxton, Pa., was remembered with the compliments of the Christmas season in the practical form of a beautiful Morris chair and a student's lamp. Rev. English has made a strong impression on his people.

'92. "Rev. D. U. Bair, pastor of the Lutheran church at Bellville, Pa., has issued an attractive and useful folder, bearing holiday greetings, and containing a list of prayer meeting topics for 1900."—*Lutheran Observer*.

'94. Rev. John O. Yoder paid a short visit to his Alma Mater some time ago. Rev. Yoder is very pleasantly located in New Jersey.

'94. Rev. Charles R. Streamer has received a call to Lionville, Chester Co., Pa. He has accepted and will begin his labors there at once.

'94. Rev. W. E. Crouser, of Schenectady, N. Y., has arranged

a fine series of lectures for his church. They will be held during the coming winter.

'98. (Sem.) Rev. Chauncey R. Botsford, the hustling pastor of the Northumberland charge, encloses us his subscription. Rev. Botsford has been in the publishing business himself and he knows from experience what inward joy and satisfaction incoming subscriptions bring.

'98. Mr. F. E. Woodley, of Hughesville, who is at present in the Department of Dentistry in the University of Pennsylvania, spent some time in Selinsgrove during his Christmas holidays.

'98. Miss Rose M. Gortner, who is taking a post graduate course at Cornell University, spent her midwinter vacation at Selinsgrove.

'98. Mr. G. A. Livingston took a trip to Baltimore, Md., during his vacation, where he underwent a course of treatment for his eyes.

We know that somewhere in the heart of every Alumnus there is a smouldering desire, at least, to help Susquehanna. We know also that many of our Alumni are unable to satisfy this desire in such forms as endowing scholarships, and professorships, or in building memorial chapels and dormitories and libraries upon our campus. But there are spheres in which the poorest can help to be useful. These spheres are where a united effort of the Alumn is called for in the form of small contributions. Small grains of sand from the mighty beach.

We have a movement of this nature on foot now. We want to increase our library. Pres. Heisler asked every student to bring back a dollar, at least, from his Christmas vacation for this purpose. Many have responded. I will take the liberty to make a similar request of the Alumni. A dollar goes a great way nowadays in buying books. If any can spare a dollar or more to place so useful a memorial to himself on the shelves of our library as some good book, let him send it at once to President Heisler. Make an investment in Susquehanna if you want to be interested in her. We are always interested where we have an investment.

"All things should be true to nature—a hornet that can't sting is a melancholy failure." Thus speaketh a departed philosopher. We can apply this to any sphere of action. We all know what our duties as Alumni are. Hence each of us can tell for ourselves

by a personal examination, whether we have been failures as Alumni or not.

EXCHANGES.

"Freaks," in the *Stylus* is a new rendition of an old truth.

Manager Lamb, of Tuft's College, quotes their coach in the college weekly as saying that what is demanded of a player more than brilliancy even is work.

The *Washington and Jeffersonian* abounds in good matter. We note especially the Kiplingesque poem entitled, "Going Home for Christmas," and good advice as to running a journal called "Only a Suggestion."

"The Nonentity," in the *Dartmouth Literary Magazine* differs from the ordinary run of stories in leaving the hero in his troubles instead of manufacturing help for him in some miraculous way.

We feel some incongruity in the arrangement of the matter on the first page of the *Wittenberger*. To cap some literary article, as a Shakespeare essay for instance, with the same heavily leaded headlines that are regularly used in the daily papers to call our attention to some startling bit of news, takes away a certain dignity from the production.

The *Spectator* is in every respect a Christmas number, not only in body but also in dress. It sounds a clear note as to its stand as a *Lutheran* journal. Shake, brother. There is a tendency to squirm when called to account among those who think courtesy of more importance than truth.

"Confessions of the Scrub," in the *Touchstone*, promises to be a very interesting story.

The *Pierce School Alumni Journal* opens an exchange column with a favorable criticism of "The Ship on Fire," an article which appeared in THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"The Secondary Heroes of R. L. Stevenson," in the *Georgian* is well written and is very interesting to one having read Stevenson, and will inculcate a deeper love for this quaint, big-hearted author among those who have not read his works.

The *Comenian* gives the *Touchstone* credit for the poem "Antrum," which appeared in its exchange column duly credited to the *Dartmouth Lit.* Care should be taken in this line and honor go direct to whom honor is due.

"Finding God's Will in the Choice of a Life Work" is the caption of an article that must appeal very forcibly to every thinking young man. But most students study harder on some dead problem than on the thrilling issues of their own lives.

After the original stand taken by the *Gettysburg Mercury*, one scarcely knows whether to criticise her columns or not, but for the benefit of those who may read it, we would mention the poem, "The Plain of Bethlehem." In matter it is excellent, expressing sublime thoughts which though old come to us in a new garb. The verse in general is good, some places reaching a perfection of rhythm but at others halting and rough, this being the only blot on a very commendable work.

The *Berkelydian* comes to us in a pretty Xmas cover.

We welcome the *W. T. M. A. Bugle* notes to our table. It is the organ of a military school in Texas and does credit to the gallant soldier boys of the Sunny Southland.

The *White and Blue* and the *Aegis* are tastefully bound for Christmas and also have more literary matter than usual.

Nearly all last month's journals contain a cut of the football team.

In looking over THE SUSQUEHANNA we cannot help but be interested in the article, "Did Hamlet Possess a Weak Will, or Was He a Man of Keen Foresight?" We quote the following: "As weak and paralyzed in will, Hamlet could not have maintained his position as hero in the tragedy. Drama demands a free will, strong and capable for its hero, and those who uphold the weak will theory would be surprised to know how completely it would have killed the tragedy and upset the affairs of Denmark, if, instead of the almost supernatural strength, Hamlet had acted under a weak and paralyzed will.

"Coupled with a giant energy to say and do, he had a remarkably keen foresight. He observed closely and reasoned logically; and as the strength and influence of his will was felt in every step and scene of the tragedy, so his keen foresight, almost prophetic in its nature, is seen and thrust upon our notice all through the play."—*The Muhlenberg*.

THE SUSQUEHANNA abounds in many well-written literary articles, which are worthy of the careful perusal of every student. The two Junior prize orations, "The Healing of the Nations" and

"The Champions of English Liberty," published in this issue, are two fine productions.

The following from this issue will explain itself: "The most potent factor in the rounding out of a college education is the literary society. The pebbles in the brook or on the beach are worn smooth by constant friction with each other. So in the literary society the student will meet with others, who are his mental equals, and by this mental friction his mind will become developed and his thoughts and ideas become rounded and polished. In the class room, usually, he is passive, as far as the relations between him and the professor are concerned, but it is in the literary society that the student is taught to think for himself. He no longer deals with generalities, but practicalities. He here applies to practice the theories of the class room, and the result is that the higher faculties of the student are developed. He is no longer a mere automaton, but a wide-thinking man, with his intellectual powers reaching out into the vast regions of thought."—*The College Student*, F. & M.

THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selinsgrove, Pa., for September, is an unusually interesting number. We note, especially, two articles on Hamlet, "The Healing of the Nations," and the Junior Prize Oration.—*Tome Institute Monthly*.

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence."

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

"The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

"The misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen."

"Prosperity is the touchstone of virtue; it is less difficult to bear misfortunes than to remain incorrupted by pleasure."

"The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be."

"Drudgery may not be pleasant nor welcome, but it is in the doing of distasteful work that we learn the self discipline which fits us for work at all, and establishes the habit of work which alone can make any high achievement possible."

"Far more important than brilliant abilities is the talent for work—for hard, persistent, unremitting toil. The will is the driving wheel which sets all the mental machinery in motion. It is the man who not only resolves to succeed, but who begins and rebegins resolutely again and again after every rebuff, that reaches the goal."

"Gentleness is not weakness; only giants can be gentle."

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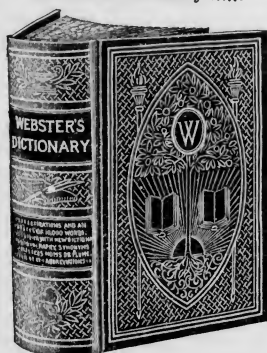
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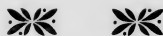
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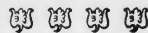
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VOLUME IX.

No. 6.

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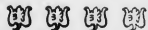
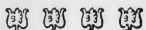
THE SUSQUEHANNA

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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

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LITERARY.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so;
What we've missed of calm we couldn't

Have, you know;

What we've missed of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour

We have known;

When the tears fell with the shower;
All alone.

Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?

Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad:

So forgetting all our sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

If a year ago some one had inquired concerning Edwin Markham, he would, in most cases, have met with complete ignorance, even among those who were well informed on all topics of the day. Now there is scarcely a village in the United States to which his fame has not penetrated; there are few who have not heard of the author of "The Man With the Hoe." For thus far Edwin Markham's reputation as a poet rests chiefly upon those forty-nine lines which have so aroused public thought and comment of late. Whether or not he will be able in the future to further support and justify his present fame, is to be learned only by acquaintance with the character of the man himself—with his life and his motives.

It is from the far West that this voice in behalf of the workers has come, for Edwin Markham was born in Oregon, and most of his life has been spent in California. From the meagre accounts published in various papers we learn that he was left fatherless at an early age. His mother seems to have been a woman of unusual endowments. She possessed sufficient business energy to manage a large store in Oregon City, and sufficient literary ability to write verses which were published in the local papers. It is somewhat interesting to note in this connection how many eminent men, early left fatherless, have owed their life training to their mothers; and how few in comparison are the cases where a motherless boy, brought up by his father alone, has afterwards risen into prominence. When her son was seven years old Mrs. Markham removed to central California, where she had purchased a ranch, at first a sheep range, afterward changed to a cattle range and farm. The remarkable vitality of the boy is shown in his life here. When scarcely eleven he was head of the farm; ploughed,

sowed, reaped, built fences, learned to use not only the hoe but the scythe and flail as well; worked early and late, and throughout this life, so hard for a mere child, exemplified the fact that manual labor need not hinder mental growth, for he developed in vigor of mind as well as of body. At fifteen he wrote his first poem.

But it was only for a few years that this life continued. Perhaps, had it lasted longer, it might have affected unfavorably even his active mind, might have dulled, in some degree, the sharpness of his mental powers. But it came to an end, and the boy was sent to school and then to college. When his education was finished he devoted himself to teaching, and rose to some eminence in that profession. His last position was in Oakland, California, at the head of a large school. All through his years of teaching he continued to write, but his reputation as a poet was chiefly local until "The Man With the Hoe" appeared.

True poetry is not to be written when and how the poet will. He must wait until the divine voice bids him "Write!" and then he must obey quickly, lest it pass and be only a haunting memory. So it was, Mr. Markham himself says, with his great poem. Fourteen years he carried the idea with him, occasionally striving to put it into words, but in vain, for it was not yet time. Then the voice came and he spoke; and the world stopped and listened, as the world must when a true poet speaks.

Still it were unfair to give inspiration all the credit for Mr. Markham's poem. While we may not agree with Edison that "inspiration is perspiration," yet it remains that the poet's preparation for his work must be long and thorough. This preparation Mr. Markham had. The long years of toil, and the latter years of broadening contact with men in various places worked together to make him a fit exponent of the wrongs of the toilers, those who labor that others may be at ease, who are trodden down that others may rise. "Need this be so?" he asks. "And if it need not, whose is the responsibility?" The world has heard the question and as yet has no answer.

It is too soon to say where Mr. Markham will rank as a poet. Whether his message is comprehended in "The Man With the Hoe," or whether it is not yet complete, only time can say. In any event, the world owes him gratitude for the service he has performed in arousing men's minds and consciences. M. F.

SOCIETY AND CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CUPID OR MAMMON," "THE MAN WHO COULD," "A TANGLE IN THE SKEIN," ETC., IN WHICH IS NOT INCLUDED "DAVID HARUM."

"Oh ! if he would only be a man ; just show a little spirit, a little originality ; anything, even if it was disgraceful, except that namby-pamby, dress-coat, conventional-black style that he follows so painfully perfect. I am disgusted with the men I know. It seems to me that some modern Circe has transformed our heroes, if not into swine, into creatures every bit as despicable—the commonplace society man who has no more real feeling or principle or idea of true manhood than a clothing-store dummy. The extent of their intellectual exercise is reached in the choice of a neck-tie or a brand of cigars. Oh ! they are hateful in their correctness of language and dress, and I honestly believe they follow the same principle in affairs of the heart. Cupid, when he appears to them, must be dressed in an evening suit of the latest cut. Guess the dear little naked darling would shock them beyond recovery."

At the close of this tirade Dorothy Martin settled back in her chair with flushed cheeks, and looked anxiously to see what effect her torrent of words would have upon Nellie Hobbes, her confidential friend, at whose home she had just dropped in for a little chat.

Nellie looked at her with a half amused, half-perplexed expression, and replied, "Now, Dorothy, explain yourself at once. People don't get such rosy cheeks over general subjects. Who is the particular 'he' to whom you refer?"

"Why Nell, I mean Harry Bell. He has—well he told me he—he loved me, in about the same tone he would have used at the assembly to ask me for a dance—in fact he seems to have taken it for granted that I was a mind reader and knew all about it beforehand, and that telling me by word of mouth was superfluous, only he was slightly concerned in knowing whether it was possible that his love might ever be reciprocated. I told him that I was very sorry I couldn't comply with his modest request, but that any other little favor I would gladly do. He thanked me in the proper manner, and we chatted for a few minutes as indifferently as if we had been only discussing the Boer war, until finally he retreated across the Tugela river to the other side of the ball room and took

out that odious Miss Lee, from Baltimore, on whom he showered his attentions all evening."

"Now look here, Dorothy, what has Harry Bell ever done to merit all this sarcasm?"

"Nothing, Nell, absolutely nothing. That's just the trouble. I think he is a coward, physically and mentally. The fellows all laugh at him because he is always the careful one in the crowd, and is so disagreeably exacting in his advice to do this or refrain from that. Then he's afraid to quarrel with me. I say and do the most provoking things, contradict him when I know he is right, and all he says is 'your word is law, Miss Martin,' with perfect modulation and graceful gesture." Miss Martin had worked herself up to a high pitch and now looks defiantly at her friend as if daring her to take up the cudgel in Bell's defense.

"I can't see why a man who is careful should be called a coward, and I think it would take a brave man to face the full battery of your confidential guns. You actually use dum-dum bullets."

"Well, I am so dum-dum I don't see your point. How do you explain the De Voynter affair? He allowed that contemptible little puppy to insult him at the club and did nothing but bite his lip and walk off. Doesn't that look a little cowardly?"

"I don't believe you or any of us understand him."

George Hobbes, Nellie's good-humored, easy-going big brother swings into the room with a regular football stride, and before his sister has been able to acquaint him by word or sign that pretty Dorothy Martin is occupying that high-backed chair stationed there in the shadow, he starts off with a perfect storm of enthusiasm, "Well, it was the finest piece of business I've seen for a long time."

"What was?" interrupted Nellie, impatiently.

"Can't you wait till a fellow tells it?" he replies, with fine scorn, and continues without waiting for reply. "You know we were showing Lord Chuffborough the city this afternoon, and we wandered over to the East Side, and simply for sightseeing went into an underground drinking dive. Standing at the bar was Big Brady, the coachman father discharged last year. He never seemed to notice us, but scarcely had we entered when in a loud, offensive tone he cried, 'Here's to the prettiest ankle in New York,' and tossed off a glass of beer. 'Whose is it, chum?' asked a tough standing by him. 'Dode Martin's, and besides she's'—but Brady

was not to finish this sentence, which evidently would have been very unsavory to say the least, for Bell was in front of him in short order, and looking every inch a king he said, 'Will you kindly discontinue your discussion of that subject?' Brady looked at him a minute in astonishment, and then blurted out 'You d—d white-livered aristocrat, what do I care for you? I say what I please about'—Before the word was out Bell struck him and knocked him down. He scrambled up and came back at him like a mad bull. Oh! it was grand!" Just at this point Hobbes hears a muttered exclamation, and turning perceives Dorothy Martin looking at him with an appealing, anxious gaze.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Miss Martin. Really, I didn't know you were here."

"Was he hurt?" asks Dorothy in a strained tone.

"Who—Brady? Oh I think he'll live, anyway, if he is taken care of."

"No," almost sobs Dorothy, "I mean Mr. Bell."

"Oh no; he got a little bloody, that was all, but the way he did him up was royal. The Englishman wanted to bet fifty pounds on Brady—sorry I didn't take him up. A crowd of toughs gathered from dark holes all about us, plainly bent on despoiling the 'bloods,' but when Bell had finished his scientific exhibition they stood aside respectfully for us to pass, as if we were a whole detachment of American soldiers."

When he ceased speaking there was an eloquent silence, until Dorothy, who was standing by Hobbes, touched him gently on the arm, "George, our box will be empty tonight. Suppose you get some good friend of yours, and we four will occupy it."

If Irving's *Romeo* and Ellen Terry's *Juliet* are not appreciated fully by two of the occupants of the Martin box it is because in place of the cruel old drama they have substituted a play in which the tragedy element has been expurgated, and in which they are vastly more interested than in any production of the sixteenth century.

A NATIONAL MARRIAGE LAW.

During the last year, when Uncle Sam was having his troubles in the Philippine Islands, there arose an internal question which has been causing trouble and also much comment from the press.

The public conscience was thoroughly awakened. And when the opinion of the masses takes a certain stand it means a great deal. A great mass of minds is an unwieldy thing to guide or control. It is difficult to turn the opinion of any number of men in a certain direction, but when the difficult task has been accomplished and the masses begin to move, then is manifest a wonderful power. It may move slow at first, like a glacier on the lofty tableland, but when that glacier reaches the mountain side, it thunders down the incline with tremendous force, carrying with it every object that may dare to stand in its way, or try to check its onslaught.

Our attention, as a nation, has been turned to a nasty and dangerous peat-bog, which has formed on our western plains. The formation of this swamp is due to improper drainage, delusion and prejudice having been substituted for the sunlight of the truth. The minds of a certain class of men have been so narrowed and prejudiced by delusions and the influence of lascivious characters, until they believe in a painful relic of unvarnished barbarism. They ignore the laws of nature and reject the holy laws of God. They trample on the sacredness of the marriage tie, and believe in polygamy.

The election of a polygamist, who can stand before the American people shamelessly, and seek a place among the rulers of this dear nation of ours, has aroused the public conscience. An awakening, which, thanks to the commonsense of Uncle Sam's family, has brought about the first step in the healing of this open sore. It has established forever in this land the principles of truth and righteousness, which is the true exalter of nations.

The women of the country have done a great deal to bring this question before the minds of the public. They labored to abolish polygamy not from selfish motives, but to lift up their sex to their proper place. It is Christianity that brought freedom to women. Will Christianity permit her to be again put in chains? No, the conscience of this nation will not permit it. Will we? Dare we? Can we? Will we permit the morality of our nation to be stained by polygamy? Dare we permit the true helpmeet of man be bound in chains of misery? Can we permit our gentle, kind-hearted sisters be robbed of all their rights as "queen of creation" and mistress of the home? Some one has rightly said: "To seat a polygamous Mormon in the National House of Representatives

would have been the first step backward toward the harem, and a public blow at the purity of the home and womanhood."

To permit polygamists to rule our nation would mean the downfall of it. The wise man has truly said : "Righteousness exalteth a nation ; but sin is a reproach to any people." Again it has been said that the home is the foundation of a nation. Then destroy the purity and blessedness of the home and the purity and power of the nation falls. And if the home is destroyed and the nations fall, what will become of man? But these things cannot be. The church of God will triumph over all her enemies. The standard of the home will be raised, and our nation will be exalted through righteousness.

For a number of years there has arisen much trouble throughout the Union, regarding the marriage and divorce laws. The laws on these subjects are quite different in the various states. We believe there ought to be a national law controlling marriages and divorces. The time for adding such an amendment to the constitution is at hand.

"Strike while the iron is hot" is the proverb that applies in this case. Congress has simply to propose this amendment and the states will ratify it by a two-thirds vote of their respective legislatures. Besides other things this national law should forever brand polygamy and make every polygamist ineligible to any office of public trust or profit. This amendment cannot be made too important. It is a vital issue, one which involves the power and purity of home and nation. In fact we believe the first step in amending the constitution on this matter has been taken in the expulsion of a polygamist from the halls of our National Legislature.

The public conscience has been educated by being brought face to face with a new side of this immoral influence. So *now* is the time when every true citizen, every true man, is anxious to make a national marriage law that will restrict and govern the base tendencies of man, cultivate and create the pure and noble. A law that will exalt our nation, maintain the purity of our homes, raise woman to her true sphere of usefulness and power in the home, and do honor and bring glory to the church of God.

HI-KI.

"Love is the sun and rain of human existence."

GRANDPA'S ANGEL.

"O dear! what shall I do tonight?" The speaker threw himself carelessly on the sofa. He had been doing everything and yet nothing since tea. He was restless and complaining, and by showing his longing for selfish pleasure he became very impolite to his host. For a moment he was silent, thinking of the gay times he might be having with the "fellows," if only this vacation would be over and college would open. As a matter of courtesy to his grandfather who paid his many bills, he spent his short spring vacation at the quiet little country home of his uncomplaining benefactor.

While the young student was torturing his heart and mind by wishing for impossible happenings, his aged grandfather was sitting in his spacious arm chair deep in thought. He made a beautiful picture sitting there before the hearth, the flickering light dancing over that pretty face. The toil and care of three score years and five had left their impression on his noble brow, but the furrows did not destroy the beauty of his youthful days. The brilliant and flashing is gone, it is true, but the same sweet beauty, augmented by a peculiar sadness of expression, is still manifest. Time with its cares and sorrows has only made his face more beautiful, his character more noble and his heart more true.

"I say, grandpa," said the student, "what are you thinking about?" Aroused from his deep reverie the gray head turned slowly from the hearth to the sofa, and in a voice young and clear he made answer:

"I was thinking, my son, of a romantic incident that happened just forty-five years ago tonight."

Now the word romantic had a very different meaning to these two men. To the younger, it was a wild, weird and exciting love story or adventure. To the older, it was not so much this as a mysterious chain of events, abounding in quiet humor or touching pathos or true love. The young man knew this and did not take much interest in his sire's stories, nevertheless as the last resort, having no other visible way of spending the long evening hours, he once more aroused his grandfather, and asked him to relate the romantic incident of which he was then thinking.

Without much ado, but with a slight brightening of his peculiar melancholy expression, he began. He related rapidly the princi-

pal events of his college life. How he had struggled to maintain a good standing in his class. He told of sleepless nights and dark days, spent in study and toil. He told how he had to work to secure means enough to educate himself, which was all the more severe and hard to do on account of his weak and sickly body, which clung to him with an adamant grasp all through his young days. His expenses were very low as compared with the bills of the up-to-date student. His aims were high and noble. His labor persistent and unselfish, and his wants were necessities. The brief recital of these facts only gave rise to a hot debate in the breast of the young listener between conscience and reason on the one side, and desire and a false sense of dignity on the other. "After all, what do you go to college for?" said his conscience as a last great shot.

When the clear voice of the hale old man came to his Senior year in the review of his college days, it stopped, and he seemed to contemplate whether or not he should proceed. After a short pause, however, he continued.

"It was during Easter vacation, in my Senior year, that the event of which I am about to speak took place. It was an early spring that year and the days were very warm and pleasant for Easter days. Before school closed for our mid-winter vacation I found my reserve funds disappearing rather fast. Upon this discovery I decided not to go home, but try to make some money in the neighborhood of the school. Commencement was approaching very rapidly and I knew I would need some extra cash to graduate; just how much I did not know. However, I decided to earn as much as I could while the other boys went home to have a good time.

"Being a farmer's son and not having learned a trade it was a difficult matter to find work at this period of the year. I went from farm house to farm barn, here and there and everywhere, and finally one day on my way home I met a farmer who consented to try me at 50 cents a day, for which sum I agreed to cut wood from sunrise to sunset. This was Monday and I was to appear at a certain place in the forest next morning.

"The country surrounding the college was much different from what it is now. Forests of mighty oaks and giant pines completely surrounded the campus, or 'the green' as it was then called.

"It was about three miles back in the woodland where I was asked to work. I slept at the college and prepared my own meals, so I had to get up real early to get to my place of operations before the bright sun scattered its life-giving rays from the summit of the eastern mountains. I managed, however, to be there promptly on time the first morning.

"The first day he was with me, and was evidently satisfied with my work, for the second day he did not appear. Cutting wood is no easy task, and to a weak student, of ill health like me, it was very hard work, and when evening came I was extra glad to leave my books alone and go to bed.

"On the morning of the third day I noticed that some of the wood I had split on the preceding days had been taken away. When the farmer came a little later he seemed very much surprised at the disappearance of his wood, and, turning to me, he accused me of stealing it or helping some one to take it away. We students used wood for our stoves with which we heated our rooms, so it was quite natural for him to draw this conclusion.

"I was hurt by his accusation of dishonesty on my part, but I could not make him believe I was innocent. At first he was very angry, but was finally satisfied to leave me continue. All day, however, the thought that he did not trust me was thrust upon me, and the more I thought of it the more miserable I became. I must have behaved like a guilty person in my awkwardness and worry. We both worked hard and fast, but neither of us said another word that day.

"I was troubled and did not sleep that night, but returned as usual to my post of duty the next morning. To my surprise more wood had disappeared. I hoped, and if I remember aright, I prayed the farmer would not come to help this day, for I felt sure he could see by my swollen eyes that I had not slept the night before, and on account of this he would conclude that I had certainly stolen his wood during the night. I shall never forget how I listened to hear his step the first few hours of the day. But as the hours rolled by and I was left alone with my thoughts, the unjustness of the whole affair made me mad and I worked like a fiend. I swung my axe as it were with double my own strength. When evening came I was surprised at the amount of wood I had cut and split.

"The sun had set and I was just about ready to leave for my

room at the college. I was tired, hungry and sleepy and had forgotten all about my employer, or anybody else for that matter. I stooped down to pick up my dinner pail, when I heard the noise of an approaching wagon. Afraid of meeting the cruel looking farmer, I hid myself in the bushes near by until the wagon went by, as I thought. But lo, it came straight towards me. It was a large ordinary farm wagon, drawn by four mules. Instead of my employer, the driver was a tall, stout and ruffianly looking character, who spoke to his mules in a peculiar mountaineer dialect. Noislessly he loaded his wagon with the best wood from the pile I had split that very day and drove away with it. All this while I sat as in a dream, but now aroused by the gathering darkness, I started once more on my way home. It was with difficulty that I found the path, and being very sleepy I lost it many times. Finally I reached my room safely, but in an exhausted condition. I fell across my bed and instantly consciousness evaporated and left me the dreamless sleep of a tired boy.

"When I awoke the sun was just about to show itself in the eastern sky. Forgetting breakfast in my hurry to get to the wood in time, I grabbed my empty dinner pail and started out on my three miles walk. The thought of seeing the cruel look of my employer made me walk faster each step, so that when I got there I was very weak and well nigh exhausted. After a few minutes of rest I began work and worked slowly but steadily on all day. No dinner, no supper, nothing but my own troubled thoughts. At first I looked anxiously for the coming of the farmer that I might free myself from guilt. But when hunger and fatigue overcame me, I forgot all but that I must cut! cut! cut! Every time my axe went up I knew it must come down. Every time it struck the wood I knew it must be raised again. It was the same monotonous lift, strike, all day long.

"The sun was setting when I sat down upon a log to rest before I started for home. While there I began to wonder where and how I was to receive my pay or wages. Why had I not thought of that before? All at once it flashed upon me that I might be working here since Tuesday for nothing. I did not know the farmer that had hired me. I had only met him on the public road the Monday before I went to work and hence I was also ignorant as to where he lived. The despair of my situation began to dawn upon me when I was suddenly aroused by the

presence of the farmer himself. Needless to say that I was a bit frightened by his sudden appearance, being a timid youth, and what he had to say made me speechless. For a few moments he stood looking at me with that same cruel look he wore since he accused me of stealing his wood and then he said savagely:

"A dog is never satisfied, no not when he has twice as much as he deserves. *You, dog*, have received double your pay in the wood you stole, so get you gone and never show your cursed hide on my land."

I stood paralyzed and dumb. I wanted to talk but I thought I would choke. Seeing I did not move he became ravenous and struck me with his fist, sending me homeward faster than I had usually started. How I walked, or where I was going I did not know. I was sick, dumb and half dead, walking as in a dream, going somewhere and reaching nowhere. Visions of that cruel face, thoughts of stealing wood, of dinner and home danced through my dazed mind in wild confusion. I couldn't think. I didn't know what I was, where I was, and I didn't care to know.

When I had walked awhile here and there in this confused state of mind and soul, I stopped, bewildered. I dropped down on my knees and cried. Yes, sir, big and old as I was, I cried like a baby boy of three years old. When I had finished crying, I sent a little prayer up to my heavenly Father. It was one of many prayers that had a distinct and immediate answer, because, I suppose, I really meant what I said. I had scarcely finished my petition when I heard some one ask who I was and what had happened. I opened my eyes and beheld what I thought was an angel. She had such a sweet and lovable face. "It must be an angel," I said to myself. I was not dreaming. I could see her plainly in the beautiful light which the new moon gently threw over her.

In my bewilderment I stammered out something about getting home and being sick. I tried to rise but I failed, I felt so weak. I couldn't tell what was the matter. I tried to get on my feet a second time, and the angel reached out and helped me. How gentle her touch was. I can distinctly remember that touch and that voice; it was so sweet and soothing. It is forty-five years ago tonight, but I can see my blessed deliverer just as plainly as if she stood before me now. When I tried to walk I staggered

like a drunken man, and then I heard her say, "Lean on me, I'll help you."

"I have a faint remembrance of a short journey, during which I was supported by the tender arms of that lovely angel. Then there was a great light, a home, I thought it was heaven, and then—but I remember nothing more.

* * * * *

"When I awoke I was lying on a clean bed in a bright and tidy room. The warm rays of a spring sun shone cheerily through the deep window sill upon a quilt of many colors. Everything was strange. I thought I was dreaming.

" 'Where am I?' I said feebly.

"Instantly there was bending over me that dear angel I had seen before. I was satisfied.

" 'In heaven,' I answered my own question, and kept looking at the tear stained face of the angel. I did not think. I did not reason. I didn't want to. I just wanted to see that face.

"At last those lips of hers moved. 'You have been very sick,' they said, 'and you must be very quiet now, then you will soon be well.'

"I didn't know what she meant, but I thought I must obey, so I closed my eyes and soon fell asleep.

"I recovered rapidly and in a short time after this I was able to go back to school. By hard work I prepared myself for final exams. and graduation. But first honors, which otherwise would have been mine, I had to give to another. But I was rewarded and a hundredfold repaid for the sacrifice of first honors.

"I should like to say, too, that the thief who stole my employer's wood was discovered the same evening I took sick. And I received more wages in the end from that week's labor than I have received from any year's toil since then. The farmer paid all bills incident to my sickness, for I had been very sick, secured a nurse to take care of me, cared for me in his own house, stood for my expenses at commencement, and left me have the ——"

Just then the door of the room opened and a pleasant-looking gray-headed grandmother entered with a lamp.

"And left me that dear, sweet angel there," concluded the good old "Hubby" with a nod towards his faithful wife, and his face fairly shone under the transforming power of a true love smile.

"O, bother your *angel*," teasingly replied the grandmother, "it's time to go to bed."

It was. The fire in the hearth was reduced to a few smouldering coals, and the room was getting cold. But grandpa was living the past over again, and paid no heed to the present. I, who write this, was his frivolous grandson. This simple story aroused my inmost heart. I saw things in a different way. I still wanted to go back to college, but I wanted to work like grandpa did. I didn't want to spend my time in worthless things. I did go back, and I did work. I was always sorry I didn't work always like I did since then.

And now I would serve any cruel farmer, or any other cruel person, five years instead of five days, if at the end of that time I would be rewarded as grandpa was. For to me grandma is the sweetest, dearest soul living. She is truly an angel. —G.

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

With a reflective sigh we turn the card of our calendar and make it read "February," while we ransack the nooks and crannies of our memory for echoes of the past which shall give us a key to the record of January in our department.

The revision of the course mentioned in our last correspondence has given perfect satisfaction. The Juniors take more delight in going along with Dr. Jacobs in his introductory "Elements of Religion," than in searching for the truth among the critical notes of more recondite and technical, but by no means more profound, authors as quoted in "Schmidt."

The Juniors and Middlers are wading "the deep" together through the mazes of Church History. They are all pleased with the clear and logical leading of Pres. Heisler in the study of this important branch of Historical Theology.

Dr. Yutzy, with "Schmidt" as a text, has been a revelation to the Middlers and Seniors in the doctrines of "Providence," Angelology and Anthropology during the past month. In all his work the Dr. strikes *The Word* as the key note of all teaching. "The

Analogy of Faith" is the standard, so that in all exegesis "Scripture is interpreted by Scripture."

Dr. Dimm has Seniors and Middlers in Apologetics. "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief," by Christlieb, the great German apologist, is the text book used. The work along this line has been an inspiration to the men, and all are genuinely interested in this great subject and its unfolding.

Liturgics is another branch in which Dr. Dimm leads all three classes. The text used is Horn's. The work, while not as interesting as apologetics, is of a very practical nature.

The foundation of a Theological course is a knowledge of the proper mode of interpreting the Word of God. The rule we have in Hermeneutics—the practical application in the Greek and Hebrew Exegesis under Dr. Yutzy. While dead languages may be a dry study, yet there is no better way to inspire a living, active faith in the Word than through the medium of these same dead languages under the stirring exegesis of the Doctor.

Dr. Heisler is taking the Middlers and Juniors through an inductive course in the New Testament by means of a series of original outlines which are highly interesting and instructive.

Dr. Heisler has taken charge of the Homiletic work during the past month. The work has been highly satisfactory to the men, who are pleased with the warm personal interest of the Doctor.

The Missionary meeting on January 26 was called for the purpose of discussing "South Africa and the Transvaal." We had a very profitable discussion.

Rev. John F. Stabely, of the Senior Class, performed the duties of pastor for Mr. Cooper on Sunday, January 28. Three communions and two preparatory services were held in two days.

S. N. Carpenter supplied St. John's, of Williamsport, on January 14.

Dr. Heisler preached for Dr. Enders at York, Pa., on January 14. He preached in the Second Lutheran church of Altoona on the 21st, and filled the pulpit at Belleville on the 28th. We are glad to see the Dr. represent Susquehanna in such important fields.

EDITOR.

"There is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success."

"THE GIRLS' DEPARTMENT."

The month of February brings with it the forecast of Lent and spring, although it was but a few days ago that the members of this department enjoyed the pleasures and sorrows of skating. Winter's bulletin has been forecasting any and everything but snow, yet with all the high winds, driving rains, and blustering bright days the girls of Susquehanna have not for one day been deterred from their regular attendance at school. If our school could institute a weather bureau we might make the weather to suit ourselves a little better, but as that is out of the question, we will trust to Uncle Sam's wisdom and make the best of it.

At a meeting of the Board the other week it was decided, among other things, that we should have a girl's dormitory. Now this is something which Susquehanna is sadly in need of. There are quite a few girls going to school from other places, who must board in town. If we have a regular place for them to stay, besides, considering the additional departments which will be open to them during the coming school year, we feel sure that a great many more will be added to our ranks. From any part of the University grounds upon which this building may be erected, a fine view of the most beautiful scenery along the Susquehanna may be had, and in every respect the locality is all that could be desired.

Misses Kessler and Wagenseller joined "Ye Thamard Club." S. U. "coeds" were very well represented in "The Bangs" entertainment.

Miss Rine spent Sunday, Feb. 4, at her home in Mahantongo.

A western exchange says: "There are indications that the women in our colleges may soon outnumber the men. The increase of lady attendants at Leland Stanford was so rapid in the past few years that Mrs. Stanford was forced to place a limit at 500, beyond which the female attendance cannot rise. There are 463 girls at that institution now, so the limit has already been practically reached." When we look over the list of female students at Susquehanna and see the great increase during the last few years we feel the above is partly true also in our eastern colleges.

Miss Heisler has not yet been Pennsylvanianized. The charming scenery of California and the beautiful sights of Colorado hold supreme sway in her memory, hiding the tamer views of winter in this state.

E. D. S., '00.

PREPARATORY.

Another month has passed, leaving its impress upon the history of our department, and we are again plodding on toward the goal of excellence. The first leaf of the new calendar, supplied us by the venerable hand of Time, has been torn off and swept out into eternity by the same remorseless winds of Fate that are hurrying each one of us either along lines of progression or retrogression to our respective destinies.

In reviewing the past month, it seemed fraught with a no more soul-stirring event than the wild surprise and joy caused by an empty newspaper report, and yet the mightiest deed yet to be recorded in the annals of our department's history has been achieved. One photographer has been able to take the pictures of nearly the entire sub-Freshman class without any more serious damage to his instruments than a heavy cold contracted by one of the plates from over-exposure and the gradual expansion of another to accommodate the head of a certain member of this promising organization, but the returns are not all in yet and worse "developments" may occur.

One of the most enjoyable sources of pleasure and benefit, and one most extensively patronized by the Preps., is the lecture course flourishing at present in our community, but they undoubtedly show their desire to get their money's worth by sitting on the back seats in the gallery and making a noise until Mr. Schoch gives them another lecture for the same admission.

Dr. Dimm has taken charge of the Elocutionary and Bible work of this department and has succeeded so well that every Prep. realizes that "if Abraham didn't lie he prevaricated very badly," and they are doing likewise.

A number of our Preps. are shining brilliantly in that gilded hall of splendor (Selinsgrove Opera House) where they weekly glide through the mazes of the terpsichorean art. Much interest in this accomplishment is being manifested, as a number of new recruits, whose musical and poetic souls have been touched by the beautiful (?) and fantastic, have recently joined the ranks.

Will some benevolent friend kindly donate a new piece of music to our orchestra?

By the kindness of a wandering wind from the northern wilds

we have enjoyed good skating during the past month. Skating is one of the best sports, furnishing ample outdoor exercise, and affording excellent opportunities for philosophical and scientific observations, as "unstable equilibrium," "falling bodies," "shooting stars" and "rolling friction" are very much in evidence.

Exercise and physical development are two of the most necessary requisites to a college course. To one visiting the rooms of the students at our institution the deplorable need of a gymnasium is everywhere in evidence. In one room he happens upon dumbbells and Indian clubs, in another a punching bag or an arm machine stowed away in one corner, in another boxing gloves, and in another a trapeze has actually been fastened to the ceiling. Oh, ye athletes of Greece and Rome, could ye but see the ludicrous girations of your ignoble disciples in the halls of Susquehanna your tears would flow in shame and compassion!

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Selinsgrove the best town on earth to play chess in?

Why is the Susquehanna river after a heavy spring rain like Swank's head?

What is the name of the disease that has again broken out in Mackenzie?

Why does Kiefer go home every week or two?

In what respect is "Reddy" Weis *not* like George Washington?

All answers should be addressed to the editor of this department on or before March 1, 1900. Each communication must contain five two-cent stamps to insure reply.

N. D. S.

"Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy

Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech."

"Moonlight is the soul of nature; the moon her aureole."

"There are kings who are paupers; there are paupers who are kings."

"There is a 'could not' in the history of all human power."

"There is a delight even in the parting agony of two lovers worth a thousand tame pleasures of the world."

"I have found mankind divided into two great parties: Those who ride, and those who are ridden."

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, FEBRUARY, 1900.

(Entered at the Selinsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selinsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.



EDITORIAL



NOT INFREQUENTLY we hear the student complain that the winter term is so very dull. May I give a few suggestions to him who finds winter unenjoyable. First of all, before we can enjoy anything we must rid our souls of that dampening lethargy of carelessness and indifference. I am afraid we look too much to outside influences to make us bright and cheerful, while the question of happiness or gloom is often settled by conditions within us. But passing over the internal conditions that influence our disposition, there are many things around us which do very materially affect the making of our character. However it is not these conditions alone that make us happy or sad, quiet or restless. It is the use we make of them.

It also depends on the way we look at things, whether we get good or evil out of them. If we look through a blue colored glass, everything is blue. If we gaze through a red glass, all is tinted with that color. But if we look through a clear crystal glass we see things as they are—we see nature. And if we look at nature as she is we can ever draw from her beautiful lessons, as

well as find sweet enjoyment for the hours that heretofore were dull.

The great authors of the world's best literature have lived so long in the hearts of men because they have been true to nature. They portray nature as seen by master minds. The songs of poets as Shakespeare have in them something to make our lives brighter and nobler. Do we spend the moments we call lifeless and uninteresting in idleness? No wonder they soon dull if we do. Why not roam in the bewitching fields of literature and fill our young minds with truths and knowledge?

It is true that nature is not as pretty in winter time as during the other seasons, and yet there is a certain beauty in her white mantle of snow, in her clear, health-giving air, and in her bright moonlight nights, that we cannot find in her sister seasons. In the absence of the striking and gaudy she is still beautiful.

But if nature as portrayed by winter is not very attractive to the average mind, what of it? Is this not a blessing in itself? The literature of all ages stands before us and challenges us to find a better source of enjoyment. Before we can count our college course complete we must know something, in fact a very great deal about the product of the master minds of the world's history. If we would call ourselves scholars we must have a good knowledge of sacred and profane writings from the dawn of civilization on the plains of the far east, up through the inspired writings of the Biblical authors and the beautiful classics to the present time. And since we are not especially attracted by nature in her winter stillness, will not the mysterious and fascinating haunts of the world's best literature provoke enjoyment in mind and heart?

What better time could there possibly be for reading and study? While the winds are shrieking past the corners of the building, or moaning in the branches of the campus pines; while the snow is falling, blinding the traveler and covering the cinder paths; or while the sleet is falling with a force that stings and cuts the unprotected faces of those who must wander out in winter's paradise; while the north wind blows chilling blasts of freezing wind straight through our heavy coats—while this condition exists are we dull and count the hours till spring will come? Could we find a better time to lose ourselves in Shakespeare, Bacon, Emerson or Longfellow? Could we find a more enjoyable task in any season of the year?

The reading of good literature has been spoken of and emphasized several times before, but we have only spoken and not performed. And this is a suggestion to that student who will smoke that nerve-killing pipe, to him who wastes valuable time in loafing about, for that one who busies himself with much useless serving, and for him who finds the days of winter dull and lifeless. Life is action—be up and doing, and the question of gloom and happiness will take care of itself.

SOCIETIES

PHILO.

The powers that guide the destinies of THE SUSQUEHANNA have condescended to notice our humble efforts in literary work, so in the future our articles will be found in another department of the journal. We make this explanation for the absence of the usual editorial, lest we be charged with dereliction of duty.

Truly the work of the society editors is no sinecure. Like the ancient alchemists who sought to transmute base metals into gold, we are expected to take the very few commonplace occurrences in the societies and by a marvelous stretch of the fancy make them interesting to the public. If the members of the societies wish to see their societies well represented in the journal they must overcome that feeling of lethargy and work. Society spirit is in a very apathetic state. What is needed is a good healthy society spirit. We do not mean the spirit of antagonism between the two societies, for in this the true aim and end of the literary society becomes a secondary matter. It is not the number of members that establishes interest in a society, for the most exclusive are often the best, but it is the individual rivalry in the society that promotes the growth of the society.

It is with deep regret that we are compelled to record the fact that our literary societies are on the decline. For them there is no state of absolute rest. They must either advance or retrograde. We see no reason why our societies should be on the decline. Surely the conditions are more favorable now than formerly. Football has made prodigious strides at Susquehanna. And why? We hazard a guess. First, because every student in the institu-

tion has a desire to represent Susquehanna in the intercollegiate contests. Students point back with pride to the fact that they have represented their college on the athletic field. In the next place the student who distinguishes himself by doing brilliant work on the gridiron is raised in the estimation of the other students. Everyone has within him that craving for distinction by his fellows. Why can we not apply the same truths to the literary societies? We would suggest that arrangements be made for Susquehanna to participate in intercollegiate debates. The desire to represent Susquehanna in the intellectual arena will be as great as it is in athletics. Furthermore, the students who should be chosen as speakers would receive a distinction that would be an incentive to rivalry for the places.

Again would we impress the fact upon the minds of those who are in authority, that special programs are a powerful factor in retaining the interest in the society. No wonder that the interest lags when there is that continual trudging in the old rut. It is the wearying routine that causes the work to become mechanical, and when it reaches that stage the interest becomes less and less until it finally dies out altogether. We must have life and vim and energy in the work, and this can be secured by a frequent change as to the manner of programs, for "variety is the spice of life." We venture the opinion that a special program once a month would add spice to the work.

Apropos of special programs we would suggest that an evening be occasionally devoted to and named for some author. For instance, suppose it is a Holmes evening. All the essays, orations and debates could be on Holmes and his works, while his productions would furnish material for recitations. We dare say a program of this character would be thoroughly enjoyed by all the members.

It affords us great pleasure to add to the roster of members the name of Mr. Wm. Stauffer, Selinsgrove, Pa. Mr. Stauffer is a member of 1902, and his record in class leads us to predict a very bright future for him on the rostrum.

The society was favored by a visit from the musical organizations of the University on Friday evening, January 26. The Glee Club sang in its usual inimitable manner while the Mandolin and Guitar Club proved their proficiency to the entire satisfaction of everyone present. Mr. Edgar Wingard, the genial manager of

the Glee Club, was called on for a voluntary and he responded with a recitation which evoked the most enthusiastic applause from the audience. The inconvenient gowns have been discarded, and full dress suits have been adopted as the garb for the organizations.

F. E. SHAMBAUGH, ED.

CLIO.

Ye scribe once more manipulates the quill in an attempt to present a few phases of life as Clio lives.

No small number of our loyal sons have been gathering the laurels of victory in their campaigns on the broad bosom of the dam. McMurtrie has time after time exhibited his wonderful sand before the admiring and enthusiastic throng, but never to such a degree as when he gallantly and gracefully, oh *so* gracefully, supported Miss G—— o'er the glistening ice recently.

The ponderous form of John Martin will obscure Susquehanna's sun no more for a while, as he has bidden adieu to Selinsgrove and "Reddy," to enter the service of Bittenbender & Co., of Scranton.

Clio may be proud of her large and excellent representation in the different musical organizations of the college.

On January 26 the Glee and Mandolin Clubs aided very materially to make our program interesting.

Harry Haas contemplates leading the orchestra at Eagles Mere this summer. If he continues to play we predict for him an exceedingly bright future—here and hereafter.

We are sorry to chronicle the news that L. P. Young has been called home by the reason of the serious illness of his father. His many friends deeply sympathize with him and hope for the speedy recovery of his father.

Keefer's trips to Snydertown are becoming alarmingly frequent. Ditto Reynolds to Port, while the sun of Haas' soul evidently radiates from Sunbury, but Derr, still quiet and serene, sits in his room and muses upon the delights of shooting the shutes at Eagles Mere.

A recent letter from Scheese informs his friends that all goes well at Wittenburg.

Gramley, at Gettysburg, is now a candidate for their base ball team. Susquehanna Reserves' catcher will probably make a prized

acquisition to that aggregation, as very unfortunately their overtures for Capt. Reynolds and Catcher Long were unsuccessful.

Nearly every day during the past month a crashing noise has been heard as coming from "Casey's" room. Investigation proved that it was nothing serious, as it was caused only by the breaking of some resolutions.

ROBERT BURNS.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The hour for the regular Sunday meeting has been changed from 1:30 to 4 p. m. The change is a good one. Let every member make it a fixed rule to be present every Sunday if possible to do so.

At a recent meeting it was decided to again publish a Y. M. C. A. hand book. A committee was appointed for that purpose and the work is now under way. It will be a valuable little book, full of information pertaining to the various organizations, and to school life in general at S. U.

The advisability of sending a delegate to Northfield was discussed recently at a business meeting of the Association, and resulted in the election of M. H. Fischer as the representative to the Summer Bible Conference at Moody's late home. It is to the best interest of any association to have men at these annual meetings, and we are more and more coming to recognize that fact. Now that we have elected a delegate, let us make it possible for him to attend, and be ready and willing to contribute to the Northfield fund.

Sunday, January 28, a public meeting was held in the Reformed church of town at 3 p. m., under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A., at which time the subject of "Mormonism" was discussed by Dr. Focht, pastor of the college church. The speaker very ably reviewed the history of Mormonism, setting forth their doctrine, and exposing the evils of the same. He also touched upon the wholesome moral sentiment of the people of this country as exhibited in the recent attitude assumed toward Brigham Roberts. A large and appreciative audience was present.

Early morning prayer services were held during the week preparatory to the observance of a special week of prayer, which began Sunday, February 4, closing the following Sunday. Meetings were held every evening at 6:45 in Association hall. Special

topics were arranged and good speakers discussed the same. Mr. C. R. Harvey, of Bucknell, was with us the latter part of the week and had charge of the meetings.

The State Y. M. C. A. Convention, which is to convene in Williamsport on the 22d, is near at hand, and promises to be of unusual interest and power. With such men as Pierson, Mott and McPeeters as speakers it cannot be otherwise. Dr. Pierson will give four addresses on the following subjects: "The Supremacy of the Word," "The Work of the Son," "The Work of the Spirit," and "Holiness and Service." A spiritual feast awaits all who will attend the meetings. H. T. Maxwell, the famous singer, who has assisted Moody in his work, will have charge of the music. Don't miss this gathering if it is at all possible for you to attend. Special rates on the railroads have been secured, and the generous-hearted of Williamsport will entertain all who come. We ought to have a large delegation present, as Williamsport is near and easy of access.

W. H. D.



ATHLETICS



Susquehanna has taken a step forward with the advent of the new year that we know will mean much to her athletic life. The new constitution which was adopted at a late mass meeting is one which is complete in every phase. The duties are minutely stated, no doubt can arise as to the true interpretation, and a strict compliance of each officer or member to this constitution is emphatically demanded. The old system, of every member of the Association doing the business, has been eliminated. For experience has proven that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The officers and managers henceforth will do the business of the Association as far as it falls in their respective power. The Advisory Board has been cast away and in its stead a Board of Directors has been substituted. This Board is composed of two members of the Alumni, three members of the Faculty, two members of the Theological Department, a member from each of the College classes, and a member of the Preparatory Department. The Athletic Association at its yearly meeting shall elect this Board, whose duty it shall be to conduct all the business of the Association and elect their own managers to conduct the various

sports. The Board as it now exists is ably represented by such men as: Ira C. Schoch, Alumni; Profs. Woodruff, Fisher, Allison, Faculty; I. H. Wagner, '01, Geo. Livingston, '01, Theological Department; H. I. Brumgart, '00, G. Strail, '01, M. H. Fisher, '02, E. Diehl, '03; C. P. Swank, Prep.

Manager of football, L. P. Young, '01; manager of base ball, W. W. Spigelmyer, '00.

The prospect of athletics for the Spring term are very encouraging. No time in the history of our athletics has more interest been shown by the boys in their prospective teams, and when spring is ushered into existence the twirlers will be on deck ready to defend the honor of Susquehanna.

We miss our little "Cap" of last year, viz., Frank Rohrbach, who now contemplates a pleasant season on State's team, but the remainder of last year's team are still with us, and with the new material that has come in this year we need not fear.

H. O. Reynolds, '01, has been elected captain, who will lead the Orange and Maroon on the diamond. Up to date quite a number of candidates have reported. Lang, Moist, Barrett, Nicholas, Rollins, Reynolds, Ralph Wagenseller, Heicher, Frank Wagenseller, Auchmuty, Weis, Frank, Iseman, Wingard, Strail, Decker and Marks.

The new officers of the Athletic Association are: M. H. Fisher, President; E. H. Diehl, Vice-President; I. H. Wagner, Secretary; G. A. Livingston, Treasurer.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE, '00.

April 7—Open.

April 14—State College at State College.

April 21—Albright at Meyerstown.

April 26—Gettysburg at Selinsgrove.

April 28—Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.

May 3—St. Marys at Emmitsburg.

May 5—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

May 9—Franklin and Marshall at Selinsgrove.

May 12—Ursinus at Collegeville.

May 19—Bloomsburg at Selinsgrove.

May 23—Bucknell at Lewisburg.

May 26—Open.

June 2—Open.

June 6—Bucknell at Selinsgrove.

Subject to change.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'64. (Sem.) On Christmas morning Rev. Dr. Mosheim Rhodes was greeted with a roll of twenty-eight silver dollars, one for every year of his pastorate at St. Louis, Missouri.

'64. (Sem.) On April 24, 1900, Dr. Mosheim Rhodes, of St. Louis, Missouri, will begin a series of lectures to the Theological students of Midland College. This is to be a new series of lectures which the Doctor has not as yet delivered.

'71. (Sem.) Rev. J. H. Zinn, of Latonia, O., has very materially assisted the church at North Georgetown, O., which he has been supplying for some months. This people will feel his loss severely when he shortly enters upon his labors at Akron, O.

'71. (Sem.) Rev. J. W. Reese, who was till lately pastor at York Springs, Pa., has accepted a call to Bedford, Pa.

'76. (Sem.) Rev. E. H. Leisenring, pastor of the First Church of Chambersburg, Pa., recently preached his tenth anniversary sermon. The statistics given at this time give evidence that Rev. Leisenring's labors have been blessed. Trinity congregation was organized during his pastorate.

'84. (Sem.) Rev. H. McClintic and family have our sympathy in their recent bereavement by the loss of their son.

'85. Harry K. Gregory, Esq., is still located at New Castle, Pa., where he has been successfully practicing law for some years.

'85. (Sem.) Rev. J. W. Hutchison, of Jennerstown, Pa., has accepted a call to Newry, Pa.

'86. The Bethel congregation, Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. John Weidley pastor, recently celebrated the end of the twelfth year of its organization. This church is in a very prosperous condition under the present pastorate.

'86. (Sem.) The work in the Shanksville charge has been prospering under the care of Rev. M. S. Roning, pastor. His congregation recently purchased an excellent parsonage in close proximity to one of his churches. Two of his congregations lately kindly remembered him in presenting him with well filled purses.

'86. Mrs. R. L. Schroyer, of Selinsgrove, always has a willing hand to help her Alma Mater whenever possible, and thus keeps in living touch with her. In music and elocution Mrs. Schroyer is an artist. As an instructor in the same she has marked ability. She has been acting as dramatic instructor of the Ye Thamard

Club of the University, where her services have been particularly valuable and much appreciated.

'86. (Sem.) Rev. H. L. Yarger continues as field secretary of church extension. He lately visited some of our churches in the Rocky Mountain region.

'88. (Sem.) Christ's Church of Lewisburg, Pa., Rev. I. H. McGahnn, pastor, has decided to build a new church edifice. The proposed structure is to cost \$25,000. Under the able care of Rev. McGahnn this church has been brought into a well organized and prosperous condition.

'89. (Sem.) Rev. J. M. Rearick is pleasantly located at Center Hall, Pa., where his labors have yielded good results. Rev. Rearick keeps in touch with his Alma Mater by keeping up his subscriptions to her publications.

'89. (Sem.) The members of the Christ's Lutheran church of Milton, Pa., showed their appreciation of the services of their pastor, Rev. M. H. Havice, by increasing his salary \$100 at a congregational meeting on new year's night. This is the second increase he has received in his salary during his pastorate of three years. During his services there the membership has been greatly increased, the debt largely cancelled and the whole church newly furnished and repaired.

'91. H. Newton Nipple, A. M., M. D., is located in Akron, O., where he is engaged in the practice of medicine.

'91. Prof. B. Meade Wagenseller, of Center Hall, Pa., has been attending the excellent course of lectures at Milton, Pa., which is being given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

'92. (Sem.) Rev. D. U. Bair, pastor at Belleville, Pa., has sent out a printed statement of the financial standing of his church. His work is in good condition and shows system and organization.

'94. The management is in receipt of an encouraging and enthusiastic letter from Rev. W. E. Crouser, of Schenectady, N. Y. We appreciate very highly his kindly feeling toward THE SUSQUEHANNA. The copy of his parish paper, which is before us, shows care and thoughtfulness in preparation, and is deserving of much praise.

'96. (Sem.) "Rev. H. S. Gilbert, of St. Mark's church, Allegheny, Pa., has received sixty members since he became pastor six months ago. This represents twenty-five families never before identified with that church."—*Lutheran World*.

'97. (Sem.) Rev. M. M. Albeck has been delivering a series of evening sermons to his people on the book of Daniel. Rev. Albeck is making commendable progress in his heavy labors at Berwick, Pa.

'97. (Sem.) It has been going the rounds of the church papers that Rev. G. E. Hipsley, of Gordon, Pa., had received and accepted a call to Muschatine, Iowa. We understand that this is not the case.

'99. (Sem.) "Mt. Olivet Mission, Allegheny, Pa., has just celebrated its first anniversary. Rev. H. C. Michaels, pastor, sent out greetings, and the hymns and outlines of a service suitable for the occasion."—*Lutheran World*.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. W. B. Lahr, of St. Luke's church, Williamsport, Pa., recently took a trip to Ohio and Indiana.

EXCHANGES.

The writer of "Woman," in the *Stylus*, must certainly be a true gentleman, for he gives an able exposition of woman's rights sphere in things mundane, showing logically that as she alone can make a home, that must certainly be her part and lot as intended by the Divine Planner.

The *Bucknell Mirror* is devoted almost entirely to the memory of Dr. Lowry, and pays graceful tribute to his honor.

He sallied forth one pleasant eve,
To call on a fair young miss,
And when he reached her residence,
this,

like

steps

the

up

Ran

Her papa met him at the door,

He did not see the miss—

He'll not go back there any more,

For

he

went

down

like

this!

—Ex.

The *Mirage*, hailing from distant New Mexico, is a new visitor to our table. "College Spirit" voices a true sentiment.

"Virginia's Past and Present," in the Washington *Jeffersonian*, deals in a broad-minded way with a much abused theme.

The January number of the *College Student* is especially good. Two short stories revealing good plots appear.

"The Editor and the Critic," in the *Free Lance*, is excellent. It shows up the Alumni in their true light.

Little drops of lager,
Little grains of "sand,"
Make the Transvaal farmers
Fight to beat the band.

—Roanoke Collegian.

The continued story "Confessions of a Scrub," is well written and bears on it the stamp of naturalness so plainly that one is almost forced to believe that it is from real life. The story comes nearer our ideal college story than any we have ever read. It deals with actual college life in a most natural and unaffected style.

One of our exchanges takes the floor to remark that next year we may expect to read something like the following in the daily papers: "About 10 o'clock this morning a horseless wagon loaded with cowless milk collided with a brainless rider on a chainless wheel. The luckless wheelman was badly injured and being homeless, he was taken in a horseless cab to the home for the friendless, where his death was painless in an hour or so."

LOCAL-PERSONAL

Cold weather is, at this writing, holding sway in grim earnest. As a consequence there is lots of fine ice and skating, and plenty of cold noses and ears. Besides, the very changeable weather prior to the present cold spell was the cause of quite a few sicknesses among our number which we are sorry to enumerate. The prevailing ailment appears to be La Grippe. Among those who were or are at this writing ill, we mention Miss Ethel Schoch, Mrs. H. E. Harman, and Messrs. Price, Paul, George Schoch.

Dr. Heisler, our new President, attended the meeting of College Presidents at Harrisburg on the 12th and 13th of January.

The 12th of January was a red letter day in the history of the

Sophomore class. They held their second annual banquet at Milton on the above named day. They report an excellent time. Without letting their enthusiasm die out, they treated their friends, the *Freshmen*, to an initiation in the dead of night of the 16th last. From all appearances, reports, etc., they gained their end, for the cap came back next day by mail and now all things are peaceful.

We are pleased to note that there has been quite an addition made to the library in the line of popular, standard literature since our last issue. This addition was made possible by some contributions by the students and by the aid of Pres. Heisler. Much more could, and by all means should, be done by the students in this direction. That we need books of this kind is shown by the eagerness with which the books, lately added, were taken by the students.

Since our last issue also we have received a cabinet containing a full set of Crowell Physical apparatus. The apparatus is very substantial and contains all appliances needed to show the many principles in mechanics. Altogether it is a very desirable thing.

On the 17th of January the student body had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Charles H. Frazer in his well-known lecture, "The Avoirdupois of Uncle Sam." Mr. Frazer is a fine lecturer, and by means of his sound, wholesome thought, mingled with soul-stirring laughter, provoking wit, he easily kept the attention of the large audience. This was the first of the lecture course that is to be given this year.

The second of the lecture course series was an elocutionary entertainment by Lee L. Grumbine, on the 25th of January. He came highly recommended, but sorry to say, he failed to win much favor.

On the 19th of January Dr. Heisler gave a reception to the members of the faculty. We understand that a very pleasant time was spent.

Miss Margaret Shoemaker, a former student, is at present visiting Mrs. Garnes, her sister.

Mr. Garth, formerly a student here, will leave in the near future for Pittsburg where he has accepted a position in a large manufacturing firm.

Dr. Heisler assisted Dr. G. W. Enders in celebrating Holy Communion at York. He also conducted Communion services at the Second Lutheran church, Altoona, January 21.

Mr. L. P. Young was called home on January 27 on account of the serious illness of his father. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs gave their first entertainment at Kratzerville, Pa., Feb. 8. On Friday evening, January 26, they rendered a few selections before the societies.

Quite a number of our students attended the masquerade ball in the town hall on the 18th of January. Spig. learned the square dance that evening.

Dr. Focht, of Trinity Lutheran church, delivered a very interesting sermon for children on the 21st ult.

Who knows where Dr. Focht's chickens went on the night of the 26th ult? With preachers living all around him and a Theological Seminary not far off there should not be experienced much trouble in ferreting out the thieves.

YE THAMARD CLUB.

The club made its first appearance on the stage this year on the evening of February 2d. For several weeks previous to this time the members practiced persistently and regularly under the guidance of their excellent instructor, Mrs. Schroyer. The result of this drill was plainly manifest in the creditable way in which each one performed his or her part. Several new members of the club did very well, and we bespeak for them a bright future in the dramatic line.

The subject of the entertainment, "An Evening with Bangs," is sufficient to explain its character. The program opened with "The Bicyclers," one of Bangs' favorites. After some rearranging of scenery the curtain again rose for the rendition of "The Fatal Message." The last time the curtain rose the audience was very agreeably entertained by the excellent performance of one of Mr. Davis's most admired productions, "A Bunch of Roses."

The usual large audience greeted the club at its initial entertainment of this year, and went away very well pleased with the "Amateur Thespians." The "Bangs Evening" was only given by the club as a preliminary to a more substantial play which will be rendered some time later in the year. We are all watching Thamard, for we know she is able to entertain all who come to hear her young Irvings and aspiring Terrys.

Many thanks are due Mrs. R. L. Schroyer for her kindness,

sacrifice and patience in instructing and drilling these amateurs. The students who take part in these dramas must also give much of their valuable time to monotonous practice, before they are ready to appear before the footlights. And we should show our appreciation of their efforts by attending the performances and giving them a chance to entertain us.

SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

At one of their recent meetings the Society of Natural Sciences were favored with an excellent address on the "Natural Resources of the Philippines," by Mr. Ammon Kempfer, a member of the famous Tenth Regiment, which did such noble service in the war with Spain.

Mr. Kempfer, a resident of Selinsgrove, was formerly a student at this Institution, and still has a very high regard for S. U. The audience that greeted him gave evidence of the interest that we manifest in our new possessions and apart from the knowledge derived from literature, we are always anxious to hear from those who have seen the country and can give us just what we want. He also had with him some articles of their manufacture, and some valuable relics which were exhibited to the society.

The members take this means of expressing their thanks to Mr. Kempfer for the services rendered.

To these meetings, which are held every two weeks during the winter months, all students are invited, and we hope those who are eligible will identify themselves with the society, which promises to be an excellent means for acquiring scientific knowledge.

At a recent meeting of the society Messrs. Shambaugh and Strail were elected members of the organization. The following officers were also elected for the year: President, Prof. G. E. Fisher; Vice President, D. J. Snyder; Secretary, H. D. Hoover; Treasurer, Chas. Lambert; Curator, L. P. Young; Correspondent, E. M. Brumgart.

FRESHMAN BANQUET.

When signs and wonders appear in the heavens, such as meteoric showers and shadows on the moon, they are believed to be the portents of some great event about to happen on the earth,

and a feeling of expectancy pervades humanity almost akin to dread. But how ill-timed and misconceived were all the notions of fear that recently filled the atmosphere at S. U.

'Twas whispered among the gods that the "Freshies" were about to hold their banquet, and all the gods and goddesses gave a tumultuous shout of approval, and all the luminaries of the stellar world blazed forth in augmented glory. Propitious fates lent favoring winds, rumor for once had a paralytic stroke, and silently as the day glides into the night, the dauntless "Freshies" gathered at the scene of triumph in the beautiful villa of Adamsburg. Cheer after cheer swelled out on the evening breeze, reverberating among the hills and valleys, and dying in echoes along the shore of the Susquehanna.

The "Sophs," who were just recovering from their holiday debauch, hearing the sound, suspected the cause. Forthwith a cry arose, "The Freshies have flown! Pursue the enemy, spoil the feast!" And through the chilly night air they urged their spavined horse, only to meet with disappointment and chagrin when they reached their destination, for the door was shut and they could not enter.

Meanwhile, within the spacious apartments beauty flitted hither and thither, and ripples of silvery laughter and joyous song chased the fleeting hours. Around the festal board, which was laden with all the good things that go to make up the richest feast, were gathered the members of the class, presenting a scene of beauty such as is rarely seen in these parts. They dined, aye, they feasted, and until appetites were appeased, and eloquence, that innate, unexplainable something in man, stirred in the breasts of the happy participants, when Master of Ceremonies Wise arose and called a toast, and W. I. Zechman responded to "The Spoils of '03." In rapid succession the other speakers gave the following toasts: "Our Professors," S. H. Schoch; "The Future of 1903," Miss Fannie Jacobs; "Our Girls," L. W. Walter; "Class Poem," E. M. Gearhart; "Ich Been Ful," Herr Edward Diehl.

The intellectual feast reached its climax when the Mathematical Oracle, Prof. T. C. Houtz, arose and sent nuggets of thought and flashes of wit scintillating through the crowd, when all arose and gave a mighty cheer, and the festivities ended in a blaze of glory that will ever be remembered by the fortunate class of 1903.

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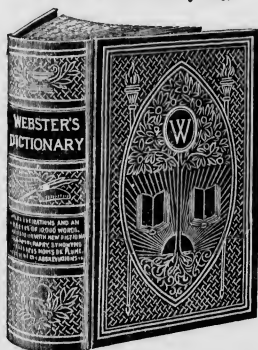
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VOLUME IX.

No. 7.

MARCH,
1900.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY

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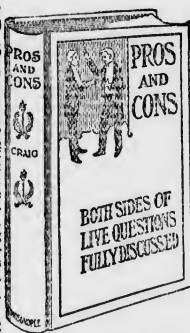
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LITERARY.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?—
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unsoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.—*Selected.*

“Humility is sometimes only pride turned wrong side out, just as you turn a garment and dye it, and refit it.”

THE DEMANDED MAN.

(FOR THE SUSQUEHANNA.)

The number of years a man is old is not a sure index of his usefulness and vivacity. Some men never get old; others are born that way. Some start in behind the world and never catch up; others are always ahead. Some men are never thought of as being old, though they live a hundred years; many others are sought by the politician a couple administrations premature. The maid of forty summers or her coeval opposite can be just as delightful and youthful as when half this age. While this is often called the "young man's age," the old man is not by any means excluded. This fact can be substantiated by what is easily seen. While men older in years are seemingly laid aside, men younger in years are likewise unfortunate. So, also, while prominent positions are occupied by the young man and his senior in years thereupon excluded, yet if all but the young men were retired from the offices of the church and state, were removed from the place their minds occupy in civil, scientific and religious thought, were taken from all the influential stations where they now hold sway, who would not suffer thereby? But this age is, without doubt, more appropriately than any other, called the "young man's age." But why? Or, is there no reason for it? Is the young man forcing his way to the front illegitimately? Is he unfair and inconsiderate of the faithful ones older in years? Or is he simply filling public demand? If he is doing the latter and thus his seniors are crowded out, the people are responsible, and if there is injustice done, the guilt cannot be laid to the charge of the young man.

Every age has its own characteristics. But a glance over history's pages will verify this fact. One peculiarity of this age is that it is an age of activity. It is an industrious age. Idleness is almost synonymous with ignominy. Men are madly rushing on for fame and wealth. People are more anxious to do than to be. It is not how long may I live, but how much? Men wouldn't rejoice much in being a Mathusaleh today, and while he may be thankful that he lived when he did, one today is also grateful that he wasn't Mathusaleh nor his competitor for longevity then or now. Men would be regarded as foolish for living as long now as he did. True, there is not enough time spent in meditation. Neither do men in general want embellished truth nor spend time

in unravelling intricacies. Tears are not so apt to flow through external potions. What people take time for is simple fact and truth. From the pulpit they want not so much the stories of old age and experience, not so much the incidents attendant on a deplorable life, not so much the touching words of dying mothers, not so much the deathbed scenes, but active, energizing divine truth in word and deed. The one seeking the way of salvation doesn't want to know what Jacob did or what Esau didn't do, not what did Zacchaeus or what didn't the young ruler, but "what must I do?" do not for my profit, not that I may be better to my family, a better citizen, accomplish the end of man's existence, but "do to be saved." The briefest answer to the briefest question is the most satisfactory one. Those who seek legal advice want to know the law, and they go for their knowledge where they can get it in the narrowest compass. They want to leave their case in the hands of the best advisers. They leave it there. They stay not for ceremonies and extended illustrated expostulation. While they would tarry, another—a business competitor—might take from them money in a business bargain. The man of any age is the man who meets the demands of that age. The man that meets the demands of this age is the active, energetic man, the man "up and doing with a will for any fate."

This is an age of invention, innovation and improvement. The world is seeking after and content with the novel. As soon as there is an invention patented thousands, perhaps, are setting themselves to its improvement. The lady shopping is enticed within the storeroom by the novelties in the morning show window. The physician wins and holds his patrons by the possession of the latest surgical instruments. The public speaker attracts his audience by the originality and uncommonplaceness of his lecture. The more it differs from the ordinary, the better it suits the tastes and satisfies the demands of the audience. New theories are being constantly originated by the busy scientist. The astronomer is discovering new fields in the starry universe, science is constantly made to take new stands both for and against revelation. Out of threads of truth erroneous veils are being spun that are confusing the sincere, and making the opposers of national and Christian liberty more influential. And with the present advancing means of communicating information, when the most distant adventurer is caught in the act of his adventure by the observer at the centers

of influence, and the remotest rural learns the same day of the deeds of the urban dwellers—the eyes of the man of the age dare not be shut to what is going on before the eyes of the populace. There is danger in the way even of the most wide awake. At every street crossing men may meet him with questions of the day. They'll expect him to prove by what he knows and says that he is conversant on modern questions, on the latest disclosures. If he satisfy not their demands, perchance their curiosity, he is not their man. He is not necessarily regarded as a handy cyclopedia by those making such demand, but he is expected to know at least that the event at hand has taken place and that he has taken a side either of interest or disinterest.

The watchword of our time is culture. People are everywhere attaining unto it to the extent of their means and opportunity. Literature is being more and more widely distributed. The facilities of the public library substitute for the poverty of many homes, so that books are put into the hands of all classes. Everything possible is being done to stimulate educational aspirations, and the effort is blessed in the attainment of the desired object. This ever growing desire for culture must be recognized. Again, there are difficult problems to be solved. To distinguish between false and true is a distinction not easily made. The dividing line is buried often beneath the rubbish of falsehood and error. To seek it out of this mass, piece by piece must be removed only by the strong hand of the careful scholar. On every hand is the discernor lured to depart the task before him ere it is finished. The adversaries of liberty and truth are among the learned. Unorthodoxy and infidelity are heralded by men of superior genius and talent. These are alive, energetic, enthusiastic. They are in the highest seats of learning and there must they be met. Back of the apologist and the counselor of truth, there must be mastery, energy, power of modern type that has taken root simultaneously and grown side by side with the propagators of false doctrine. These are living realities and a deaf ear daren't be turned to the cries of truth for defense and the soul for supplies.

This is an age in which optimism prevails. Is this more so than any other? It doesn't matter much. It is so now and many men fail because of the mourning veil of pessimism that they wear in the world in all seasons of their daily walks. The world is not by any means free from conditions that sober every earnest en-

deavorer in the cause of right, but in this age asceticism merits not the favor and confidence necessary to the removal of the existing causes. Men might practice temperance more than they are wont, but self-denial can't cope with cheerful charity. They might submit more to the yoke of duty and principle, but the submission is more effectual if not regarded as such. The people don't want to know so much of sorrows. The garb of bereavement that fashion has been putting on is being more every day a thing of fashion, and merely that. There are exceptions; many things are discouraging and need to be fought against, but exceptions dare not be taken as the rule. So many talk about the world getting worse and see always the dark side of things, and what do they profit by it? Are they more useful? Do they do more to make the world better? They would if men could be growled into doing better, if they could be driven into cheerful obedience.

There are to us various other features that mark the peculiarities of this age and of no less importance than the foregoing. The work done today is more than ever before among the young. This makes the demand for young men greater. They honor and respect men of the above characteristics, who can stand full of energy and life, eminent on the arena of contest. To meet this requirement the best that study can make of man with the highest opportunities is not too good. But we'll depart this thought.

Such are some of the demands of the age, and to meet these demands you know already, forbearing reader, whom we would say is the demanded man. He is the man who can most satisfactorily do the work, do it in least time, with least display, the easiest and the best. The young man naturally fits in the conditions, but not every young man "naturally fits." But we speak of the diligent one. The student in college today has opportunities that the student a generation since scarcely dreamed of, and they are such as the man in active life can scarcely afford. The library, the laboratory, the various systems for economizing time and material, make the college student almost a man of experience. What a few years past had to be paid for with the price of years of experience, can be had now with meager means or perchance a few hours study. The stimulus of competition is stronger by far than in past years. He is brought to the front and severely tested, measuring swords not infrequently with those of high repute. He gets before the public now even before he is a public man, and thus

when he appears as applicant for his position in life, he appears with the ease and composure of the experienced. And this goes on out with him in the sphere of his labors and it will continue going, and he is promoted from time to time at the expense often of those by years his senior. But after all, is he not simply moving as and where he does by consent of the people? Ought he, as some seem to think, sit down and wait till he gets old to allow those, who through lack of study and broadmindedness have crossed the "dead line," to propagate perchance their biliousness oftentimes as a substitute for religion, contrary to the will of the people?

Whether I am young or old my signature lets you know not; whether small or great it matters not. But this you may know that my youngness doesn't include, nor my oldness exclude me from the list of demanded men. And it does matter whether I am large enough to catch the spirit of the age and be a man of it. It does matter whether I sit down within the narrow confines of a narrow understanding and see everybody and everything wrong but myself and the things of mine. If I am laid on the shelf I'll lay myself there. I will remain useful and respected about as long as I want to.

A NIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

All day the sun had played on the river's waters and on its banks. The birds had sought the shelter of tree and brush, and the fish retreated to some shady pool. The sun had scorched the grass, shrub, tree and stone. But now it is evening; the sky is cloudless; the air soft, moist and refreshing. We step on board the boat, shove the prow from the bank and by gentle strokes are off toward a familiar cove. The harbor is gained and the keel grates on the pebbly bank.

We look up and gaze on a scene such as might have existed in the imagination of an artist. O'erhead is the blue, blue sky. In the west is the great orb of day, who has just completed his travels in his chariot of fire. His last beams fall crosswise upon the broad expanse of Susquehanna's waters, turning them from blue to gold and from gold to blue. The surrounding hills glow with a yellow tint, dotted here and there by tiny specks of a reddish light. Far off in the distance, on the opposite shore, huge masses

of rock are outlined against the sky ; their dark, rugged tops turned into beauty by a veil of radiant hue. The sky above, the realm of the sun's domain, is clothed in a pale blue robe. Slowly flitting across it are a few wandering clouds, deepening into a beautiful amber as they sail westward.

The sun is gone, twilight gone, and now Night sits enthroned, holding her sceptre over the earth. Not a sound is heard save the roar of the eel dams and the gentle lapping of the wavelets at our feet. Not even a bird's chirp breaks the death-like stillness. No breath of wind stirs the leaves, nor causes a ripple on the glassy surface of the water. In the distance the town looms up. Here and there a street light shines and some tardy house lamp sends its gleam into the night. One by one God's gold dust, the stars, come forth, gleaming, twinkling in their background of blue. Jupiter, the herald of night, is 15 degrees high. Orion pursues Taurus, the Pleiades flit before him and far off is the scorpion by whose bite he perished.

Down the river the gig-lanterns dance like fire-flies at a carnival, and the music, ah, what strains! God's hand strikes the keys on the fingerboard of nature and the tune played enters the very tendrils of the human heart. The cricket's chirp, frog's croak, playing leaves, the steady onward rhythmic motion of the water, impeded, oftentimes by trees, rocks, mills, down through gully and valley, over dams, touching town and city, on, on it rolls, racing, rushing, tumbling into the sea, all these unite in the orchestra of night to sing a song of praise. "The evening stars sing together," the heavenly spheres pour forth one mighty anthem, and their song is "God ! God !"

The sun's sister, the moon, careering through the sky, pours down her rays on the water, and a thousand fantastic shapes loom up before us. The hills tower, circle after circle, in the background. On their tops and sides the leaves of the trees are glinted and their shadows play with the silvery waves.

Far above, a whitish mist rolls, and descending to the valleys, envelops all in its fleecy cloud. At the same time the lustre of the heavens gives way to a lighter tint, that stretches far and wide over the moon's realm. The subtle chill and delicate odor of the morning steals softly across the water and fans our cheeks. A bird rising from a field nearby pours forth its delicious melody. The stars disappear one by one, the moon recedes, and the first mists of early dawn herald the coming of day.

THE PASSING OF THE AVENGER.

The wildwoods were green, and the forest rang with the music of the woodland songsters. The mountains, a mass of verdure which deepened into a dreamy blue in the distance, reared their summits toward the clouds. Mystery brooded there. Mystery and silence. Within its dark recesses is felt the presence of the great Pan. The plaintive melody of his pipes is heard in the rustling of the reeds on the banks of the babbling mountain brook.

In the midst of a beautiful sylvan scene in the heart of the Black Forest, one of the few garden spots of Nature in the northern part of this state which the hand of the destroyer has not yet effaced, on the side of a gently sloping hill, stood a rustic cottage. Although constructed of logs, the manner of its structure and its surroundings denoted a refined taste. Evidences of care were everywhere visible. Flowers bloomed in profusion, but in symmetrical arrangement and harmony of color.

The interior of the cottage was en rapport with the exterior. There was a small but cozy study filled with books, and even my lady's boudoir was not forgotten.

The sun had set and the night winds were whispering through the pines. The gentle zephyrs kissed the roses and wafted their fragrance far and wide. Through the open casement came the beautiful strains of the 2nd Mazourka. The tones came tremblingly through, expressing the infinite longings of the heart for something it knows not what, and sank in a low sob like a troubled soul seeking for the peace it can never find. The moon was just rising over yonder mountain, and a veil of moonlight fell upon the forest and flowers, while here and there long shafts of silvery light penetrated the tangled underwood. It seemed like a magical scene cunningly woven by fairy fingers.

To this paradise had come early in the spring a man and a woman. To the true metropolitan the country with its endless variety of landscape soon palls and there seemed to be a sinister motive in coming to these wilds. There was a past which followed on their footsteps like a Nemesis. In this secluded spot they might bury the skeleton that so persistently intruded upon them.

The little mountain streams purling over the rocks abounded

with trout, and many idle hours they passed away enticing the speckled beauties from the sparkling depths. When the shadows of evening had fallen they played the piano or sat beneath some rose-embowered spot and sang old college songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. During the day when not engaged in hunting or fishing, they roamed through the interminable forests. The grand old monarchs of the forest had interlaced their tops, and as they strolled beneath the arches of this, Nature's magnificent cathedral, their hearts grew sad, and in spite of their efforts, Remorse peered from behind leafy boughs.

As their hearts grew gay they called each other Adam and Eve. What if they were thrust out of the garden. Did not this little Paradise more than atone for all they had left behind? What was honor to them if they could remain here and bask in the sunshine of each other's love?

"Is this not divine?" asked she as they sat beneath a bower in the gloaming, her head nestled upon his shoulder. "The vesper bells are ringing now back at the old home," she continued, "and one can scarcely refrain from listening for them, there is such a feeling of expectancy here. How I dreaded to come, as I thought, into exile, and deemed it heroic to make the sacrifice. But it is so different. It seems as though the gates of heaven had opened for us. This is so much better than the old life. There the finger of scorn would be pointed at us."

The man paused a moment and then answered sadly, "Yes, we expected that. For love's sake you left all and braved ignominy and shame. We shall remain here until the incident of our flight shall have been forgotten, then we will leave, and under the sunny skies of Italy or amidst the vineyards of Spain begin a new life."

"Yes," she answered, "anywhere only so that we can forget the past and him." And she shuddered as she said this. Who was he whose name she feared to utter? Back in the great busy world they had left was a heart-broken man who had loved this siren. He had wooed and won her and had given her all the love of a passionate nature. He had been poor, but after a bitter struggle he had found his way to affluence, and with rosy-colored dreams of the future he devoted himself to his heart's idol—his wife. A beautiful and stately mansion, filled with all the appointments that taste and money could command, was his tribute

to his love. They lived for several years in apparent happiness, but one day the tempter entered in the shape of an old college friend of his. He trusted this friend implicitly, but the human heart is often deceitful, and one morning he awoke to find that his beautiful wife and trusted friend had flown.

There are some persons whose temperaments are so peculiarly constituted that they will go to extremes. His great love was turned into hate, and the desire for vengeance became his ruling passion. Patiently and unwearingly he dogged their footsteps. Beware when the avenger comes !

Tonight as they sat musing, the image of her wronged husband persistently haunted her, and suddenly she asked, "What if he should come here?" and she shivered. The man laughed uneasily, and his hand involuntarily sought his pocket as he answered, "Do not alarm yourself with idle fears. Who would dream of looking for us in such a lonely, secluded spot?"

But summer waxed and waned, and the forests are clothed in a scarlet mantle, with here and there a great splash of crimson. The air was delightful and balmy during the day, but the evening winds moan with an uneasy sense of cold. The roses drooped their beautiful heads and the angel of the north wind touched them ever so lightly and they fell asleep. The leaves rustling from the trees and drifting about in the teeth of the gale looked like spectres flitting about in the darkness.

It was an evening late in Autumn. The clouds had been gathering, and ever and anon the wind, the vanguard of the storm, came out of the forest with a sweep and swirl. The sky, which had been of a dull gray color, now changed to an intense blackness as the evening grew apace. Adam and Eve, as they had gaily styled themselves, were sitting by the fireside, where a great fire of logs sputtered and sparkled merrily. They were not in a talkative mood tonight, but were busy with their thoughts. Eve had an indefinable feeling as though some one was gazing intently at her. Her eyes wandered to the window and—was it only a trick of the imagination that led her to fancy she had seen the semblance of a human countenance pressed against the window pane, and which had been quickly withdrawn? Although she watched she could not dismiss that sense of fear which oppressed her.

The cathedral clock on the mantel boomed ten times, and then

they retired. But sleep came not to her eyes. A strange wind came from out of the west. It blustered and whistled around the corners, and the cottage was full of murmurs and moanings and sighings. Occasionally the wind would dash down the glen with a wild shriek like the wild huntsman sounding his horn with hounds in full cry.

Her senses were unusually acute to-night, and several times she thought she heard noises in the cottage, but tried to console herself with the assurance that they were the effects of the wind, and when once she heard the creak of the stairs her heart almost stood still from fear. But, heavens! what is that tall, phantom like object that approaches the bed? She tries to scream, but her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth. She was paralyzed with horror. She saw a gaunt face and gleaming eyeballs. It seemed to have a terrible fascination for her. It stooped and hissed in her ear, "The wages of sin is death." There was a dull thud, and she fell back stiff in the arms of death. Another time the knife flashed and another soul was hurried into eternity. Adam and Eve again left Paradise, for which they had risked so much. They had tried and failed. The avenger, taking the dagger, inscribed roughly on the wall in characters of blood, "Vengeance is mine."

Four years afterward two prospectors came down the ravine and found the cottage, the existence of which had not been suspected in the world outside. The roses were again in bloom, and their fragrance was scattered through the forest. The prospectors entered the cottage and found two skeletons lying on the bed. A grace grave was scooped out beneath a leafy bower, and the bones were laid in the bosom of old mother earth.

At the same time in a small cottage in the suburbs of Paris a man was tossing about feverishly on a bed of sickness. Outside there were also roses in bloom, and the dewy night hung heavy with their odor, and the zephyrs, stealing through the open window, bore on their wings perfumes that would have rivaled the incense laden breezes of Araby. The man had been delirious for some days, and now in his delirium he muttered incoherently, "The wages of sin is death."

Again the strange, low wind came out of the west and wafted a wearied and dying soul to regions where the flowers are blooming forevermore, and all is peace and rest. The Avenger had passed by.

F. E. S.-'02.

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

Your correspondent has, during the month of February, managed to thaw out the following items of news for the information of those interested in the Theological Department:

The wisdom of the separation of the classes becomes more apparent as the work advances. The men have more time to handle original work in the class room since the change, and all things can be done more on a basis of equality. The members of the class in Church History are writing theses on different phases of this work.

In Theoretical Homiletics, the members of the class are required to bring original criticisms of some length on certain sermons of celebrated preachers. This is a good practical application of the theories learned regarding the excellent points and the weak ones as well in the composition of sermons.

The class enjoyed the presence of Dr. Reimensnyder, of New York, at one of the lectures recently.

Rev. Dr. Weber and Rev. Chas. Brosius, of Sunbury, were also recent visitors whose call we very much appreciate.

Pres. Heisler preached at Carlisle on February 4, and at Hughesville on the 25th.

Mr. I. H. Wagner, of the Middle class, has for some time been at home, being called to the bedside of his sister who is stricken with typhoid fever. We are glad to hear a report of improvement in her condition.

Mr. Stabely, '00, preached for Rev. Guss at Marysville on February 18.

Mr. C. B. Harman filled the pulpit of the General Council church at Turbotville on February 4.

Mr. Cooper and family visited their future home in the White Deer charge near Montgomery on February 18.

The congregation supplied by S. U. Carpenter has recently added some repairs to their church property.

Mr. H. H. McMurtrie, '01, visited an uncle in Hazleton recently.

Mr. H. C. Erdman, '02, visited his parents on February 25.

Mr. C. M. Nicholas, Mr. Wolgemuth, Mr. Zimmerman and S. N. Carpenter were away on a two weeks' trip with the Glee Club recently. Our department seems to be blessed with an unusually large percentage of the men who make music, furnishing four out of thirteen members of the club.

ED.

"THE GIRLS' DEPARTMENT."

While we are lamenting the decadence of our literary societies, we might do well to ask ourselves whether the girls of Susquehanna ought not to concern themselves in this matter. It is a fact that not only the college boys, but the college girls as well, do not seem alive to their duty in this respect, or there would not be so many vacant seats in the society halls on Friday evening. There seems to be a disposition on the part of the girls to let the boys manage the societies, and to waive their own rights and privileges. Now in these advanced days it is almost, if not equally, as important for a woman to learn to speak well in public as for a man, and the girl who allows the opportunity to acquire this accomplishment to slip by, will certainly regret it later. While the weather may sometimes be disagreeable, still there are very few Friday evenings when it is utterly impossible to come out, and for your own sakes, for the sake of the boys, of the societies, and of our college, rouse yourselves, girls, come and do your part and use your influence with others.

On February 24 the girls of the University were delightfully entertained by Miss Heisler at her home.

We are glad to hear that Miss Besse Ulrich, who has been ill, is improving and we hope soon to have her in our midst again.

The prospects for a great many more girls during the Normal term are very bright. This is largely due to our Glee Club's advertisement while on their trips.

E. D. S., '00.

PREPARATORY.

With all the varieties known to the weather bureau and with all the different atmospheric combinations and barometric complications known to Aeolus, "rex furentium ventorum ac nimborum," the month of February has finished its allotted time upon the stage of existence, and has yielded to a worthy successor, March.

February, although the shortest month in the year, seems to have been especially favored in the distribution of natal honors of our greatest Presidents, and we believe that every Prep. is grateful for the observance of these days if not for the history of the glorious lives and noble example these men have left behind them. Washington is rightly called the "Father of Our Country," and as a parent he has bequeathed as a heritage to every true American the lofty example and noble precepts of a useful life, but then the question arises in our minds, if Washington is the "Father of Our Country," what relation is he to Cuba and the Phillipines? The most satisfactory conclusion we can come to is that he is a step-father to them; but this is an open question and everybody can settle it to suit themselves.

Much has already been said concerning the greatness of Lincoln, who first beheld the universe on a dark, turbulent February day, and how strikingly symbolical of his whole career was the condition of the weather on his natal day. Born amid the raging storms of winter, he battled with and conquered all the obstacles of poverty and obscurity, and his giant form and massive intellect, so nobly sacrificed upon his country's altar, were attributable alone to the gigantic struggles that so often convulsed them, and although he does not shine forth from among the famous heroes of our nation's history as its Father, yet he bears the equally merited and honored title of its Preserver and of one of its noblest sons.

February has also left with us the sackcloth and ashes of Lent. Although the rigidity of the Lenten season is not so closely observed by the Protestants, yet some of the boarding clubs in college towns offer excellent opportunities for strict forbearance in the matter of eating and drinking, and it seems that some of our Preps. in the excess of their religious application have deprived themselves of the worldly pleasures of attending class, while others, in order to bring themselves into better associations and companionship, have been holding interesting meetings in the President's office, by special request.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a school that had a great many Preps. in it, and among these Preps. were two or three big, strong fellows, who grew very restless under the restraint placed upon them by the Faculty. So one night they got a big wagon wheel and about half past ten began to roll it up and down the hallway.

Pretty soon the Principal, being disturbed by the noise, sneaked down the stairs to catch them, and one of them seeing him lit a match to see who he was and thus betrayed his own identity and that of his companions, and the next day they were up before the Faculty. Moral, don't be inquisitive.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, MARCH, 1900.

(Entered at the Selinsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selinsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.

EDITORIAL

It is certainly true that a knowledge of human nature is an important factor in attaining that phenomenal success which often crowns the persistent efforts of the patient toiler. And to him who would have power over any number of his fellow beings, this knowledge is absolutely indispensable. Hence it is natural for a college professor to urge the students to study man. On the other hand the young man who makes honest efforts to know human nature is wise, and can be assured that he is on the road many successful men before him have trod. And seeing the deplorable mistakes, indiscreet actions and fatal blunders that are being made each day because of an ignorance of human nature, we cannot help but recognize this ignorance as the iron bar that often securely bolts the door that leads to overwhelming success.

But there is another side to this matter—one which is very seldom considered. We talk about knowing man that we may control him. Why? We look forward to the day we shall be able to direct the power of the masses, frame their opinions and make their laws. Why? We expect to sway great audiences by our

oratory. Why? We expect to win man by certain actions and direct his talents by certain methods. Why? Why am I seeking a knowledge of human nature? Ah, it is the motive behind the knowledge that foretells success or failure. To be a successful quack in this era one must have a perfect knowledge of man. Is this the height of our ambition? Are we seeking this knowledge to gratify our own wishes, or to reach our own selfish ends? Do we intend to use our knowledge of human nature to harm a fellow being, to creep upon him Iago like, and change love and bliss to hate and jealousy, purity and innocence to blackness and sin? Like Edmund we may not intend to go very far, only falsify this or misrepresent that to further our end in view, but where will we stop—better where can we stop when once thoroughly possessed by the spirit of Lady Macbeth? And this spirit does not fall upon us like a cloak, nor can we extricate ourselves from its clutches as we loosen a girdle about our waist. That little misguided motive is the start, and it grows very rapidly if it receives the proper nourishment from avarice, jealousy and selfishness. The motive then determines whether or not we ought to have this knowledge. It would have been a thousand times better for Othello and his innocent wife had the satanic villain who murderously destroyed their bliss been ignorant of the nature of man.

But because some have had this knowledge and misused it is no argument that we should not strive to acquire it. Rather that we should be perfect in it, that by having the right motives we may have power over others for good; that we may bring good will and patience to those about us and thus make some soul happy; that we may use the power that comes through a knowledge of human nature to uplift the race, spread civilization, establish more firmly than ever the principles of unvarnished truth, and thus dispel the black clouds of superstition and sin and prevent the terrible suffering these deadly agents of darkness bring to the hearts and minds of the ignorant and misguided classes of the human race.

THE college reading room is more thoroughly equipped with both daily and weekly newspapers than it has ever been in the past. And almost every chair in the room is filled by a reader during the hours when the room is open. Yet it must be confessed that too many of the student body are ignorant of the current events of the day. Very few are able to discuss, with certain

knowledge, the Phillipine question or the South African outbreak. The cause of this ignorance is twofold. Too few read the newspapers, and those who do neglect the important columns for the exciting accounts of tragedy or the much sought sporting page.

It is very well to watch the sporting news and hurriedly read the accounts of tragedies, but the important issues, literary, scientific, civil and religious should first engage our attention. Not only is it important to know the current events of the day to be well informed, but to the student of history an accurate knowledge of the workings of the nations is indispensable, while students of chemistry and psychology both find excellent illustrations of cause and effect in the varied occurrences that are making the history of the day. Every student who keeps his eyes open and mind ready for impressions will find something in the daily events of the present to illustrate some theory of the classroom, and at the same time receive additional knowledge upon the subject under consideration.

To receive the proper benefit from newspaper reading, the individual must use judgment and read only those things which will be helpful, avoiding those things which will be useless, and in many cases hindrances to his progress. Equally important as the use of judgment is the use of a note book, or where the paper is his own, the use of a scissors. One of America's most prominent and successful novelists gathered many clippings of seemingly unimportant events of his day. And when about to begin a new work, all the clippings he had were brought into use, for from these bits of public events he built his excellent plots. In this perhaps lay the secret of his success, for though he wrote fiction its foundation was truth and thus it was natural and real. In the same way ministers, lawyers and teachers may derive material to prove, elucidate or illustrate a point they desire to establish in the minds of others. Thus we should read carefully the events of each day, and besides studying the cause of each, secure facts which we can use in after life.

DURING last month our Glee Club made a very successful trip. In a way they deserve success in return for the many hours the members spent in practice. It means a good time to belong to any of the musical clubs in the college, but it also means faithful practice, and many little sacrifices of pleasure while the clubs are in training, preparatory to making a trip. A full account of the hap-

penings on their trip will be given in another column by one of the lucky members.

BEFORE the next issue of THE SUSQUEHANNA perhaps we shall have left the institution to spend our Easter vacation. Some will go to their homes and experience the dear joys of a reunited family. Others will visit relatives and friends. But wherever we go may we keep old Susquehanna fresh in mind and heart. The best way to advertise our institution is to rightly represent her to the world. We may by gentlemanly conduct and a few words of truth about the college life, and our noble, self-sacrificing professors at this institution, influence some young man or young lady to come here to college. We would not only be giving due honor to our kind teachers, whose personal interest in their students has done us so much good, but we would be helping Susquehanna, which we all love. We would not only be aiding our college, but doing a great good for those whom we influence to cast their lot with us.

And yet while we ought to try to secure new students we should not tell of the advantages, location and worth of our institution for the simple reason of trying to induce people to come here to school. We should tell these things because they are true, because we owe it to the college that has and is doing so much for us. Therefore wherever we may go to spend our vacation, or whenever we leave the college walls and meet the outside world, at our homes or abroad, may our love for old Susquehanna make us properly represent her, and thus may we not only win many friends, but also influence many to join us in our search for knowledge and truth.

DURING the last month Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, D. D., of New York City, gave several excellent lectures in the University chapels and in the College church. The student body take this means of expressing their appreciation to the Doctor for his powerful addresses. Dr. Remensnyder is a thinker and a scholar. He was very well acquainted with the subjects upon which he spoke. He deserved larger audiences than greeted him, and those who did not come out to hear the lectures missed a treat. Dr. R. made many friends during his short stay with us and we hope he will soon call again.

"THE special attention of Christian physicians, medical students, nurses and other workers, is called to the International

Order of the Double Cross, a new order founded in New York, January 1, 1900. Full explanations, account of inaugural meeting, purposes and plans of the order, etc., will be found in the January number of the *Double Cross and Medical Missionary Record* to be found in the reading room of this College. Those desiring a copy of the journal for January can obtain one by sending *three cents* to the office, 121 East 45th street, New York.

GEORGE D. DOWKNOTT, M. D., Editor."

SOCIETIES

CLIO.

The monthly term is done once more and we are so much nearer the goal toward the gaining of which our every effort is directed.

In this issue we desire to call the attention of every Clio wherever he or she may be, to a few things which are intended only for the good of the society, but which will perhaps meet with some very severe criticism. However this may be, we do not think it right that in the face of circumstances as they are at present, only the brighter side of Clio should be turned to public gaze, when by the turning of the other side it too may be made bright and luminous.

Is Clio going down? Most sincerely we answer, we hope not. But when on Friday evenings so few gather to respond to their names, when it seems impossible to make out a program that can be carried out in its entirety, when even on election night but fifteen votes are cast, then we say it is time to ask, Is Clio going down? And at the very best the answer is but doubtful.

Why is this the case? There are very many elements that go to make up a successful career whether it be of individuals or of organized bodies. One of these is fidelity, another is perseverance, and a third is energy. *Mentalis ordo* has, we fear, been lost sight of too often. There should be no higher incentive needed for a faithful performance of duty than the thought that at the end the victor's meat will be an intellect well rounded and well developed. This cannot be accomplished by spasmodic spurts, each of which is followed by an interval of retrogression, but the advance must be constant. Each week must tell of victories gained or defeats suffered; there is no middle ground. Growth in the physical world is only healthy when it is steady and constant, and

none the less is this true in the spiritual world. May we not believe that the intellectual world presents no exception?

But side by side with fidelity and perseverance must be energy. In the race for existence the folded hands and dreaming eyes will be left far behind; for as the twentieth century opens it reveals high places, but these are to be attained only by those who are ready to throw themselves into the mad whirl of life and battle: by those with that indomitable energy which always characterizes the victor, the lack of which, the conquered. Let every true Clio now rise in his might and unitedly strive to raise his society up to that high plane she so justly deserves. Victory *must* reward honest effort.

At the last meeting of society the following officers were elected: President, L. P. Young; Vice-President, H. Haas; Secretary, O. R. Barret; Critics, Weeter and R. Z. Burns; Editors, U. Guss and C. Swank; Factotum, Reynolds.

ROBERT BURNS.

PHILO.

The session of February 2 was postponed on account of the Ye Thamard Club entertainment in the opera house.

It always affords us the keenest sense of pleasure to record the names of new members. Mr. George Marks, Selinsgrove, Pa., has linked his destiny with that of Philo and henceforth will march under her banner. We welcome him to our midst and wish him the highest success on the rostrum. Mr. Marks is a member of 1903.

Barbe, H. K. accompanied the Glee Club on their trips as advance agent. This fact accounts for the large audiences that greeted the boys in the various towns.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Pres., George S. Schoch; Vice-Pres., Breimeier, E.; Secretary, Wagenseller, Frank; Cor. Sec'y, Snyder; Treasurer, Haus; Editor, Miss Focht; Asst. Editor, Schoch, Silas; Critic, Harman, H. E.; Asst. Critic, Shambaugh; Monitor, Weis, S.

The programs for the past month were unusually good and were well rendered, the majority of the performers being present. We desire to make special mention of the debate on the evening of February 23 which was a very spirited one. The question,

"Should Women be Admitted to the Bars of Justice," was debated by Miss Focht and Miss Gortner on the affirmative and C. B. Harman and Ralph Wagenseller for the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Quite a number of our active members were absent with the Glee Club. We missed their presence very much.

Mr. William Price, the University's latest find in the line of guitar players, was at home when the Glee Club gave their concert in Hughesville.

Thanks to the efforts of President Heisler the library has become more than a mere museum of antiquated literature, and now a good supply of modern fiction is found upon the shelves. It is very gratifying to observe the increased interest taken by the undergraduates in the reading of standard literature. The strenuous efforts of the president in the acquisition of books for the library should be strongly seconded by the literary societies. They can be a powerful factor in work of this nature.

FRANK E. SHAMBAUGH.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Williamsport, February 22-25, was one of great spiritual power and blessing, declared by those present to have been the best yet held, both as to attendance and results. It is impossible to give anything like a full report of this gathering in the limited space allotted to us, and we just mention a few things in connection with the program which were of special importance.

The convention opened Thursday afternoon of the 22d, and Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, struck the key note of the assembly in his masterly address on the subject, "The Supremacy of the Word." He very ably showed how the Word of God is supreme in literature, in the revelation of God, in philosophy and history, in superiority of its code of morals, in its method of salvation, in the reformation of human life, and in its supremacy over all antagonism of every form as an indestructible book.

The address on Thursday evening by John R. Mott on the subject of "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation," was one of great power, carrying conviction with it. The evangelization of the world does not mean the conversion of the same

in this generation, but that the Word shall be preached to all the world with such power and fullness that the responsibility will rest upon those who hear and not upon the church. Mr. Mott also made a second address on Friday morning, emphasizing the need for a revival of the evangelistic spirit in the Associations. The apostolic methods are still the methods with which to draw souls to Christ. The Association was formed for the purpose of reaching out after men. We must follow Christ and press out for the larger things. At the college conference Mr. Mott spoke, and brought to the attention of the students present, some very plain facts in regard to Association work in colleges.

The addresses of Dr. Pierson on the subjects, "The Work of the Son," and "The Work of the Spirit," were wonderful revelations of the Word of God, and the vast audiences who listened so intently received such a vision of Christ and of the work of the Spirit as had never before been realized by them. The address to the delegates on Sunday morning by Dr. Pierson on the subject of "Holiness and Service," was one of mighty power and conviction. Among other things he said, "There are four steps in holiness—1, clean; 2, right; 3, holy; 4, free. A clean heart is the absolute renunciation of sin. The right spirit is the spirit in which the love of God is enthroned. Righteousness enthrones the law, holiness enthrones the Lord. The one is the law outside of the man to which he conforms, and the other is the law within the man. The law commands but does not enable; grace enables but does not command. Holiness leads to spontaneous obedience, freedom leads to spontaneous service. If you have the freedom of spirit you will have no difficulty in your service. We goad ourselves into service, but true service is spontaneous. Renunciation is the first fruit of service. If you are the child of God and the Spirit dwells in you, He sanctifies you and all your work. If you are filled with the Holy Spirit nothing but the Spirit can pour from you. No effort is needed, the Spirit will come spontaneously. If sin is in you, nothing but sin will come out. Holiness consists of being taken possession of by the Spirit of God. The Spirit is offered you and all you have to do is to take it, but there must be no hindrance. A little thing that is wrong and has not been set right may stand between us and all blessings."

Stirring addresses were made during the convention by T. S. McPheeters, of St. Louis, Mo., J. S. Harris, president of the Phil-

adelphia and Reading railway, and many others. The men's meeting on Sunday afternoon, which was addressed by George G. Maby, of Scranton, was wonderful in the manifestation of the presence and power of the Spirit of God, one hundred or more men being converted, and also the boy's meeting, which was held the same hour, resulted in about eighty boys giving their hearts to the Lord. It was a day long to be remembered in many lives; a pentacostal time, when God manifested Himself in great power. The farewell service at the close of the convention Sunday evening was one of great impressiveness. So earnest and anxious were the delegates to testify to the power of God to save and to keep, that it was near midnight when the convention adjourned.

The secret of this wonderful gathering was due to the fact that all over this state earnest, devoted men were praying and came up to the convention with great faith, and the blessing was not withheld. It was the mount of transfiguration, where the delegates caught a larger view of Christ and have gone back to live lives of obedient service for the Master.

The number of delegates present was 578, and of this number 121 represented college associations in the state.

At a recent business meeting of the local association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. P. Young; Vice-President, J. H. Newhauser; Recording Secretary, L. R. Hause; Corresponding Secretary, Bruce Burkhardt; Treasurer, C. O. Frank; Ostiary, William Price.

EXCHANGES.

The *Free Lance*, of February, contains a story, "His Chum's Sister," by W. M. Schnure, a citizen of Selinsgrove, and a former student of Susquehanna, who, while pursuing a scientific course at State, still retains loyalty for his first love. The story, as one who knows the author would at once surmise, is a railroad yarn, its title being to some extent a misnomer, as the girl element is only introduced "to fill up," and the love element, usually considered essential in stories of this grade, is left entirely to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. As a description of railroad customs, signal system, etc., it is decidedly realistic, for in this realm the author is perfectly at home. The scene of the story is laid at

Selinsgrove Junction, and the old place is idealized just enough to make it fit in nicely.

The *Western University Courant* contains an able defense of the modern jury system. Our embryo lawyers will find it solid reading.

We are receiving at present a High School daily from Indianapolis. It is a bright, newsy little paper.

The literary tone of the *S. U. I. Quill* has very much improved since it first came to our table.

" 'Evolution,' quoth the monkey,
Makes of all mankind our kin,
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads you win."—*Ex.*

The *Spectator* reminds us that February has given birth to the following list of great men: Lincoln, Washington, McKinley, Landseer, Longfellow, Lowell, Ruskin and Edison.

' Buxom boy,
Cigarettes,
Little grave,
Violets."—*Roanoke Collegian.*

We have just added the *Reformatory Record*, published at Huntingdon, Pa., to our exchange list and find complimentary mention of THE SUSQUEHANNA in the last issue. We are glad to be able to return the compliment. The paper embraces the departments of news and literature and gives an excellent insight of the work done at the institution. While we cannot conscientiously recommend the place to our students, yet we can say truthfully that they might go further and fare worse.

PARTING.

"Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me;
But in the short-lived parting space,
The cadence of felicity.

So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint falling tone
Divides the silence from the song.

—JOHN ERSKINE.

In East and West.

Ex. Column Dartmouth Lit.

The February number of the *Midland* is a special one. It is in honor of the oratorical contest of the Inter-Collegiate Association of Kansas, and is replete with good things.

The *College Forum*, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa., makes its first appearance on our table this month. It is a neat little publication and the only fault we can find is that there is not quite enough of it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'62. (Sem.) The management of the journal received an appreciated remittance from one of our loyal Alumni, Rev. M. L. Shindel, of Danville, Pa. He says in his letter, "It gives me pleasure to say that I am delighted with the monthly visits of THE SUSQUEHANNA."

'64. (Sem.) The offerings for January of St. Mark's Lutheran church at St. Louis, Mo., Rev. M. Rhodes D. D., pastor, amounted to \$208.70. This shows the prosperous condition of the Doctor's church.

'72. (Sem.) Rev. H. C. Haithcox, D. D., lives in the best parsonage in Kansas; it is situated on the best street in Abilene. His faithful and enterprising aid society are responsible for his comfortable and beautiful home.

'72. (Sem.) Rev. S. G. Shannon, the successful pastor of Bethany church, Philadelphia, has been doing excellent work. He recently held a service in the interests of missions which was addressed by a return missionary.

'72. (Sem.) Rev. A. K. Zimmerman preached in the German Lutheran church at Wilkes-Barre on Sunday, February 25.

'79. (Sem.) Rev. J. A. Wirt, D. D., the honored president of the Iowa Synod, recently assisted the pastor of the Mission church, at Fort Madison, Ia., in holding some special meetings.

'79. (Sem.) Rev. Isaac Krider, of Duncansville, conducted communion services in the Lutheran church at Newry, Pa., February 25.

'81. (Sem.) Rev. G. W. Fortney, of Turbotville, preached two inspiring sermons January 28 at the dedication of Bethel church, Hyde Park, Pittsburg Pa.

'82. Miss Katie Ehrhart will make her future home in Hanover, Pa., residing with her brother Charles E. Ehrhart, Esq., the hustling lawyer.

'82. (Sem.) Rev. M. L. Melich, the wide awake pastor of the growing church at Fort Madison, Iowa, has had encouraging suc-

cess. A goodly number of accessions were made during the last month through special meetings and his catechetical class.

'84. (Sem.) The address of Rev. H. McClintic has been changed from Rainsburg, Pa., to New Springfield, O., his new pastorate. A grand reception was given him upon his arrival. And the members of his congregations presented an expensive and useful gift in the form of a set of harness to their new pastor.

'86. Rev. John Weidley made a very impressive and instructive address on foreign missions at a recent gathering in "Old Trinity," Allegheny, held in memory of Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Simon.

'86. "The Endeavorers of Rev. J. Weidley's congregation, Pittsburg, Pa., have issued a valuable vest pocket directory for the use of the members of the society and church, and it is proving a very great assistance in their work.—*Lutheran Evangelist*.

'90. Mrs. Rev. F. S. Shultz, of Johnstown, was recently visiting home friends in this place.

'90. (Sem.) Rev. S. E. Bateman, of Philadelphia, spent Wednesday, February 28, with his parents at this place.

'91. (Sem.) A crayon portrait of Rev. D. A. Day, D. D., the self-sacrificing missionary to Africa, was unveiled and presented to the Lutheran church at Middleburg. The pastor, Rev. D. E. McClain, is an earnest worker and held in high esteem in his church and community.

'92. (Sem.) Rev. W. H. Hilbish, of McClure, Pa., has resigned his charge, known as the "Middle Creek Charge." His resignation will take effect April 1.

'93. Mr. Charles O. Gangler has purchased a share in the marble yards and monumental works, owned and operated by the late M. L. Miller. The new firm is doing a rushing business.

'93. Harry P. Alleman, who is engaged in the railroad enterprise at Philadelphia, spent a few days with his parents in town a short time ago.

'96. (Sem.) Rev. J. C. Fasold, of Jersey Shore, Pa., spent Sunday, February 18, visiting his father-in-law, Mr. P. S. Albert, on the Isle of Que.

'96. (Sem.) Rev. P. E. Bergeman, pastor at Lilly, Pa., has received a call to Wilkes-Barre, to succeed Rev. Carl Zinsmeister.

'96. Rev. Wm. S. Ulrich has accepted a unanimous call to the "Bethlehem Parish," Scenery Hill, Washington Co., Pa. The best wishes of his many friends at this place go with him to his field of work.

'97. (Sem.) Rev. F. J. Matter, we understand, has accepted a call to the Manorville charge. May he have abundant success in his work at Manorville.

'97. (Sem.) Rev. W. M. Rearick was visiting in Lewisburg last month. "He has served a pastorate of three years for the congregations at Cowan, Mazeppa and White Deer. He is doing a good work, and stands high in the esteem of his church and community."—*Ex.*

'97. William B. Nipple is engaged in the manufacturing interests of this place. He is foreman of the new knitting mills.

'98. Mr. I. H. Wagner, the editor of this department, is at his home by the bedside of a sick sister at the time of writing.

'98. Miss Minnie Gortner, of town, spent a very pleasant time visiting friends in Kreamer a short time ago.

'98. Speaking of Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin's church in Chicago the *Observer* remarks: "There were three substantial accessions at the January communion. Pastor MacLaughlin has just concluded a series of four special Sunday evening sermons, which have been well attended. An interesting catechetical class is being prepared for confirmation. The pastor has issued a neat folder, giving programs of services during the Lenten and Easter season."

'98. (Sem.) The Northumberland charge under the efficient leadership of its pastor, Rev. C. R. Botsford, has been doing very good work. During the last year \$3,000 were raised for local expenses and benevolence.

'98. Mr. William K. Bastian, who is at present reading law, quite royally entertained the members of the Musical clubs during their stay at Muncy.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. W. B. Lahr, pastor of St. Luke's, Williamsport, Pa., has accepted the appointment of the Home Mission Board, and will go to Cleveland, O., in the near future to take charge of the Christian Endeavor Mission church at that place. THE SUSQUEHANNA wishes him God's speed in the good work.

'99. (Sem.) Rev. George O. Ritter recently added six members to his church at Chapman, Kan. We are glad to hear the encouraging reports that come to us from Rev. Ritter's work in the west.

'99. Mr. Charles A. Goss, according to the latest reports, is attending a business college at Cleveland, O.

'99. Mr. Cyril H. Haas has been elected secretary of the In-

ternational Order of the Double Cross, which has its headquarters in New York City. At present the order represents twelve different countries of the globe as follows: United States, Great Britain, Canada, Russia, Germany, Poland, Africa, India, China, Japan, Korea and the West Indies.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

We voice the sentiment of the student body when we say that the weather bureau officials should furnish us some good reliable weather. As it is, we enjoy a nice clear cold day, the next it snows and blows, then it thaws and the following day the heavens open and flood us with a deluge. We think a change of administration in this department would be advisable. The end of last month saw us go to town afoot and yet we reached our destination by water. But despite this fact, we are triumphantly moving toward the end of this, our second term of this present scholastic year.

The student body has had the opportunity of listening to two very highly interesting and instructive lectures since our last issue. The first was given by Rev. Delk on the subject, "Deeds Not Words." The Reverend is a fine lecturer and won the admiration of the large audience present. The second was by our own President, Dr. Heisler. He had as his subject, "Ben Hur," and very forcibly and intelligently did he bring forth the purport of the work. Dr. Heisler is a very pleasant and highly gifted speaker.

We understand that Rev. A. N. Warner, of Northumberland, Pa., the financial secretary of Susquehanna, intends to move to town in the spring so that he may be in better touch with the institution.

A new industry has been added to our town lately. A knitting factory has been put into operation with William Nipple, '97, S. U., as manager. They at present employ about 30 hands, with prospects of an increase in the near future.

John and George Schoch were in Philadelphia February 12-16, for a few days' vacation.

We are sorry to mention the death of Prof. J. I. Woodruff's father-in-law since our last issue.

Mrs. Elmer Ruth, of Pen Argyl, wife of one of our former students, visited her parents in town a short time ago.

Our new President is certainly a hustler. He is always busy and out working for the institution. He filled the Lutheran pulpits at Catawissa and Danville, February 11; lectured before the Lycoming Co. Teachers' Association at Hughesville, Pa., February 24; preached at Middleburg, February 18, in the interest of the Day Memorial Fund.

There were quite a number of scarlet fever cases in town and in consequence thereof the public schools were closed for a few weeks.

Dr. Focht, of the College church, was one of the speakers at a meeting of the Lutheran Social Union in Philadelphia, Feb. 23.

Mrs. Prof. George E. Fisher enjoyed a two weeks' visit among home friends at Waverly, Pa.

A very interesting and impressive song service was held in Trinity Lutheran church, February 18. The exercises consisted of excellently rendered anthems, solos, quartettes and a very appropriate address by Dr. Focht.

Fine exercises commemorating the death of George Washington were held in the opera house on the 22d ult. under the auspices of the G. A. R. The exercises consisted of a fine recitation by Miss Algie Lamberson, an accomplished young elocutionist of our town, a fine vocal solo by Miss Ida Snyder and an excellent address by our President, Dr. Heisler.

Rev. Genszler, of the First Lutheran church, met with a painful accident while returning from a funeral on the 26th ult. While turning a corner his horse became unmanageable and threw him out upon the sidewalk, lacerating his head. He is, however, getting along very nicely.

Quite a number of our students spent several days at home near Washington's birthday. Zechman and Shindel were home at that time and cast their first votes at the Republican primary, February 24.

Keboch was to his home at Berrysburg; Lambert spent Sunday, February 25, at McClure, and M. H. Fisher spent February 25 with Carpenter at his home.

At the time of writing Mr. L. P. Young is sick at his home, being afflicted with the mumps.

Mr. Ammon Kempfer, a former student of S. U., has entered the insurance business with his uncle, Harvey H. Schoch, Esq. We wish him abundant success.

On February 19 and 20 we had with us the Rev. J. B. Remen-

snyder, D. D. of New York City. He delivered three excellent lectures. The first on "The Origin of the Universe by Creation" was given at 7:30 Monday evening in the College chapel. Tuesday morning at 11:00 in Seminary chapel, the Doctor spoke very forcibly on "Liberty and Authority in Religion." At 7:30 p. m. of the same day, in Trinity Lutheran church he gave a very interesting and soul-stirring address on "What the Lutheran Church Stands for in American Christianity." Those who heard the Doctor were very much pleased with the lecture and all hope to have the pleasure of hearing him soon again.

The large dam across Penn's creek at the Isle of Que Millis was badly damaged by recent freshets. About 100 feet of it was carried away by the ice February 25.

GLEE CLUB TRIP.

The club left Selinsgrove February 13, 1900, bound for Jersey Shore. The places visited in the first week were Jersey Shore, Muncy, Hughesville and Montgomery. Every place visited we received excellent entertainment and it was not an unusual thing to hear the boys contending as to which one had the better stopping place. Even Keefer became involved in one of these discussions, claiming that his host owned six gold mines in California. Large houses greeted us at every place visited and the audiences by their applause showed that they appreciated the efforts of the boys. We give below a few testimonials sent to our manager after our return home:

Jersey Shore Herald—The musical club of the Susquehanna University filled a two nights' engagement here last week and greatly pleased two large audiences in the opera house. They are fine young men and their gentlemanly conduct while here, together with the rare musical entertainments they gave, left a good impression for the worthy institution under whose name they travel. They will be warmly welcomed back to Jersey Shore with a guarantee of a crowded house.

The Susquehanna Musical Organization was the best shown in my opera house this year.—C. MOSLEY, Muncy, Pa.

As can naturally be expected when a crowd of boys are out together, some very amusing things occurred. When the club reached Jersey Shore, we were surprised to find that Lambert's

qualification as a dish washer had reached the town before we arrived. Ed. Brumgart displayed his greediness for "custard" pie by yelling across the room for a piece. We were much surprised when our leader, "Nick," became so enamored with a fair maid that he asked her for the privilege of calling, and she indignantly replied, "Privately or how?" Our worthy manager found a chair that was built for two, and Keeley's negative of the scene is a work of art. Wolgy, alias "Lord Baltimore," asked for soap, and when brought to his room the lady remarked, "I soappose you will have use for it."

We would like to express our appreciation to the following persons for their kind interest in the clubs. Rev. Fascold, of Jersey Shore; Rev. Dr. Barb, of Hughesville, and especially Rev. Dr. Lake, of Montgomery. We should like to mention others but space forbids.

On the 19th we left Selinsgrove for Adamsburg, Reedsville, Yeagertown, Bellville and Allensville. Again we wish to express our hearty appreciation for our entertainment and many kindnesses shown, and the writer but echoes the sentiment of each member of the clubs in the statement made. This was the second trip through this section and the influence of last year's trip was shown by even larger audiences than greeted us last year.

We desire to extend our sincere thanks to our former school-mate, Mr. McDonald, also Mr. Orth, for their assistance in the orchestra.

When Rev. Carpenter was introduced at a certain place a little boy asked him how many little boys he had. Iseman and Baldy Spigelmyer were chasing after girls throughout the entire trip, and at Allensville they were especially jubilant when a fair maiden conducted them to their stopping place, but much to their chagrin she abruptly departed. Herb Brumgart is still trying to solve the problem, "Why the girl what gets fits never wants to see him again."

"Zim." to the leader indignantly, "Nick, if you want me to be the 'calf' in that piece, I don't want any other calves 'bawling' the same time I do." Herman's washing ability, so well developed by Effie, did him good service at Adamsburg, where he was called upon to show his skill. Snyder, our cornetist, was called VERY suddenly to Irving in order to fill his semi-annual engagement.

"ALPHA AND OMEGO."

The following is the concert program of Susquehanna Musical Clubs:

PART I—"Alma Mia drae Semper," Cevaire, Orchestra; "Kentucky Babe," Geibel, Glee Club; "Chicago Evening Post March," Nixon, Mandolin and Guitar Club; Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Harrington, Glee Club; Cornet Solo, "Edelweiss von Semmering," Fantaise, Opr. 24, Hoch, Mr. Snyder; "The Languid Man," Canotlet, Mr. Wingard and Glee Club; Vocal Solo, selected, Mr. Nicholas.

PART II—"Overture de Valse," Veno, Orchestra; "The Phantom Band," Douglas Thayer, Glee Club; "Dangerous Maid Waltzes," Geitheus, Mandolin and Guitar Club; "Sleep Little Baby of Mine," Gueen, Zimmerman, Brumgart, Carpenter and Nicholas; Reading, selected, Mr. Wingard; "Liza Skinner," Moeay, Mr. Nicholas and Glee Club; "Varsity Club March," Barge, Mandolin and Guitar Club; "Cake Walk Medley," Glee Club.

SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

At the regular meeting of the society on the 2d inst. a very interesting and instructive paper on the "Chicago Sewage Canal" was read by Professor Allison.

The Professor explained the sewage system of the city as it existed before the completion of this great sewage highway, when all the sewage of the city was drained into Lake Michigan and much of it was again washed ashore to taint the atmosphere and cause frequent scourges of typhoid fever and other epidemics. It will affect the sanitary conditions of the city very much and solve for this city the problem that at one time faces all large cities and frequently taxes to the utmost the engineering skill of its people in disposing of the same.

He also demonstrated how the canal may finally be used as a great water highway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, and thus almost revolutionize the commercial relation of Chicago and the adjoining cities and bring them into an enviable position in this respect.

Since this canal will cause a change in the flowing of the Chicago river at this place, thereby draining a large body of water out of Lake Michigan instead of into it, it is a question of scientific spec-

ulation as to whether Lake Erie may not become too shallow for large steamers, since it is already quite shallow, and with the loss of the body of water drained through the Chicago river the fall may be only a few inches while some think it may amount to several feet. We thus see the many interesting features connected with this noted piece of work.

Mr. Lambert also read a paper on the "Nicaragua Canal," setting forth the plans and routes as proposed by the different engineers, the difficulties encountered in the construction of the same and the estimated cost of construction. He also discussed the advantages which the United States would reap from this great Inter-Oceanic highway which would very materially affect the course of ocean craft. While the cost of construction would be quite great, the advantages resulting therefrom would more than compensate the United States for the constructing and controlling of the same.

E. M. B.

JUNIOR BANQUET.

Great events are not soon forgotten. Time rolls on and yet the different scenes linger in memory to gladden the heart. A joyous occasion is a pleasing thing to meditate upon. When the thoughts are gloomy and unpleasant, the pleasing satisfaction of having indulged happy hours in the past sends a welcome inducement to endeavor to repeat the experience if possible. All men endeavor to be happy, and this is right so far as that happiness is within the sphere of present excellency.

The *real* pleasure, the mingling of joyous hearts, the assurance of harmony and the strength of union; the freedom of conversation, the thrill of happy laughter and the silvery strains of music, all these are impressions which will be recalled in future life, as characteristic of '01 JUNIOR BANQUET.

The journey, by railway, from Selinsgrove to Middleburg on Friday afternoon, February 9, was delightful in every respect. On reaching Middleburg the afternoon and evening were spent in taking in the sights the town afforded. The county jail seemed to impress the members of the class more than any other place visited. Our chaperon very kindly informed the sheriff that all were noted as men and women of integrity and thus succeeded in obtaining freedom for all. As the shades of night appeared we re-

turned to the Washington House and heartily enjoyed the well prepared meal awaiting our appearance.

At 8:30 the class entered the beautiful parlor and welcomed our beloved Professor and two ex-members, Messrs. Stauffer and Crouse. The evening's enjoyments seemed to have only begun when we were informed of the fact that a splendid repast was already prepared and our presence was desired in the banquet hall. The gathering around that festal board and the partaking of "good things" will be long remembered, but the responses rendered, when Toast Master M. B. Herman called for toasts, excelled even the feast in which we had engaged. Scenes of the past were brought to memory, encouraging words rendered and the future penetrated. Professor Fisher's words of encouragement cannot be expressed. He spoke of the class in its work thus far during the college course, the present achievements and future possibilities. Every word, so earnestly spoken by him, will not soon be forgotten, but during our stay in S. U. will serve to inspire us to do the best work possible.

After we had done our duty in the banquet hall and returned to the parlor, the "Entertainment" for the evening was completed in the rendition of carefully selected productions and general social enjoyment. The occasion was completed in the happy return to Selinsgrove the following morning. How such social events thrill the soul with gladdening recollections! How soon shall these enjoyments be things of the past! Will we be made happy by similar occasions in the future? If not, this is one which will linger as a welcome factor for meditation when amid the scenes of active life.

A MEMBER.

THE SOPHOMORES ENTERTAINED.

On Thursday evening, without any shouts of the gods or any other of the heathen we heard about last month, did the Sophomores attend the reception given them by Mrs. Carey, of Selinsgrove. At about 8 o'clock all had assembled in the spacious home where the lighted apartments were tastefully ornamented with palms and other potted plants. After everything had been done to make each one comfortable, the program was begun with a game of high literary character. After the announcement of the prizes the program was further carried out in the rendition of solos by

Miss Edith Potter and Miss Florence Wagenseller. Then followed games and other amusements until about 11 o'clock when our hostess, already highly esteemed as a guest, demonstrated that she had the talent of knowing what, in the way of refreshments, best suited the student. There was an abundance of good things and the class, in a measure at least, showed its appreciation of them. Each left feeling his inability to express in words the joys of the evening.

'02.

A WITNESS.

One night in late January Luna's man wore his broadest grin in enjoyment over some shadowgraphs to which he was not the only spectator. It happened in this wise: The Sophs. invited the Freshmen out for an evening stroll—all the gods and goddesses smiled. After some little objection about the door being shut it was decided for them that they go along, and they did. They rendered a comedy in five acts. They hopped, also jumped rope, and in their delight they danced, then they went through the zig-zag, after which they laughed when slightly encouraged. This comedy appeared on the campus of S. U. as late as 11:59 (p. m.) They had been down town and had aroused one of their sleeping beauties with such shouts as "Tut, hang your knot out the window," and "Throw out dat Saphimore kapp." And the cap came back the very next day. So ended the story of the trophy which was not a trophy more than that which is taken by a kleptomaniac, for it could be no honor for them to take it from a dressing room during a football game and after it had been worn in public so long a time.

IBID.

"It is a noble thing to live, even though one only in a measure comes up to his responsibilities, but every life will have a truer meaning if the one who lives it takes a point of vantage and in the spirit of inquiry sees the passing of his years."

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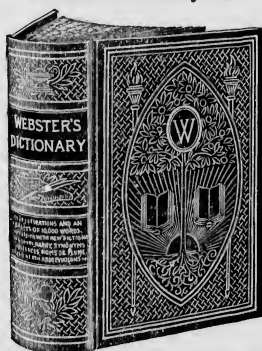
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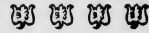
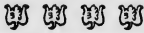
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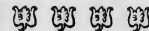
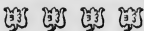
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LITERARY.

MY LADY.

Each student should strive my fair lady to woo—
A dame that exists for such mortals as you.

'Tis not that known female who whispers and sighs,
Deceiving the men by the lies of her eyes;

But one whose sweet sayings will always prove true,
Whose lovers and kindred are only too few.

This lady is WISDOM, with treasures so dear—
A sister, whose presence dispels every fear.

She's fairer than rubies, more precious than gold;
Her beauty and knowledge have never been told.

She's firm as a mountain, yet mild as a dove;
Her pathways are righteousness, judgment and love.

My friend, would you woo, win and wed this fair maid?
Then know that your life at her feet must be laid.

You must banish idleness, evil and pride,
If you would have Wisdom to own as a bride.

And should you procure her to lead and give grace,
Be sure, if you're faithful, you'll win in life's race.

—XVZT.

THE GOAL OF MAN.

The universe is the handiwork of God. Thought ascends the shining stairway of wisdom to the realms of the infinite. The grass nourishes the flesh, the insect the bird, the bird the animal and the animal the man; the root digs in the earth and then the plant, the leafy beauty, fragrant blossom and fruit. Science glories in the evolutions of the grass, the plant, the tree; in the testimony of the rock, the blazonry of the heavens, the wondrous deep. In the music of the brook, the roar of the tempest, the rush of worlds, the crumbling of matter, the apprehension of mind and

the reality of the soul, in everything there is, we read power, wisdom and beauty. Unto all listening ears creation pours forth her divine harmonies, for immanent in it, emblazoned on it and seered in its very backbone, we find perfection in nature, an impulsive tendency to the perfect in man and the eternal perfectness of the infinite God.

Listen to nature's chants. You have stood on Niagara's brink, seen the falling immensity with its leaping, roaring, seething foam; heard its thunder, felt the immeasurable rush of power—and sublimity is the key-note of the song. Take a leaf: We know its composition, coloring and veined structure, and yet of the millions, can man create even one? Climb to the stars, see the mighty orbs hurled, like pygmies, swifter than a bullet without the deviation of a second for years, and yet each one is but an atom in the sea of immensity. Once again, look at the external; see the cloud-capped mountains, the valleys, plains and grottoes; the rustling forests, murmuring waters and raging seas; hear heaven's artillery as the "all-shaking" thunder rocks the trees, rocks and hills in its mighty cradle; fly to the overhanging worlds, the stars, planets and satellites fastened on nothing, and then to the sun, the perpetual reservoir of light, heat and power, and perfection is the cadence of each. Yes! In every phase of creation, perfection of degree and kind is dominant; step by step the divine evolution of God ascends; the lower are subservient to the higher; the atomic particles of past disintegration are the present and future molecular activity. From the minutest organisms, the infusorial animals, the ant's wisdom, the mathematical bee, migrating fish and bird, the beast and the sagacious brute—from all emanate perfection, till man, the crown of glory in the animal creation, is evolved. Such is the objective, and can man imitate it, can the genius of the world create it, can the artist paint the tempest, can tongue or pen portray the divine strains? No! Our highest, noblest and sublimest efforts fall far short, and this will-o'-the-wisp laughs at our impotent zeal.

Hear the songs of men. The mountains of the past have crumbled and are the soil of to-day—present molecular force is but a recombination of an apparent pristine decay; chemical forces build today and destroy tomorrow. The bones of our forefathers are the flesh and blood of the present; past life is but the germ of today's life. What is life? The scientist says it is the essence of

being, and from that essence to its source the chasm is infinite. It is more than the fount of being, 'tis the quintessence of perfection. In man it is the cause of an endless, perfect beyond, an artificer of means to an end. Take man in the animal sense. See that potent vitality marshal atoms and create bones, ligaments, tissues, muscles, nerves, organs of circulation, digestion, respiration and the senses. To this primal structure add intellect, understanding, reason, susceptibility and will. Again, under God's ascending evolution, add the ethical faculties with the soul and we have the "image of God" in all its harmony, complexity of relation, function and cause. And from the perfection of creation in cause pass to its effects on man.

Man is the mean between nature and God. An atmosphere of perfection envelopes him. And can that harmony fail to create an answering response in the internal? Does man know and can he see the inward ideal without the external? Would God have created that objective melody and then not given man faculties for its perception and attainment in self? Those powers exist, for reason shows their actuality. They are inherent in self, and in the same ratio as we see the perfect, so also do we strive for its attainment. Men unconsciously are impelled by it. It may be the perfect in a lofty or degraded sense, but 'tis perfection, in its sphere, none the less. The imperfect and apparent abnormal does exist, but the norm of judgment lies in the general more than in the individual phenomena. When the abnormal exists the normal has been vitiated by environment or some external force. The rational soul recognizes, as inherent in creation, the radical principal of perfection; and the supposed non-perfect, if the affinities and adaptation be known, are the forerunners of the perfect. You have seen the avalanche rush down the mountain, the rock cracked by the frost and crumbled, shrunk from the glare of the lightning and after the storm marveled at the beauty of God's rainbow. The music is all the sweeter for the discord, for tuning precedes harmony and without the unrythmic the beauty of rythm is futile.

History is a revealer of the past, a prophet of the future. The voices of creation are not unheard; man rises above mere matter, mind operates, his powers increase and he mounts higher and higher the Alps of God's perfection. Once he choked the game, then the snare caught it, the dart pierced it, the arrow cleft it, the bullet bored it and today the electric spark slays it. Once he

walked, then rode the horse, mounted the pinions of the winds, tamed the steam, invoked electricity and today, mind if not body, travel to infinity. Mountains may crumble, thrones totter and worlds fall, but mind endures. Once man read the primer of nature and today the cyclopedias of the world; once the artist scratched the bark, now the canvass teems with the perfection of life; once a mud image was man's ideal, now the living shafts of gleaming marble tower to the sky. Once science, philosophy and religion groveled in darkness, now they clasp hands and the universe of matter and mind assents. From the universe matter and mind bring their trophies to perfection's feet. The doors of the dwellers on earth, sea and sky open, and from their chambers countless treasures emanate; matter is imbued with life, dormant powers awaken, unseen forces operate, and finer men are the issue. He probes deeper, communes with nature and self, traverses the explored, and the infinite unexplored is beyond. Still, that impulsive agent urges him on; the impossible creates the possible; *the unknowable, the knowable*; on, on he goes, the final perfect eluding, beckoning onward, until his very soul yearns for the true, holy and ultimate perfect. Let the past ages return, nations roll backward, state and church decay and the universe groan at their fall, and again that dwarfed ideal seeks the eternal. Thought sees the beauty of science, depth of philosophy, divinity of the soul, and yet it rolls on till wearied and lost in its own immensity. Does man stop? Is the soul's thirst quenched? No! He knows that futurity delights not in mental products. He asks, craves, demands and sees a Maker infinitely above the outer and inner; finds infinite wisdom, endless power and eternal perfection. Then he asks for love and guidance; leaps the chasm of space and enters the haven of God. Sees the source of all knowledge and creation, the golden streets, the joyous millions; hears the divine harmony and plaudits; sees a face beaming with love, a form resplendent in beauty and a soul infinite in perfection. Sees light coming, peace resting on the soul, the prison walls breaking, the barriers bleed away—sees himself at God's feet a pure, spotless, glorified being; sees perfection's seal on his brow, and this, This, THIS is The Goal of Man.

W. A. W.

"Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues."

OPHELIA.

The pathetic story of the life of Ophelia and her sad ending, makes us all pity and love her. She was but an innocent young girl, brought into contact with one of the corrupt courts of ancient times. The favorite of a wicked queen, who had chosen her to be the wife of her son Hamlet.

Now Ophelia never once during the whole play confesses her love for Hamlet, but on the contrary tries to conceal it. Let us contrast Juliet's commanding energy of feeling, of imagination, of will, with Ophelia's timidity and self distrust, the incapable sweetness and gentleness of her heart, her docility to all lawful guardians. Juliet throws off father, mother and nurse and stands in her solitary strength of love; she always uses the directest word, and counsels the bravest action. Then let us compare her with Desdemona standing by Othello and confronting her angry father. But Ophelia is timid, with no initiative in her own heart; unimaginative; choosing her words with a sense of maidenly propriety. When questioned by her father concerning Hamlet, "What is between you? Give me up the truth," she replies, "He hath, my Lord, of late made many tenders of his affection to me." Then when her father commands her to distrust the man she loves, to deny him her presence, and not to receive his letters, she is meek and submissive, and simply answers, "I shall obey, my Lord." She gives all his letters to her father, and the most incoherent one he takes to the king and queen to prove to them that Hamlet's madness is brought about through his love for Ophelia, (and her treatment of him.)

In the first scene, third act, Ophelia is stationed as a decoy to expose to her father and the king the cause of Hamlet's madness. She is assured that it will assist in bringing about his restoration, and in her docility never once thinks of questioning or mistrusting them. During her interview with Hamlet, the manner in which she plays her part betrays her. When she says, "For to the noble mind rich gifts wax poor when the givers prove unkind." Now Hamlet believes her to be just like all the rest, and thinks she is spying on him. Then during the pauses of his cruel invective upon her, she utters piteous prayers to heaven, "Heavenly powers, restore him," and "O, help him, you sweet heavens." All her emotion is helpless tenderness and sorrow. Her grief is as deep as her soul.

The violence her feelings suffered in the constrained repulse of her lover after she had "sucked the honey of his music vows;" her tender grief at his condition, which is so much greater since she thinks herself the cause of it; the shock of her father's sudden and violent death—whom she loved with her whole heart—and this by the hand of her lover, in consequence of the madness into which she believes her own actions have cast him; all these causes join in producing her madness. Her insanity is such as never ends, but with the sufferer's death it is complete and unconscious, and is like one walking and talking in her sleep. She exchanges her bashful silence for empty babbling, her sweet, maidenly conduct for the impatient restlessness, that spurns at straws and says and sings precisely what she never would or could have uttered had she been in possession of her reason. Hazlitt says of her, "O, rose of May! O, flower too soon faded! Her love, her madness, her death, are described with the truest touches of tenderness and pathos. It is a character which nobody but Shakespeare could have drawn, and to the conception of which there is not the smallest approach, except in some of the old romantic ballads."

CONTRIBUTED.

UNDER THE HARVEST MOON.

The midday sun hung like a great ball of fire in the sky and its rays beat heavily upon the earth; a shimmering haze rose and hung over the mountains in the distance which reflected dreamily the deep blue of the sky across which the clouds floated like great white-sailed ships, drifting hither and thither, now and then scudding before the slight breeze like a tiny bark dancing on the waves. Languor was everywhere present. The leaves hung wearily from the trees. The parched earth opened in great seams and gaped greedily.

Away up the valley stretched field after field of ripened grain which moved to and fro in great tumultuous waves if perchance an idle breath of air stirred. A stream wound its way through the valley, now rippling dreamily between mossy banks and then rushing wildly in a miniature cascade, here racing merrily over the great lumbering wheels of some old-fashioned mill, there overshadowed by great oaks beneath whose shade the cattle stood cooling themselves in the water.

At this, the noon hour, the sound of sickle and scythe was stilled, the wheels of the mill are motionless and all was silent save for the busy hum of the insects. The sound of the great dinner horn had come in long drawn echoes across the fields, and the laborers had moved in the direction of the large rambling farm house nestling beneath the elms, exchanging many a merry jibe, a kindliness of heart lying beneath their rude country wit that is never found beyond the pale of green fields and shady forests.

The Pennsylvania housewife has never been surpassed in the art of cooking food that is both wholesome and dainty, and the harvesters, their appetites sharpened by their labors in the field, fell to with a zest, not being restrained by that false sense of propriety imposed by an absurd etiquette. After the conclusion of the meal they stretched themselves beneath the great elms and enjoyed a short siesta for the remainder of the noon hour. Presently, however, they resumed their task and with great swinging strokes they laid the golden harvest low. Patiently and steadily beneath the sweltering rays of the sun they toiled. Old and young alike were engaged in hard unceasing toil, which was sweetened by the love of family and home. Their modest ambitions were content to soar in humble spheres. Their fathers had lived and toiled here before them, why should they wish for more? They had been born here, had lived here all their lives, here they would die. This was their simple biography. And shall we say that their lives were failures, that they missed the grand possibilities of life?

There, too, was the gentle maiden, her sunburnt cheeks rosy with the bloom of health. She was innocent of the superficialities and frivolities of the gay and giddy swirl of fashionable life. She had often dreamed of the great sea lying beyond the purple horizon, and in a vague manner she had compared the life of which she got only an occasional glimpse to the sea with its deep, sullen roar, its treacherous, fathomless abysses. Occasionally on a bright summer afternoon the judge's wife and daughters from the adjacent town drove by in a splendid equipage and she remembered that they had always gazed at her in a curious, half compassionate, half contemptuous manner, and she was aware of an embarrassed feeling and painfully conscious of the shortness of her skirts, the relics of earlier years. Sometimes she had gazed wistfully after them and envied their easy life, which to her untutored eyes was but a round of pleasure. She did not see the dark side of it

with its vanities, bickering, flattery, jealousy and heartaches. At times her spirit rebelled against what she considered her hard lot. Long ere the sun threw his purple shafts upon the eastern hills until the shadows of night had fallen on the scene she labored. Pleasure rarely showed its smiling countenance, but labor stood over her with a heavy hand.

Ah, perhaps we have been too hasty in saying that our child of nature has nothing to sweeten her harsh existence. We have forgotten that the mischievous little god who scatters his arrows about so indiscriminately does not only enter the stately palaces of the rich, but the meanest hovel as well.

The sun had sunk in a blaze of glory behind the western hills and the sky had been bathed in a flood of rosy light. The gray evening mist rises and the trees upon the uplands stand out in bold relief against the sky. The harvest moon hangs over yonder wood and floods the fields with its mellow light. The grain is agitated by the evening winds and in the mystic light of the moon looks like serried ranks marching in stately order, the raucous croak of the night hawk disturbs the quiet of the forest, the deep baying of a watch dog at some distant farm house is heard, and the drowsy tinkling of the cow bells come from the barnyard. A merry whistle is heard, and presently a figure is seen coming through the lane with light, springy steps. The heart of the maiden beats faster and a wave of crimson steals over her cheeks. He comes through the yard and approaches her as she is standing on the porch. Their greeting is in a subdued tone, and after a desultory conversation an embarrassing silence ensues. They had fallen under the spell of the night.

Perhaps you have stood beneath the dome of St. Peters while the great organ pealed forth the Miserere and your eyes have filled with tears, your whole being has become ennobled and you long to go out into the great restless, throbbing world and conquer, but think how much more our lovers are affected as they stand tonight beneath the vaulted dome of heaven, studded with stars like tiny jeweled points, their souls immaculate in purity, childlike in simplicity and unsophisticated in the casuistry of the worldly life. They are filled with that strange, indefinable longing for something they know not what. Strange voices are calling to them through the night but they cannot comprehend their meaning. This longing exists everywhere in nature, in the rustling of the reeds, in the

song of the nightingale. For ages priestly seers have stood by the dark waters of the Nile and sought an answer in the stars, poets have cried out in passion on their lyres. The soldier as he rides through the storm of leaden hail feels this longing. As they were sitting thus a cloud drifted across the moon and the trees in the distance rose from the mist like spars from phantom ships with their sable sails furled, and they seem to hear the surge of the billows upon the unseen shores.

Suddenly a star, starting from the zenith, shot across the sky with a great train of light. He looked at her and they read the secret in each other's eyes and silently they clasped hands. They understood.

F. E. S., '02.

THE HIGH DESTINY OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

Those of you who have seen many returns of the sun from the winter solstice to bring back the power that makes a new spring-time, have never seen a better future than that which now seems dawning upon us.

By the law of human progress each period is better than the past one. The world keeps all it has had and acquires more. Its languages expand to make room for the names of new things and new actions; its sciences enlarge; its domestic arts multiply in number and increase in dignity and value; its education becomes more widespread; its wealth increases; the public happiness grows.

But while this is true there come now and then periods when progress quickens its pace and glows with enthusiasm. The future now before us does not seem a common future. It surpasses all that man has ever seen. He saw new times approach when the pyramids were being constructed; he saw them when Babylon was in its splendor; he has seen what were called "golden ages," and yet what human eyes that have seen this long pageant of greatness, could they behold again, would not have to confess that the spectacle now spread before us in the New World is the grandest in the whole history of man? For in our day liberty has expanded until it embraces even the slave.

But in bringing about this grand transformation many noble lives have been sacrificed on the altar of our country. Young men enjoying the blessings of a free country, realizing their obli-

gations to those who themselves had the sagacity to see, but not the strength to resist the power of the tyrant, united with them in securing their liberties and the recognition due them as rational beings.

Yes, notwithstanding the wail which we occasionally hear for the chivalry that is gone, our own age has witnessed deeds of bravery and gentleness—of heroic self-denial and manly tenderness—which are unsurpassed in history. The events of the last few years have shown that our countrymen still display a high standard of excellence, and have proved themselves worthy of the noble inheritance which their fathers bequeathed to them.

As a result of these achievements we see a power radiating in all directions, and the earth seems to be bending before the spirit of the race.

Will we be the bold, the fearless, the brave, the free, and at the same time able to control ourselves with the light of education, of science, and of religion, or will we be the slaves of savage passions, the tools of demagogues—a continent filled with madmen, howling in their self-inflicted misery, and rending the heavens by their wild cries of agony?

Mighty for good or for evil, the destiny of this nation must be wonderful—a blessing to the human family unspeakably great, or a curse too heavy to be weighed within the limits of time. Shall this land be the laboratory of the world in which mind and heart and enterprise and energy will be formed—the great school house from which the educated and the educators of the earth will flow, or the byword and the scorn of mankind?

This land is free even to the emancipation of mind. There is no bondage to forms or precepts; but the whole mass may be seasoned, leavened and moved and is at liberty to do what is great and good in the way that is most convenient. The world is looking to this as the most wonderful experiment ever yet made—and as the one which is to decide for the world the momentous question—*Can men govern themselves?*

We have a lofty pride of ancestry and of character with which to build—we have the inheritance of renowned men, we have the free press, we have Christianity to aid us. Can we, with these aids, retain and transmit a free government, and show the world a successful experiment? If under *these* circumstances it fail, will the experiment be repeated? It can hardly be repeated on a scale

so grand, under motives so pressing, and under circumstances so favorable. Hence it is that statesmen point us to the high destiny of our country, and to the fearful experiment which she is called upon to make for the world, and for this reason we stand in a position of great interest and have a responsibility that is immeasurable. The great and grand destiny of our country is that she shall be the gateway of immortality. Why should we suppose that a country as exalted as is ours—which has been led as this has, should have no other end than merely to enable a man to be free to act out his energies as a being of time?

We pay a poor compliment to ourselves and to our free country to speak as if we had only the responsibility of guarding these free institutions, and transmitting them to other generations—only the responsibility of holding forth before the earth, a country free and self-governing.

We do insist upon it that if the Ruler of nations intends to bestow an honor upon us that shall be worth naming, it will be the honor of marching in the van, leading the earth towards civil freedom, towards civilization, and above all towards that immortality of holiness which His Word reveals. When we breathe the free air of these hills and of these valleys—when we tread the sod of this land, there comes to us a voice from the future, urging us to do something personally and individually to make the stakes of our country firm, to make these institutions safe for the good of the unborn millions yet to live on her soil, for an example to the races and for the purpose of distributing the blessings of liberty to all who live on the face of the earth.

There is a tendency to think that if we can acquire station, or the reputation of talents, or of wealth, we cannot fail of being respected and honored. Let us look at station. Go back to the time when the Emperor of Rome held the highest position which the earth could yield. He had wealth without bounds, power, armies, station, and almost a world bowing at his feet; but instead of using all this to bless his mighty empire and to be a benefactor of the human race, you see him one day driving a chariot and running races with other charioteers; and the next day on the stage with low actors, himself one of the vilest. Then murdering his own mother and afterward consulting with magicians how he might call back her ghost and ask her pardon.

Talents are equally impotent to protect us and win respect if

unaccompanied by moral character. Wealth aside from moral character cannot procure respect. "Every thinking man," says a great writer, "will look round him when he sees his situation in the world and will ask, what will meet my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the *Rich*—and I see Ahab in the midst of all his riches, sick at heart for a garden of herbs. I see Dives, after all his wealth, lifting up his eyes in hell and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his suffering! I look at the *Wise*—I see Solomon, with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know that, if I possessed all his wisdom, were I left to myself I should act as he did! If I turn to men of *Pleasure*—I see that the very sum of all pleasure is, that it is Satan's bed into which he casts his slaves! I see Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage! I see Solomon, after all his enjoyments, leaving his name a scandal to the church to the latest age! If I think of honor—I take a walk to Westminster Abbey—there is an end of all inquiry. There I walk among the mighty dead!

There is the consummation of all human glory! And what remains of the greatest man of my country? A boasting epitaph! None of these things then can satisfy me! I must meet *death*; I must meet JUDGMENT; I must meet ETERNITY."

Since this is the common lot of man, let us seek true moral worth as the highest type of life. Thus we, when we have done our work on earth—the work of necessity, of labor, of love, or of duty—like the silkworm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the immortality we shall at last put on.

E. M. B., '00.

IAGO.

In every character ever portrayed by the immortal Shakespeare has he breathed upon them the breath of life; but Iago, the villain in "Othello," has a double endowment; not only bones, blood and tissue, but in addition, he has crowned that creation with the appellation "Divinity of Hell" as Iago styles himself. No mortal being except the one that created him can analyze him from a

psychical point of view and do him justice. King of devils, prince of hell are but feeble tributes to his powers. Cold, passionless, remorseless, his blood seems stagnated and only bounds through his veins when in the midst of meshes and webs of destruction his stupendous intellectuality has created. Then and only then is he in the apex of his glory. Then he laughs and sports in demoniacal glee and jeers at the awful havoc he has created.

Many writers have portrayed villains, but when Shakespeare, with the finger of his genius fashioned Iago, he made him the master of them all. The pure and noble, vile and ignoble alike, are contaminated by his poisonous presence, and one shrinks from the effects of such a character as if seered by an iron.

Like Milton's devil, in the enactment of his hellish plot in Eden, Iago comes to us in his fairest guise. He is represented as being twenty-eight years old, of winning manners, refined appearance and pleasing address. These attributes, that assume innocence so often, are Iago's most effective weapons by which he severs the very heartstrings of his lord, the noble and unsuspecting Moor. This arch-fiend was married. But whence the cause is a conundrum. Passion he had none save pride of intellect. Heart he had none, and if he had must have been petrified in his infancy. Atheistical with regard to the purity and virtue of women, he sought to debase all to his standard; his motive was perhaps the gaining of an apt tool to aid him in his wicked designs.

The first one to fall under his devilish influence is Roderigo. The only bond of fellowship between them is the purse. Iago wants money, Roderigo wants brains and—they both get them. Iago follows him like an evil genius, plies him with questions, gives advice, breaks down his scruples, destroys his virtue; and by sheer strength of intellect alone, by his indomitable will and versatile powers, fairly overwhelms Roderigo. And by the resistless and persistent repetition of "Put money in thy purse," he breaks the last conscientious scruple of the vacillating Roderigo, and makes him a blind and willing "gull." And when he has accomplished this the burst of sardonical glee reveals full well his innate devilishness.

But how shall he attack the almost inaccessible purity and love of the noble Othello and his wife Desdemona, the main characters of the play. He analyzes them thoroughly, finds the vulnerable spot and then strikes with remorseless energy, the very attributes

that exalt them, the extreme goodness of Desdemona and the unbounded confidence of Othello. No labor is too excessive, no deception too great, no means to ends too foul; but with sleepless toil, inexhaustable resources, intricacies of plot, the turning of unexpected circumstances to his own account and a heart devoid of remorse, he spins the web from the goodness of Desdemona "that shall enmesh them all." The first dose of poison he gives Othello is "Ha! I like not that," and little by little he increases the draught until Othello's noble soul fairly writhes in intense agony. No pity, no heart, no soul; devoid of anything good in either angel, man or devil, the domestic happiness of Othello and Desdemona in their bower of love only enrages him the more, and without pity and even the faintest shade of a shadow of remorse he exclaims, "Oh, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music as honest as I am." And by this very act out-devils the devil of Milton's creation. When in his own inexhaustable lust for wickedness he takes the brightest jewel of women, virtue, and with his loathsome touch turns Desdemona's purity to pitch in the eyes of Othello, methinks the very flames of hell itself would shrink from illuminating the countenance of so devilish a devil.

Cassio in his purity, generousness of heart, nobility of character cannot be contaminated by the reptile Iago, but is overcome by the cup of fellowship; he is cashiered, his reputation slandered, made a libertine and his life assailed by the intriguing devil Iago.

He is preeminently an advising devil. He advises Roderigo so that he may gain the love of Desdemona; Othello because he hates him; Desdemona so that he can strike Othello through his pure wife, and Cassio that he may be the inciter of the apparent infidelity of Desdemona. He is a motiveless devil, many faced and intellectual devil. He had no motive and could find none. Even in his own soliloquy he shrank from his own hideousness in creating such a wholesale slaughter for mere love of innate wickedness alone. To each victim he appears with a new face and phase of character, and demoniacal individuality is stamped on each one to the highest degree. Cold intellectuality alone is Iago's god. At its shrine he worships and nothing rules him save the will and pleasure of doing a thing. His insatiable thirst is never gratified. As he revels in and quaffs huge draughts of the

lurid flames of a hell of his own creation, whilst standing on its brink his whole frame is so illuminated by his own vileness and hideousness that even the lesser devils shrink from him in horror and disgust.

The time of the awful tragedy is at hand. All his most minute and intricate plans have been laid with his greatest forensic powers, and he bids the time to raise his hand and then death will follow on all sides. But where now are all his boasted powers? His far-seeing eyes and intriguing ability is gone. Eternal justice cannot leave unpunished such wickedness, such innate hellishness, such satanical triumphs, and Iago falls in the meshes of his own construction.

"ANGO."

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

The Missionary Society of this department digressed from the usual routine of business on March 30, and discussed the question: "Should Our Sunday Schools Adopt a Denominational Lesson Series?" A few of the points brought out might be of value here. First:—The adoption of such a series would enable the various churches to establish the young on a firm doctrinal basis. A large part of our youth know little of the plan of salvation and can give no special reason for the faith that is within them. It was held that a denominational series would largely supply this lack in the efficiency of our teaching. Second:—It would be more consistent with the teachings of the church. Each branch of the Christian church can work best in its own harness. It is not an unfrequent occurrence to see the Augsburg Confession preached in the pulpit and Methodism in the Sunday School. Third:—Such a series would drive out of business the so-called tramp publication houses who, like Parasites, live by selling the Sabbath School literature which should be provided by the boards of each church. Fourth:—It would be more conducive of loyalty to the church.

Against these it was argued that the faults enumerated were rather owing to lack of ability in teachers than in the International system; that the spirit of unity in Sunday School work, fostered by the present system, would be destroyed; that the denominational system might be tempted to a narrow view of the Scripture,

and that we are not ready for such innovation. It is well that such timely subjects be occasionally discussed in our midst, in order that looking at them from all sides we do not become fanatical or prejudiced in our judgment when they come before the church for solution. The meeting was one thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Dr. Dimm was lately confined to his home by a severe attack of la grippe.

Dr. Yutzy spent Sunday, March 11, at Manheim, Pa., where he assisted at the installation of Rev. M. L. Snyder, '99 Sem. He brings a good report of Rev. Snyder's work.

Dr. Heisler has been quite active during the past month. On Sunday, March 4, he preached at Harrisburg, Pa. March 18 found him at Altoona where he assisted at the installation of Rev. A. E. Wagner, of the First Lutheran church of that place.

During the Lenten season we have been enjoying special vesper services on Friday evening of each week. The services were held in the Theological hall. Dr. Heisler preached us some very able and inspiring sermons much enjoyed by all.

The Theological choir has effected a revolution in the singing of the chants and hymns in our services.

Mr. Wagner has returned to Seminary, his sister having recovered from her attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. Nicholas suffered a severe attack of the grip during the week following the fourth Sunday in Lent.

Mr. Livingston, '01, spent a few days at his home in Adams county recently. Mr. Stauffer, '02, accompanied him on his trip south, visiting his own home in York county.

Mr. Erdman, '02, visited his home during last week.

A. E. Cooper, '00, has moved his goods and family to his new field near Montgomery, Pa.

Rev. J. F. Stabley preached at Lily, Pa., on March 4; for Mr. Cooper on the 11th, and for S. N. Carpenter on the 18th.

Mr. C. B. Harman, '00, preached at Rebersburg, Pa., on March 11 and 25.

S. N. Carpenter has accepted a call to the Brushton Avenue church of Pittsburg, Pa.

"A sad spirit is like a rainy day; its mists and shadows darken the brightest sky, and clothe the fairest landscape in gloom."

"THE GIRLS' DEPARTMENT."

There is always a big demand on the time of a college girl, especially when attending at or near home. She is called upon by societies and organizations in and outside of the school to entertain their respective audiences by her musical or elocutionary ability. That this is true of our "co-eds" is shown by the following notes:

Thursday, March 29, the Aid Society of Trinity Lutheran church gave a very enjoyable birthday fete. The part taken by S. U. girls in the musical program showed that the Glee Club is not the only snowflake in the blizzard. Misses Florence Wagenseller, Ella Kessler and Bessie Ulrich very creditably performed their part of the evening's entertainment by rendering vocal solos, which were much appreciated by those present. The large audience was especially delighted and captivated by the instrumental solo of Miss Margaret Heisler. Special mention also should be made of the excellent elocutionary recitation given by Miss Edith Potter.

Miss Sue Rine reports having spent a very pleasant time in Middleburg some time ago, visiting friends at that place.

A delightful "at home" was given by Mrs. Ira C. Schoch, March 17, to the "Daughters of the American Revolution." Among those who took part in the program were: Miss Margaret Heisler, who rendered a piano solo; and Miss Ethel D. Schoch, who recited "The Story of the D. A. R.—What 'Some Folks' said About Them, What They Really Did." Misses Florence Wagenseller and Sallie Boyer assisted Miss Schoch in the dining room.

Twenty college girls have been telling the brightest and most amusing pranks and larks of their school days for publication in the *Ladies Home Journal*. These little lapses from school discipline clearly reveal the American girl's mental brightness and excessive love of wholesome fun.—*Ex.*

We received several accessions to our department at the opening of the spring term. We are glad to mention Misses Margaret McColm, Cora Utts, Cles Kline, Emma Hazlett, I. May Jarrett, Cora Jarrett, Minnie M. Jarrett, Pauline R. Schoch and Edna Yingling among the late arrivals.

"Human minds are like soil, they must grow something. If it is not shining grain, then weeds."

PREPARATORY.

With all the bright and joyous accompaniments of spring's advent, with the rushing of the released waters of the ice-choked streams, with the tiny buds of the forest monarchs, with the joyous chirp of the robin to greet us as we feel, in the atmosphere, the dying convulsions of winter's vanquished hosts retreating into the ice-bound caverns of the north, with all these glad and animating precursors of a renewed and hopeful life, a new term is wafted into our presence upon the ceaseless waters of the stream of Time.

The spring term is undoubtedly the brightest term of the scholastic year. In it nature, bursting forth from the frozen grip of the ice king again unrolls her magic scroll of wonders and presents to the student of her intricate mysteries the most bewildering and most wonderful complexity of creative and inventive genius worthy the attention of man. Roaming over forest, field and stream can be seen the botanical and zoological enthusiasts delving into nature's most obscure realms, wresting from the commonplace features of life the most abstruse secrets of the Creator and discovering the marvelous truth of nature's perfection.

With the reviving green of the floral kingdom also comes the equally emerald Normalite. The Normal course opened April 2 with all the pomp and ceremony which usually attends this momentous occasion, which has long marked a special date in the scholastic calendar of our Institution. Many have already joined ranks under the brilliant standard of this class and, judging from its individual proclivities, much may be expected from this new organization.

Our Preparatory course has undergone a considerable readjustment, which reflects much credit upon its author. The curriculum as it now stands offers an excellent course of Preparatory studies and is much better adapted to its purpose.

"For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

"All grief is selfish, except in the few cases where it is sympathetic."

"Possibly your enemy has some virtue which you need."

ATHLETICS

BASKET BALL.

One department of athletics which has been neglected at Susquehanna is basket ball. It is true the existing conditions are not the most favorable for obtaining the best results in this sport, yet as that success is most complete which makes circumstances yield to the successful accomplishment of its purpose, why should we not have a basket ball team? An old proverb says, "All things come to those who wait," but judging from the spirit of the meeting held in the chapel on Friday, March 30, the wording would be more appropriate did it read, "All things come to those who work." Though few in number, an organization was effected and funds at once raised to add a new department to the athletics of Susquehanna. Of course we do not expect to have an expert team in a few days, but we do expect that in the near future Susquehanna will be able to meet her sister colleges in this branch of athletics. This is saying much, yet we have the material, and good, earnest, conscientious work will lead to proficiency. This we expect from every loyal son of Susquehanna. Say, boys, shall we have it?

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Ira C. Schoch and Prof. R. L. Schroyer, of Selinsgrove, Pa., are members of the Board of Directors of the Athletic Association, representing the Alumni Association in athletics at Susquehanna. Both of the above gentlemen are enthusiastic supporters of their Alma Mater and are always ready to lend a helping hand to the boys.

Rev. Fred. L. Bergstresser, of Tyrone, Pa., will make an extensive tour in Europe the coming summer. This trip is given Rev. Bergstresser by one of his parishioners. The efficient work of this able pastor is appreciated by his people.

Rev. J. W. Hutchison, lately pastor at Jennerstown, Pa., is about to locate at Newry, Pa. Rev. Hutchison left the former charge in a flourishing condition.

Rev. W. H. Hilbish, whom we announced last month as hav-

ing resigned the Middle Creek charge, has accepted a call to the Buckhorn charge, Columbia county, Pa.

Rev. John H. Zinn was formally installed as pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Akron, Ohio, on March 18. Rev. Zinn has the hearty cooperation of his people and has an excellent field of labor.

Rev. D. U. Bair, of Bellville, Pa., held an interesting memorial service in his church on the evening of March 11.

"Rev. J. C. Shindel, of Circleville, Ohio, who went as chaplain of the 4th O. V. I. in the late war, has been commended by the government for gallant and meritorious services in action at Guayama, Porto Rico, where by his intelligence and bravery under fire, he did much to encourage his men."—*Evangelist*.

Rev. J. M. Guss has accepted a call to a mission church in West Aetna, a suburb of Allegheny, Pa.

Rev. W. B. Lahr's address is 896 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. M. L. Snyder, of Manheim, Pa., was formally installed as pastor of Zion Lutheran church. Rev. Snyder is meeting with success in this field.

Rev. H. L. Yarger, D. D., has organized a congregation at McCoal Junction, Nebraska, with 37 members.

Rev. S. W. Owen, D. D., of Hagerstown, Md., reopened and rededicated his church edifice on April 1.

Rev. H. S. Gilbert, of St. Marks church, Allegheny, Pa., has purchased a high grade stereopticon lantern and proposes giving his people some illustrated lectures and sermons.

Rev. M. M. Albeck, of Berwick, Pa., royally entertained the Susquehanna musical organizations during their recent trip to his city.

Rev. Chauncey R. Botsford's sermon on "Faces" has called forth extensive favorable criticism from the press.

Bryan Teats has just completed a successful term of teaching at the Shamokin Dam school.

Rev. M. H. Havice, pastor of Christ's church, Milton, Pa., confirmed a large number of young people at a recent communion.

Prof. John I. Woodruff wears a broad smile nowadays. It is a little girl.

G. A. Livingston made a pleasant trip home in the early part of the month.

W. A. Wolgemuth will teach bookkeeping and penmanship in the Preparatory Department during the present term.

Minnie A. Gortner rendered an excellent instrumental solo at the birthday fete recently held in the opera house at Selinsgrove, Pa., which was enthusiastically received by the large audience.

The Rebersburg schools held a very successful entertainment on Washington's birthday. Prof. W. H. Morris sang a solo which was well received by all present.

EXCHANGES.

The chance remark of a student to the effect that exchanges didn't amount to anything called to our mind the possibility that many men do not appreciate the true value of the literature and news which is found only in college journals. The publications of the various colleges are to the college man what the magazines and various periodicals of everyday use are to the ordinary man. The colleges of our land constitute a world in itself, the student is an inhabitant of this world, and in that relation such bits of news as the fact that Yale's musical clubs cleared \$30,000 last season, or the statistical information that Girard College, of our own state, is the richest institution in the land, are as important to him as the last news from Africa or the Phillipines, and articles like "Hamlet" in the *Stylus*, and "Intercollegiate Scholarship" in the *Comenian*, are of as much value to him as the matters to be found in the columns of *Harper's* or the *Arena*.

There are only two reasons why every college man does not enjoy the privilege of securing the knowledge to be gleaned from exchanges. They are simple—either he does not know what is to be found in them, having never investigated, or he is not a student and a scholar. If you don't believe this argument, investigate for yourself.

Alaska now boasts of a college. Last October ground was broken for a substantial granite structure. Fifty pupils, of both sexes, answered at the first roll call. Dr. La Maty Gordon is a graduate of Oxford.—*From the College Rambler*.

The *Red and Blue* considers the following poem the best verse of the month. We of humbler birth and narrower horizon echo the sentiment:

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

I sing not a song of birds, or flowers,
 Of forests, or painted skies;
 I'm not in a mood to sit and brood
 O'er an ode to my Lady's eyes;
 No ballad of spring, no wintry dirge
 Shall the strain of my music be,
 But a song of life on the foaming surge,
 A song of the briny sea.

And a song of the sea—of the gentle sea—
 Where the ripples are hushed in sleep,
 And the signal light is shining bright
 O'er the vast and silent deep,
 And only the stars in the cloudless sky
 Look down from above on me,
 As I muse and dream in the moonlight's gleam,
 'Tis a song of the lonely sea.

L'ENVOI.

Type of the sea—that other sea—
 Where our life-barks aimless roam,
 Where calm is found, and storms abound,
 'Ere we moor in our tranquil home.

—Georgetown College Journal.

"The Uses and Pleasures of Imagination" in the *Spectator* is well written and appeals to one's interest because it treats clearly a subject we all know something about.

"If you want to read something entertaining, relieve the strain upon your craniums and take a glance at the editorial page of the SUSQUEHANNA." This is quoted from the *Juniata Echo*, and it has puzzled us considerably. Why relieve the strain upon your craniums? Must one tone down his mental system to a lower grade when he scans the editorial page of THE SUSQUEHANNA as he does when he reads *Puck* or *Judge*? Probably our brother meant that this reading would be a restful change from the dry tomes of the college curriculum, but in this case the relief would come after instead of before reading. Doubtless he means well but his meaning was ambiguous.

The March issue of the *College Student* is a poetry number and is full of good things.

"The Place of the Literary Society" in the *Touchstone* should be read by every student. It may help him to find out that the same shiftless "no 'count" spirit that keeps him from taking an active

part in his society in college, will help greatly in after life to make a perfect success of his failure to be a man.

The Book Comment in the *Phi-Phonian* is exceptionally good and puts to shame many colleges whose publications cannot or do not do it as well as this High School journal. Of special interest at this time is the comment on Mrs. Olive Schreiner and her latest book, "Trooper Peter Halket," which is compared to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

Since our last issue we have launched into the last term of our present school year. If we would make any progress this year this is the only time left. Our influx of new students at the beginning of the regular spring term was not very large, but quite a number arrived at the beginning of the Normal term, a week or so later.

The following have come in before the time of this writing and many more will come later: Eugene Moran, Thomas Smull, Oliver Debler, R. P. Culp, Owen L. Mench, J. G. Brown, O. D. Deckard, S. D. Stroup, John J. Houtz, A. Gangler, Jr., Charles E. Hendrix, Harry M. Thompson, C. N. Luman, T. G. Shipman and C. R. McDonald.

Our students were very agreeably surprised when our president announced a short time ago that Mr. Samuel Seibert, of Hagerstown, Md., who died recently, had left \$10 000 to \$12,000 to our institution. We greatly appreciate such gifts and wish we had many more such friends who would kindly remember us. Who'll be the next?

L. P. Young, who was compelled to go home on account of his father's illness and while there was himself taken sick, has fully recovered and returned to school on the 26th of March.

Rev. S. B. Barnitz, D. D., of Des Moines, Ia., the secretary of Home Missions, was entertained by our president on the 15th ult. He gave a very pleasing and interesting talk on Missions that evening.

We have had the opportunity of living in an age when the experiment was made of editing a purely Christian daily. Charles Sheldon, the author of the rather far-famed book, "In His Steps,"

has made the attempt with fair success in certain directions. His motives undoubtedly were excellent, but we are afraid he failed in realizing his aim. It proved to be somewhat of an advertising scheme.

A prosperous landlady—Mother Earth.

American flats—Pancakes.

F. E. Shambaugh entertained his parents, from Reedsville, Pa., on the 15th ult.

W. H. Shindel accompanied the glee club to Milton on the 10th of March.

Iseman spent Sunday, March 11, with John P. Harley at Watsonstown.

Corporal Ammon Kempfer delivered a lecture on the "Phillippines and Their Resources" in the lecture room of Trinity Lutheran church March 13.

We are sorry to announce the serious illness of Mrs. H. H. Schoch and son Silas. At this writing, however, they are convalescing.

On the 6th of March Rev. Heisler delivered his excellent stereopticon lecture on Colorado, the Switzerland of America. His views were excellent and his description of the many scenes was fine. Besides a large audience greeted him.

Robert Z. Burns spent a week in Virginia the beginning of the month transacting important (?) business.

Miss Annie Hess, of Rockford, Ill., is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Yutzy.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Trinity Lutheran church held a birthday fete in the opera house March 29. A large number were present and a pleasant time was spent. Refreshments were served.

Charles Lambert was on the sick list March 11 and 12.

Dr. Dimm was unable to meet his classes March 28, 29 and 30 on account of sickness.

Ask Wingard what occurred when he was compelled to wait on several of the glee club before he could start for Selinsgrove when they were at Northumberland.

Charles Yon, a former student of S. U., but now attending Lafayette College, visited town and school March 25 and 26. He is a member of Lafayette Glee, Banjo and Mandolin club, which was on a tour of the state at that time.

A serious railroad wreck occurred in the Selinsgrove yard at 5

o'clock Sunday morning, March 25. A freight left standing on the grade started by the opening of the air brakes, and a short distance from Market street crossing crashed into the shifter engine and ten cars coming from Sunbury. The crew jumped in time to save their lives, but several had hair-breadth escapes. The Lewistown wreck crew spent all day clearing the tracks. A large crowd of sightseers thronged the place during the day. Church audiences suffered greatly because of it. A factory girl remarked that it was lucky it had happened on Sunday or *she* could not have been there all day. But there were others.

"Sun, moon and stars forgot," quoted a Senior some time ago as he flunked in astronomy.

The Seniors have just completed a very interesting book on sociology under Pres. Heisler. The list of theses required is as follows: "The Initiative and Referendum," "Trusts," "Strikes," "The National Liquor Problem," "The Tramp," "Restriction of Emigration," "Factory Conditions in the United States," "Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities," "Working Girls," "Labor Organization," "Political Corruption," "Increase of Wealth," "Recent Growth of Great Cities."

"It is a noble thing to live, even though one only in a measure comes up to his responsibilities, but every life will have a truer meaning if the one who lives it takes a point of vantage and in the spirit of vantage and in the spirit of inquiry sees the passing of his years."

"Sorrow mixed with remorse is the soul's education."

"Trust not yourself, but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe."

"Ridiculing another for doing something is a good way for a person to advertise his own failure."

" 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

"Luck is the faculty of being prepared to embrace every opportunity that presents itself."

"Truth, independence, are my fluttering plumes,
'Tis not my form I lace to make me slim,
But brace my soul with efforts as with stays,
Covered with exploits, not with ribbon-knots."

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, APRIL, 1900.

(Entered at the Selingsrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

HARVEY D. HOOVER, '99, '02, Editor in Chief.	D. J. SNYDER, '00, Managing Editor.
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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.

EDITORIAL

THE student body was well pleased a short time ago by an announcement of new prizes. These prizes will be awarded on the basis of general scholarship in the first two college classes. In the Junior and Senior classes they are given to the most faithful and efficient student in particular lines. It is through the untiring efforts of our new president that these prizes have been secured.

Having prizes, how will we students use them? Will we use them to do mischief, to create jealousy? Some students use them to show their littleness of character. Some through victory portray their utter inability to endure prosperity. Still others work to attain them for the sole reason of defeating a more worthy student. On the other hand prizes may act as a goad, arousing the careless and indifferent, and leading them to aim at higher things. Still a prize should not only be a goad but a reformer. It should teach men to be liberal minded, resigned in defeat, calm in victory and unselfish in competition. It should inspire some to strive for better and grander attainments, for the honor of the class, for the sake of the profession the contestant will enter, for the good of the

college, and lastly for the good of the world in and for which he will labor.

How will you strive to win the prize? A prize won unjustly is a great sin and evil. It is much worse than the primitive condition of carelessness and indifference. Then the prime requisite is honesty. Again let no previous failure discourage your attempt. Be up and doing. Have faith in the all-efficiency of work. Do drudgery; it is the only step by which men rise, if they rise at all.

Trust not in luck, it is a deluding myth. Be courageous. Above all do hard, honest, and persistent work. Then if you have won, you will have received the reward of the faithful, and never will you regret your efforts. If you lose, be patient; some day you will learn your work was not in vain, for defeat rather than victory is the touchstone of true success.

THE recent gift of about \$12,000 to our institution was almost entirely due to the efforts of a loyal alumni. Now are there not others who might, by doing a little work, accomplish as much for Susquehanna? We feel there are. As a part of those who shall enjoy the privileges of such gifts, we are very grateful to you, dear alumni reader, for what you have done for us. Yet we believe that more can be and ought to be done. May we ask you, therefore, that for the sake of your Alma Mater, you use your strongest influence at all times, wherever you may be, for the best interest of our beloved institution. You may have a large part to perform in making her a mighty power in the church for the education of her sons and daughters.

WE RECEIVED a supplementary list of university lectures for the second term at Lehigh University. The following is the list: March 30, a lecture on "The Money Question in 1896 and 1900," by Prof. R. B. Falkner of the University of Pennsylvania; a second, April 6, on "Modern Democracy," by Horace E. Deming, Esq., of New York; a third on "Political Methods in the United States a Century Ago," by Prof. J. B. MacMaster, of the University of Pennsylvania. This school is beautifully located and gives her students a thorough training.

WE HAVE had an exceptionally fine lecture course during the winter months. And beside this course we have had the privilege

of listening to excellent lecturers entirely free. As students, we should appreciate and make use of these splendid opportunities. We receive inspiration, thought and knowledge in a lecture, which we can get in no other way. During the last month we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. S. B. Barnitz, the Western Home Mission Secretary of the Lutheran church. The Doctor is a very interesting speaker, and gave us a delightful talk on his field of labor in the hustling west. We desire to express our appreciation to Dr. Barnitz for his lecture, and to those who made it possible for us to meet him in this way. We sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of hearing him soon again.

OUR LIBRARY.

It is not the purpose of this journal to serve as a medium for begging, but space has kindly been given us to present briefly the needs of our library.

It is unnecessary to tell the readers of *THE SUSQUEHANNA* of the need there is at the present day, in an institution such as ours, of a copious library in order that the best work may be accomplished and the student make the most advancement possible during his college course. This need is felt more and more keenly as our institution expands and more advanced methods of instruction are introduced. As our institution expands our library must expand.

Considerable has been done during the past year in the way of getting more modern works into our library, but our needs are still great. There is scarcely a department of instruction that is not in need of more books of reference. Works in literature, history, sociology and science are especially needed.

Are there not some among the readers of *THE SUSQUEHANNA* who will respond to this need with contributions, small or large? Possibly someone would endow an alcove or could get a friend to endow one—an alcove of history, for instance, or of literature, or of social science. The amount required for this purpose would not be so large and an opportunity could scarcely be offered of exerting a greater influence for good with a similar sum. Possibly you do not feel able to do this but would make smaller contributions—of money, or of books which you have in your library and

would cheerfully contribute if you knew they would be of value to us.

The library committee at present consists of President Heisler and Professors Houtz and Allison, who will answer all inquiries as to the library's needs, and contributions addressed to any one of them will be gratefully received and acknowledged through THE SUSQUEHANNA.

The committee makes this appeal, confident that there is no better way than this by which the friends of Susquehanna University can further her interests. A MEMBER OF COMMITTEE.

THE LANTHORN.

TO STUDENTS, PROFESSORS, ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY.

The JUNIOR CLASS of SUSQUEHANNA takes great pleasure in announcing the near publication of THE LANTHORN for the *scholastic year* of 1899-1900. The book will be delivered *on or shortly after May the first*. The price of the book is \$1.00; it contains 250 pages.

Let it not seem wrong if we say that it is expected that this copy of THE LANTHORN will be worthy of a place among its predecessors, and that it will not fail to present pleasant, interesting and profitable reading to those who are interested in the welfare of S. U.

We hope that the book will meet with the approval of all our friends. Much time has been spent in the preparation of it. The plates for *half-tones* and *zinc etchings* have been secured from a party of *wide reputation*; the *printing* and *binding* is being done *by a reliable company*, and great care is being exercised in every way to make this volume one that shall be appreciated by all who purchase and examine its contents.

Over 200 copies are already sold, and it is the desire of the class to exceed the number of copies sold by any class previous to ours. If any persons have been passed by in our personal visits or through correspondence, the *Business Manager*, M. B. Herman, will be pleased to hear from them at an early date and will give prompt attention to the same.

Hoping that the friends of S. U. will take an active part in this important line of work and give THE LANTHORN the widest circulation possible, we remain respectfully,

THE EDITORS OF LANTHORN.

SOCIETIES

PHILO.

We have now entered upon the work of the last term of the scholastic year, and in two months the class of 1900 of both College and Seminary will have become a matter of history. We cannot contemplate this fact without feelings of regret because some of the staunchest members of Philo are members of this class. It will be a hard matter to find men to take their places after they are gone. We will hope however that their mantles will fall on worthy shoulders. Let us who remain emulate the example of our brethren who will soon leave us, and Philo will surely survive the shocks of time.

The following officers were elected for this term: President, Stabley; Vice-President, Diehl; Rec. Sec., Showers; Cor. Sec., Houtz; Treasurer, Wagenseller, R.; Critics, Weis H., Carpenter; Editor, Marks; Asst. Editor, Barb, G.; Monitor, Schoch, G.

President Stabley has appointed the following committees: Resolution, Fisher, Schoch G., Barb H. K.; Vigilance, Haus, Wagenseller R., Price.

We take pleasure in adding to roll of membership the name of Mr. F. D. Wagner, who was elected as an active member at session of March 23. Mr. Wagner is a bright young man and we predict for him the highest success on the rostrum.

Mr. W. R. Rohrbach, ex-'00 S. U., now a Senior at Bucknell University, circulated among his former classmates and many friends at this place on Friday. Like a true son of Philo he visited the society and made an address in his usual happy manner.

At session of March 9 a very spirited debate took place on the question, "Would the Partition of China be Beneficial to its People." The affirmative side of the question was defended by Weis H. and Barb H. K., while Carpenter and Schoch J. upheld the negative side. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

CLIO.

Just at this season of the year's progress, when spring is slowly but surely divesting itself of its winter habiliment and assuming a

new toga of green, there comes a waft from no particular direction, freighted with cheery gifts for the soul of man.

Now as nature is smiling upon and all around us, transporting us into a realm of higher ecstasy, and spurring us on to higher attainments, let us work as faithfully and earnestly this term as we have the last month.

We are here laying a foundation for life's work, and it largely depends upon our application in literary work whether we will be of service to the world or not. May every Clio awaken to his sensibility.

NOTES.

Herman was home over Sunday. Why? ? ?

Mr. Charles Yon, '01 Lafayette College, an ex-Clio, paid us a brief visit.

Mackenzie spent several days at home last week.

Call on Hohenshilt if you desire the latest novelty.

Reynolds made a trip to Herndon again and reports the schools to be very prosperous. You know why?

Keboch bought a new cornet to which he is very much attached.

Mr. McDonald, of Belleville, Pa., who was teaching, has again returned to resume his studies. We welcome him and are glad to hear of his success in teaching.

Strail and Neuhauser spent a few days in Middleburg in the interests of Belmar.

We are glad to note that Mr. C. A. Goss, '99, and an ex-Clio, graduated from the Cleveland Business College, Cleveland, Ohio, last week. He already holds a lucrative position.

Eph. Gearhart made a flying trip to Mt. Carmel and other points the latter part of last week and says he had a "swell" time.

Miss VanAllman favored the society with instrumental music on Friday evening, March 23.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Young, L. P.; Vice-President, Zechman; Rec. Sec., Frank; Cor. Sec., Swank; Critic, Weeter; Asst. Critic, Herman; Editor, Fritch; Asst. Editor, Stauffer; Factotum, Haas.

The program on Friday evening, March 23, was well rendered. Every performer did justice to himself and deserves much praise for thorough preparation. Let us continue in this manner.

Frank says if he will not be a fielder on the first team, he knows for a certainty that he will be a fielder after he returns home.

We are very glad to see Mr. L. P. Young in our midst again, who was called home last term on account of his father's sickness. Brigham now swings the gavel in Clio.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The newly elected officers have assumed their respective duties, and the following committees, which have been appointed by the president, are now in working order:

New Student Com.—Bruce Burkhart, E. M. Gearhart, Charles Lambert.

Membership Com.—H. O. Reynolds, J. H. Neuhauser, G. A. Livingston, J. E. Zimmerman.

Devotional Com.—W. H. Derr, C. O. Frank, W. I. Zechman, B. F. Hohenshilt.

Bible Study—M. H. Fisher, P. H. Pearson, E. C. Keebach, D. J. Snyder, H. C. Erdman.

Finance—U. A. Guss, L. W. Walter, E. H. Diehl, L. G. Stauffer.

Missionary—H. D. Hoover, L. R. Hause, C. K. Bingaman, G. D. Strail, P. G. Cressman.

We noted the absence of many of our boys from the regular devotional meetings during the past month, due to their being away from school with the musical organizations. We missed them.

Prof. Geo. E. Fisher addressed the Sunday afternoon meeting March 25, on the subject, "Our Besetting Sin." He discussed the subject in a very plain, practical way, which was much appreciated by the boys.

Sunday, April 1st, the regular monthly missionary meeting was held and was in charge of the mission study class. A review of the text, "Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways," which the class has just completed, was given by the members and a very interesting meeting was the result. The mission class is at present pursuing the study of medical missions.

The Y. M. C. A. hand book, which has just been issued, is a credit to the Association as well as the school. It is a very neat vest pocket edition, full of information in regard to the school. It is a complete directory and will especially be valuable to new stu-

dents. The committee who had the matter in charge deserves commendation.

SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

At the last meeting of the society a paper on "Phrenology" was read by H. I. Brumgart, setting forth the nature of the science and the practical usefulness it would be to all acquainted with the subject.

As a system of mental philosophy it aims to explain the faculties of thought and feeling by studying the organization of the brain during life. If this be true, it is a most important fact; if it be false, the quicker the public learn it the better. If true, teachers, preachers, legislators, and administrators of justice, and particularly parents, should understand it, and by applying its principles derive the benefit which they must afford.

The time has gone by when a shrug of the shoulders, or a shake of the head, a repulsive wave of the hand, or the bigot's argument can set aside a subject that claims to make clear the most important fact that can attract the world of thought. If in the brain can be read the talents which shall distinguish their owners and bless the world; if traits can be seen before the tenth year that shall indicate the orator, or the engineer, the writer, the philosopher, the historian, the teacher, the artist or the divine, ought not the public to understand it in order that the generations that follow shall be early guided in moral and intellectual truth so that the race be lifted into usefulness, virtue and honor?

It is not wise, though perhaps without phrenology that is the only means of learning, to wait for experience to reveal the truth in respect to the faculties.

In the little space allotted to us we shall not discuss any of the arguments in favor of this science, but let it to the individual as to whether this subject, which deals with humanity itself, does not deserve special study and consideration.

E. M. B.

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The first of our March concerts was given at Milton, Pa., in the Second Lutheran church of that place on March 10. A large and

appreciative audience greeted the men of music, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Wolgie and Nick unfortunately for them stayed away with some of the fair sex and missed the elegant reception given the clubs by the pastor of the church, Rev. M. Havice, who is a Susquehanna Alumnus. Special thanks are due the Reverend for his kindness.

The snow on March 16 furnished the opportunity for the first and last sleigh ride of the season, which included a trip to Northumberland, Pa. The concert here was given in the opera house to an audience which insisted on encores not a few.

Wolgie and Spigelmeyer were in hard luck here. They having gotten to the wrong place of entertainment were unceremoniously dragged away from a table loaded with good things and from the sides of certain fair ones as well just as they were about to surround the festal board. For information see Prof. Keeley. Special mention is due Rev. C. R. Botsford for his successful efforts in behalf of the concert.

One of the most pleasant trips of the season was that set out upon on the 22d of March when the clubs left Selinsgrove for Snydertown, the far-famed home of our Mr. Keefer. Mr. Keefer had provided for the entertainment of the men in the various homes of his town, and special thanks are due these kind people who had no other interest in the financial part than their kind hospitality. Here a certain curly headed "secundo basso" borrowed a key from his host expecting to remain "out" for some time, but to his chagrin he found later that as far as the girls were concerned he was "out." Mr. Nicholas rendered his solo in exceptionally fine style upon this occasion.

March 23 found us at Berwick or "Carpenterville." The entertainment here was given in the Y. M. C. A. hall under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Ev. Lutheran church, Rev. M. M. Albeck, pastor. The concert was a success in every way, the audience being large, intelligent and appreciative. The Glee and Mandolin clubs were impartially encored. The readings by Mr. Wingard were much appreciated.

One of the pleasant features of our entertainment in this town was the reception given the boys at the home of Miss Lizzie Dixon, where all were regaled with refreshments and the most pleasant of social converse.

If space did not forbid, we would gladly make personal mention of each of our kind hosts and hostesses, but special thanks are due Rev. Albeck for his strenuous efforts in behalf of the success of the evening.

Bloomsburg, the county seat of Columbia, was the next and last point of interest on this trip. The men landed at Bloomsburg at 1:00 p. m. after a most pleasant trip along the Susquehanna with its changing beauties so peculiar and striking in this section.

The program was rendered in the Lutheran church to the largest audience we met on the trip. The highest compliment which can be paid to the clubs is the fact that this critical audience went home highly pleased. Mr. Snyder in his cornet solo did some handsome work. If the feelings of the boys were hurt a year ago by certain unpleasant misunderstandings, they were more than healed by the hearty and open kindness afforded on this occasion. All praise is due to the "Ladies Aid" of Bloomsburg Lutheran church for the kindness and appreciation shown. The pastor, Rev. McKinn put forth much appreciated efforts for the general comfort and success.

The Glee club sang in the Lutheran church on Sabbath morning and in the Y. M. C. A. hall in the afternoon. Thus ended a trip which was conducive of a great deal of enjoyment to all. Looking back over the three days' history, we find it hard to settle on any of the three places for special mention, as all deserve it equally well.

"A disposition to doubt, to suspect and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education.

"Disdaining tendrils of the parasite,
To be content, if neither oak nor elm—
Not to mount high, perchance, but mount alone!"

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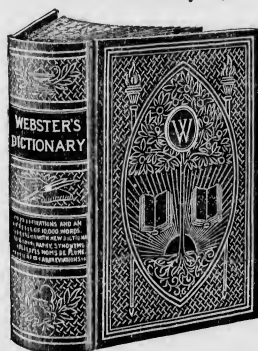
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VOLUME IX.

No. 9.

MAY,

1900.

THE SUSQUEHANNA

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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

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LITERARY.

THE WITCH ELEMENT.

In the tragedy of Macbeth, the two most potent factors that hurl Macbeth into the abyss of destruction (made by his own free will) are the supernatural will of Lady Macbeth and the influence of the Weird Sisters. Of the two agencies Macbeth's witches are undoubtedly the stronger, for the physiological principle as exemplified by them, is found in self and can only be created by self. His witches are not of the broomstick variety, soaring through the air and visible as flesh and blood. They are not the creation of the superstitious fancy of man. Not the traditional toothless, sightless, misshapen hag, horrible to look upon. They do not inspire terror and horror, but disgust and aversion. They destroy not the temporal but shatter and crumble the spiritual. They cannot be seized and tried before an earthly tribunal, but are subservient only to a higher judge—the soul. They originate and create nothing in Macbeth, only foster and perpetuate and increase, with their malignant influence, the seeds that vaulting ambition has already implanted in his being. They recognize in Macbeth a being akin to themselves in innate wickedness, and thus is established between them the electrical current, the first volt of which enters Macbeth on the blasted heath.

The play opens amidst lightning, thunder and rain, with a weirdness and mystic power that pervades one's soul. What night could be more fitting? The Weird Sisters portray the dark and evil of nature and soul. They delight in wickedness, and revel in the awful havoc of murder, insanity and death that their prophecies incite in Macbeth. To them night is day, and "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," in a two-fold sense—physical and moral. They sport under the glare of the forked tongues of lightning darting here and there, and the reverberations of the mighty thunder are nothing but an echo of the disturbances that Macbeth's evil pro-

pensities will eventually create. No fate impels Macbeth. Shakespeare was true to life and would not paint man save as he is—a free will agent. Macbeth himself generated the electrical current and the witches are not at first the tempters, but the tempted.

When Banquo and Macbeth enter on the heath, the former first discerns the witches. Their appearance startles him, but there their power ends. Their presence and salutations fall before the shining and invulnerable armor of his spotless integrity, cool and calm judgment and a heart free from ignoble ambition. Not so is it with Macbeth when he is addressed as Glamis, Thane of Cawdor and the future king. He starts with feelings of surprise and fear that the embryo longings of his evil heart have been interpreted and voiced by beings that are but the counterpart of himself in innate wickedness. The very fact that he "Would they had stayed" shows that the unquenchable flame had been kindled by self. He desired to know more; his whole being yearned for the fulfillment of the prophecy, and after the second title was confirmed, by action of the king, he eagerly accepted that which he intensely desired.

The effects of the appearance of the witches to Macbeth and Banquo are necessarily vastly different. Why? Because these men unconsciously view the witches in the light they desire to see them. To Banquo they are objective, and their words cause no answering response in his heart; no gleam of hope and fond anticipations for the realization of a foul intrigue. Hence he can readily detect these entities; see their form and note their beards. But Macbeth at their words "All hail" is thrilled by the gentle current and aroused at the revelation of his secret longings in the mirror of self. The witches are subjective to him; he cannot look upon them the same in heart as Banquo because his disposition already is unconsciously criminal. He is meditative, moody, silent and lost in his own world of prospective guilt; and when indirectly rebuked for his absentmindedness retorts, "My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten." Thus was received the stimulating rain of wickedness from the sisters that fell on the tiny seed in the garden of his inner self. Not yet were the fetters unbreakable, not yet was he fated. The magnetic current had not yet scorched him, but when he surrendered himself, when his free will merged into recklessness he cast himself on the current of fate and was lost in its own immensity. Shakespeare demonstrated this

psychologically. The poet was so filled with the darkness of Macbeth's immorality that the internal was revealed in the external—the portrayal of the natural world. Before Banquo was murdered the slayer says, "The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day." In all the world of moral wickedness were yet a few faint gleams of the early dawn. But when Banquo's ghost appeared, those glimmerings were enveloped in perpetual darkness forever to Macbeth and his wife.

Shakespeare has told us how we should regard the Weird Sisters. Lady Macbeth says, "Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts. You muttering ministers, wherever in your sightless substance you wait on nature's mischief." This is the key to the interpretation. The sins of past generations have infected the air of today. There is a something without, beside the something within. Reason says we cannot stand alone. We are not, in the fullest sense, independent, but aided either by divine grace or assailed by the devil's wiles. Ofttimes we are borne onward by the stream of virtue, and the answering complacency is our blessing; or we are caught in the maelstrom of the evil, internal and external, and sucked into its vortex whilst the "sightless substances" dance and exult at our destruction. The witches are nameless, sightless, sexless, without kith or kin and birth or death; being incorporeal they are only entities. They are the quintessence of hellishness. They only harp what man originates, and as the virgins of hell are unsurpassed. At first appearance they are uncouth, grotesque and even comical, and yet the longer we look the more terrible and fascinating do they become. They tingle with energy, snatch the foul and diseased, and fiendishly rejoice as Macbeth goes step by step towards the death of his body, mind and soul. Our blood grows cold and we shrink in horror as they dance and chant their glees around the seething caldron of their hellish charms. Thick and slab is the mixture. Vile, loathsome and venomous are the ingredients of the hell-broth. The distilled perfume of their poisoned brewing enters the already tainted blood of Macbeth and gives a new impetus to his inflamed and sin-engendered soul.

Such were Macbeth's witches, and in the delineation of them Shakespeare was scientifically correct. They are a history of the past, a revealer of the present and a foreteller of things to come in every man. In character and psychical principle they are but the

reflector of each one's soul. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." But prior to his heart is his disposition, and that disposition can be and is influenced by external forces; but there is always and must be a tainted internal before the external can infect the interior with its foul touch. Ofttimes the eye of self only sees as it *wills to* see; man acts only as he *wills to* act; he is infected only as he *wills to* be vitiated; he turns his telescope on the horizon of self and sees the reflection of good and evil as it is inherent in self. Just as the shadow of the reflected object must enter the consciousness before we can define and distinguish it, so must the external witches of good or evil cooperate with the internal, the witch of self, before we can know ourselves as we are. From the cradle to the grave we are pursued by these untiring, persistent and invisible entities. There are trillions of witches, and they flit through the air, permeate all space, invade the material world and dwell throughout life in all men.

The man who hoards his gold, the general on the field, the president in his chair, the minister in the pulpit and the murderer with uplifted dagger in hand—all have their witches. It is the individual characteristic of every rational animal. It was placed there when the Infinite made finite and dependent man. It is the silent and spectral attendant wherever we go and regardless of what we do. Ambition and the psychical governing purpose are but synonyms for the past, present and future witches as they have been and shall ever be. These witches are enthroned by self, the scepter placed in their hands by self, and self of its own free will surrenders itself to these mighty potentates.

"ANGO."

THE LAST RUN OF 303.

It was a cool morning in March, the last Sunday in the month. I left home rather hastily, some time before sunrise. I scarcely stopped long enough to kiss my little boy goodbye. I was anxious to get to the yards. I had been tormented during the night by a dream in which I saw dear old 303 a total wreck. And I was foolish enough to let that dream hurry me off to the round-house long before my regular time to go there. Of course I knew it was a dream and untrue yet—well I cannot tell how it was, but I felt a little anxious about the matter.

The fireman had not yet made his appearance, so after examining her carefully to allay my fears, I took my accustomed seat. As I sat there in the cab watching my charge with a conscious pride, I could not help but feel that this sleeping monster had indeed been a true friend to me. I thought of the many trips we had taken together; the precious burdens we had borne. I was convicted that I never loved a friend more true. After all some human friends are of much less use to their companions than an ordinary machine. I felt a burning love swell my breast and I wanted to say something. I longed to tell her how much I loved her. Unconsciously I grasped the different levers and playfully pulled at the throttle. But my delightful moments of dreaming were soon ended. The fireman came to his daily task. Aroused from her quiet slumbers, she began her morning breathing exercise, which always preceded her daily run.

Promptly at the appointed time we left the now busy yards. With the river on one side and a mountain on the other, we continued gayly on our course for the first five miles. The very hills along the way woke up as we passed and hurled back the echo of our train's deafening roar. The river mirrored the clouds of steam and smoke that arose majestically on the clear morning air. Then we crossed the river. It was a beautiful day, and the sun was just rising over the hills back of us. I don't know why, but I could not help admiring the apparent happiness of the old iron horse. She seemed to dance across the bridge, proudly drawing her precious train of freight.

We had just crossed the bridge and were nearing a sharp curve when a train of cars, having ran down a steep grade beyond the next station where they had been left standing, dashed toward us at a terrific rate. What had happened? What should be done? Where was the reverse lever? But it was too late. Scarcely knowing what to do I threw myself on the floor of the cab. There was a tremendous crash, a breaking of timbers, snapping of iron and steel, a roar and din that seemed to rend asunder the very air about me. The whistle cord was struck by flying timber. There was a loud, shrill wail, the last cry of my iron friend. There was a second crash. The cab closed over me. I was almost choked by the escaping steam. Then I knew no more.

It was some time afterward when I came to my senses. Rising from the ground where the "boys" had laid me, I staggered over

to my beloved 303. Life was gone. It had ascended and disappeared with the cloud of steam. Only a confused mass of iron remained. Did I weep for her? Well, do you blame me? She had been my faithful friend for a score of years. But then—I shall never forget the awful sight of crushed and mangled material. The bright sun above looked down upon a lifeless and worthless heap of wreckage. This was no dream, 303 was gone. She had made her last run.

—CONTRIBUTED.

THE NATIONAL LIQUOR PROBLEM.

To every careful student of the social conditions of our country, there appears, among many other pernicious forces, a distinct form of evil, gigantic in its proportions, and second to no other in its destructive energy—that is the evil of intemperance.

The liquor question is one of the greatest problems which confront our people for solution to-day. That the rum power in this country holds sway with an arrogant hand needs no proof. The liquor industries have been pumping a continual and ever-increasing stream of poison into the veins of this nation, until the whole body politic is stupefied, almost helpless, and justice is paralyzed. To the liquor curse may be traced many of the other evil forces set in motion, for it goes hand in hand with every other social evil of the day, and to its malevolent influence may be traced the deplorable condition of society found in many sections of our country. There is no phase of industrial or social life which has not been affected by its blighting breath. It is the chief cause of poverty and wretchedness among the working classes, and is a breeder of crime.

The relation which alcohol sustains to labor and poverty is a question of vital importance. Scientific investigation reveals the fact that ninety per cent. of the pauperism for which taxpayers have to pay is caused by the liquor traffic. The saloon is the toiler's worst enemy. It incapacitates for work, demoralizes, impoverishes; filling our almshouses, prisons and insane asylums. Investigation into the cause of poverty revealed this fact, that annually we spend \$1,080,000,000 for rum, and less than a third of that amount for flour. Need we wonder at the wretched condition of the wage earner and his family, so long as his earnings find their way to the gin mill instead of the grocery?

In making a careful investigation into the relation of drink to crime, in Suffolk county, Mass., Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, found the total number of sentences passed during a single year to be 16,897, of which 84 per cent. were due to the influence of drink. Ninety per cent. of the business of criminal courts, according to Chief Justice Davis, of New York, is due to the liquor traffic. Beyond the possibility of a doubt, the saloon business of this country is sapping the morality of the people, impoverishing the toiler, and corrupting everything it touches. It is the organized enemy of good government, and is openly defiant of law. Lawlessness is the natural fruit of the open saloon. The rum power dominates our politics and murders the men who seek to enforce the law regarding its regulation. The despotism of the dram shop in this country debases us as a people and throws into disrepute our boasted civilization.

In the light of scientific investigation, and facts which are indisputable, it seems almost incredible that we, as a people, tolerate such an institution, which debases society and is a menace to the home and to the state. But to the shame of this nation, must it be said, that in league with this institution of evil is the government. Underneath is the strong arm of law sustaining and fostering it for the revenue it can get. Think of this nation upholding a business that is the worst foe of the home, of morality and order, of civil liberty, and which slays her citizens by the thousands every year; and the revenue obtained from the business, which is the price of blood, used in running the affairs of state! Verily, the government needs a revenue in order to keep up the criminal courts, penitentiaries, almshouses and asylums, so that it may properly care for the criminals. paupers and idiots it is making through the legalized saloon. The "army canteen," propagated by the government, in spite of the condemnation of Gen. Howard and other military officials at Washington, places the government in the position of chief rum seller, and is an outrage upon any civilized people. But the shame upon our country reaches its climax in the steady stream of rum we are pouring into the new countries which have come under our sway. We have sent thousands of soldiers to the Philippines to quell insurrection and extend the blessings of civilization, but subserviency on the part of our government to the liquor power has resulted in an awful example of American weakness, debauchery and crime. The

havoc the saloon is making in the Philippines is a matter of grave concern to us as a nation, and grows more serious every day. When our soldiers entered Manila there were but three saloons, now there are four hundred. Every street of any length has a long row of saloons, and nowhere else in the world is there so much drinking per capita as among the American residents there. It is no uncommon sight to see American soldiers reeling through the streets in an intoxicated condition, and General Otis has ordered one thousand pairs of handcuffs and several hundred leg shackles with which to control the "drunks." To our shame, it must be said, that wherever Uncle Sam sets foot upon a new possession, whiskey accompanies, with its direful results.

As we look back over the history of the saloon business in this country, we see that it has been but a dark stream of woe coming down through the years, ever widening and deepening as it gained momentum, hurling thousands of victims annually into the "bottomless pit," and leaving in its wake ruin and desolation. Not one good thing can be said in its favor as over against this awful stream of iniquity. To it can be traced poverty and crime, riots and bloodshed, and many other evil forces which are aggravating the present social conditions. There is no doubt that with the abolition of the liquor traffic many perplexing social problems which confront us today, as a nation, would find their solution.

W. H. D.

THE SMOKY CITY BY NIGHT.

Ever been to Pittsburg? If so you have visited what is now the most thriving inland city between the foaming Atlantic and the broad Pacific. You have seen a city where commercial enterprise has sent business in real estate skyward, and where a hustling trade has overflowed in the direction of high rents, where fortunes are made and lost in a few months, where everybody is on the *qui vive*, and where anyone who wishes to float in the stream of life, to use the language of the place, must "get up and hustle."

Here in a few days may be seen what the world is turned "inside out." All trades, all classes, all peoples, all conditions are found gathering to this mecca of commerce, which stands as a gateway between east and west.

But you have never seen the marvel of city life until on some clear night you have taken a position on one of the lofty hills of Allegheny, the twin sister, who breathes on the opposite bank of the Allegheny river, and cast your eye over the smoky city as it is revealed behind the sombre curtain of night.

Standing on one of these eminences it was our privilege to have a view of the twin cities as they lie in the forks of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. In daylight the dense smoke never admits the direct rays of the sun into the heart of the city, but at night the stars look down upon the panorama shown by the lights from all quarters which shine through the gloom and reveal their surroundings.

What a picture! The whole city seems to be buzzing with life like the cage of a naturalist filled with insects of every description.

On the extreme left Sharpsburg sends up her quota of fire and smoke from her mills and furnaces. Looking east we see the rising town of Wilkesburg, in which Edgemont, the school for mutes is located. Our eye follows the P. R. R. toward the city, guided by one of the trains which move toward Union Depot every five minutes, and we see in turn Brushton, Homewood, East Liberty, and lastly, the heart of the city itself.

Before us along the river front are the mills and factories which have made this city famous for—dirt. High smokestacks and chimneys are pouring out smoke and fire. The flames from the smelting and heating furnaces light up the country for miles around, and even enable the eye to penetrate the sable curtain of smoke which always attends them.

For miles and miles this river front is lighted up by sheets of lurid flame, which throw strange and fantastic shadows upon the glistening surface of the water. The steam pipes labor and puff to liven up the occasion and furnish music for the dumb show which is going on before us.

We lift our eyes and look beyond. Far, far out into the distance we see an almost unintelligible network of streets indicated by the arc lights. These show the arteries through which the blood of city life pulsates so freely. Here and there some lofty spire is illuminated many feet above the life of the street below.

The screaming of the whistles from the many engines, whose strong hoofs tread the steel ways forming a great network of iron

rails in the very heart of the city, call our attention to the highways over which are carried the commerce and life of this city on and on to the unseen country beyond. These are the bands which tie these giant industries to the people whose energy waits, beyond the line of hills that shut off our vision, for the fruits of Pittsburg's commercial enterprise.

Now and then, here, there and everywhere, busy lights flash along the thoroughfares, showing where the electric street cars are carrying men and women to all places, at all hours, and for every purpose under the sun.

We turn and gaze to the right, and Allegheny City presents to us the same busy, bewildering aspect. We look over the tops of the surrounding hills where are DuQuesne, Braddock, Homestead, Wilmerding, and many other outlying places, and behold they too send up heralds of light against clouds of smoke to tell that there also men are doing mightily in the effort to stem the current of labor and of strife.

We look back into the city, the city with its many mills, its furnaces, its stores, its busy streets, its churches, and its half million human beings teeming in its streets and houses and shops and stores and mills. We reflect on all the phases of life which are represented under the human eye that night. We remember the numberless faces, the various and unending line of employments, the mix up of ends and purposes, of sorrow and of joy, of riches and poverty, of health and sickness, of pain and happiness, of prosperity and wretchedness. This and much more the mind's eye sees, while all that the material eye can see is but a very faint outline, the outer edge of the shell, but over all and above all we remember that it is said, "Thou, God, seest us." —S.

MOTHER'S WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR MR. E. R. WINGARD, READER IN S. U. GLEE CLUB CONCERTS.

Jeff Anders was as fine a boy as ever went to school,
Though not the brightest in his classes, he was never called a fool;
His father died when Jeff was small, but he was strong and brave,
And worked for years with might and main a mortgaged home to save.

But to the life beyond the farm, which he often longed to live
Mid the ceaseless toil of labor, he had little thought to give,
Until one day in summer when 'Squire Hodge received
The last cent on the mortgage; twas a victory achieved

By noble perseverance, almost unending toil,
And the genial Squire knowing this prepared a little foil.
"I've been a kind of bank for you, Jeff, my boy," said he,
"This money's for your college course, there's more if need there be."

A college course! He could scarcely believe the message of his ears;
The gratitude of his poor heart was best expressed in tears.
His mother heard the news with joy, the boys all envied him,
His cup of joy, that gem of life, was filled up to the brim.

Jeff parted from his mother that bright September morn,
Her mother heart, so brave before, with fear and grief was torn.
"When temptations round you gather, Jeff, be true, be brave, and bold,
And don't forget your mother's word, that truth is more than gold.
Each victory that you gain, my boy, will help you more to win,
And each battle that is lost by you but adds another sin."

A Y. M. C. A. committee, as Jeff stepped from the car,
Gave him a Christian hand clasp, and placed him on a par
With all the other college boys, and told him what to do
To start aright his college life, and to himself be true.

But Jeff too soon was acquainted with that element of school,
Who told him to be popular, not bound by any rule;
They told him not to live the humdrum life of those
Whose only place in college seemed all progress to oppose;

But since he'd left the plow behind, and lived in another sphere,
A quiet lark, just now and then, would make his mind more clear.
"Suppose it isn't Bible right, but what of that?" said they,
"Boys don't go to college just to work their time away."

Now Jeff was not bad looking, his hair in many curls
Had often round the homestead been the mark of many girls.
He wished to be well thought of by all the boys around,
And thought himself enriched by the merry friends he'd found.

He was glad when they invited him to join a little treat,
And be their guest that evening on a rather quiet street.
They would meet him at the restaurant, the hour was set for nine,
And to celebrate his coming, Jeff would settle for the wine.

Then when his new found friends were gone, and he was left alone,
His thoughts went back to her, whose words were the best he'd ever known.
But he'd promised, and he couldn't now go back upon his word.
But hark! In the silence an old familiar strain is heard.

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through."

The last note had scarce died away till Jeff was on his feet,
His eyes looked straight to heaven, as though his father's eyes to meet.
"Untrue to self I am, but hence, if He will help me through,
While in me beats a heart, to mother's word I'll e'er be true."

—R. B. Z.

THE THREE SISTERS.

In writing about the three sisters in King Lear, we will take Goneril and Regan together, and the only way to account for their conduct is by supposing them possessed with a strong original impulse of malignity. Whatever of soul these beings possess is all in the head. They have no heart to guide or inspire their understanding, and but enough understanding to seize occasions and frame excuses for their heartlessness. Without affection, they are without shame.

When the old king, not content to know that his children love him, but hungering after outward tokens of affection, says "which of you shall we say doth love us most?" there is a smooth, glib rhetoric, unwarmed by the least spark of feeling, in the profession of love of Goneril and Regan. Lear having assigned to them their portions of the kingdom, then turns to Cordelia with "What can you say to draw a third more opulent than your sisters?" These words are said with a smile, yet with a secret desire for the demonstration of love demanded. All the more is he surprised and offended by Cordelia's earnest reply of "Nothing, my Lord." But Cordelia is suppressing, and in this way manifesting her indignation against her sisters' heartless flattery.

Naturally Lear looked for the strongest professions where he felt the deepest attachment. He declares his preference for her in these words: "I loved her most, and thought to set my rest on her kind nursery." And the same thing comes to us only more forcibly when we hear him speak of her as "Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate, dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath." We see all through the play how Cordelia was loved. Kent, by pleading for her, is banished by the angry king. Even the fool loved her, for he says. "Since Lady Cordelia went to France, her father, poor fool, had much pined away." Had it not been for her strong love for her father, although he had disinherited her, forgetting him she might have returned to France and lived prosperously. But then Cordelia, the pure zeal of redeeming ardor, would, indeed, have ceased to be.

Victor Hugo says : "Shakespeare takes ingratitude and gives the monster two heads—Goneril and Regan." Goneril is the calm wielder of a pitiless force, the resolute initiator of cruelty. Regan is a smaller, fiercer, more eager piece of malice. The tyranny of the elder is a cold, persistent pressure, and is neither affected by tenderness nor scruple.

Regan would avoid her father, and while she confronts him alone quails a little as she hears the old man's curse upon her sister. But Goneril knows that a helpless old man is only a helpless old man, and his words are only words, and when he rides away she follows, determined to see the matter to an end. The cruelty and utter heartlessness of these two is something terrible, when they drive their poor old father, who has given them all of his possessions, out into the night and the tempest.

These sister fiends find in Edmund a character wicked enough to interest their feelings, and their passion for him proceeds mainly upon his treachery to his father, and because they both alike are taken with him, therefore they will cut their way to him through each other's life. To the end Goneril is true to her character. She kills Regan, then thrusts her own life aside and boldly enters the great darkness of the grave.

When the old king is brought to the camp of Cordelia sick, she bends over him and invokes restoration to "hang his medicine on her lips," and kneeling before him she entreats him to "hold his hands in benediction o'er her." She remembers with great sorrow the curse he had pronounced upon her—and a father's curse is a dreadful thing to a soul like hers—so her first thought is to have that curse replaced with a benediction. Now she has fulfilled the end of her being. It is not so hard for her to die—she had accepted her lot with fortitude. "That which satisfies our hearts, which brings new strength and consolation, is not that by happy concurrence of circumstances Cordelia should have succeeded in her enterprise, but merely that Cordelia existed."

—E.

THE POWER OF JUSTICE.

All men endeavor to avoid pain, all desire pleasure. Both qualities are characteristic of the mind of man. It is an indisputable fact that there is a positive pain and a positive pleasure. The re-

moval of pain does not necessarily give an individual any marked degree of pleasure, nor the diminishing of pleasure, pain.

When an agreeable sensation of pleasure ceases, we relapse into a state of indifference; we are then in a position from which we can be aroused by pain or pleasure. If that pleasure stops rather abruptly, we are disappointed; should this disappointment be great, we indulge another state of mind, grief. Grief if contemplated or entertained for some time, becomes fascinating; and many are those who lie beneath the sod who have died of a broken heart.

As long as the world is permeated with pain which, growing as a canker, causes great wounds in the hearts and minds of men, there is realized a sad deficiency in the present state of existence.

The question then is: How can pain be annihilated so that men will not need to contend with it, but enjoy a state of happiness?

All well-thinking people believe the first idea of God to be the execution of justice. Immensity is the field for justice, and eternity her dwelling place. He who sits upon His great white throne has known, and ever will know, but to exercise justice in behalf of mankind. He has not been forgetful of man but has endowed him with the same power.

We would behold the effulgent of justice shining everywhere upon earth, penetrating the darkest pit, filling the thoughts and lives of men; but the mounds of injustice rise, until, as mountains before the sun, they cast a shadow at our feet.

History does not bring to view one epoch in which the people did not send heavenward their moanings and groanings. The peoples of every age have suffered the sore pangs of grief and deep sorrow. Men have lived who have performed the necessary obligations of life and then sought repose in their windowless palaces of rest. There are many pages of history which could be bright and shining lights to illumine our pathway if upon them did not rest the slimy touch of injustice.

It is believed that the fundamental factor of all injustice is self, and self is the sword that has slain and yet is slaying an innumerable host of men. The pain that fills the earth, and ends thereof, can be traced to the individual in every age, and self is the instrument with which men have laid themselves low.

Self, the monster that lurks in every bosom, causing the majority to disregard all things not essential to their own benefit; self,

who accumulates for his own gratification, a surplus which might be well used in alleviating hunger, pain and sorrow of fellowman; self, who thrusts his bloody dagger broadcast from the north to the south and pierces the secret places of the earth, must be overcome, must be bound and placed behind the bars of conscience, sealed eternally with the golden clasp of justice.

Every home which was once a center of consolation, aglow with rays of confidence, that now is a hovel in which reign discord and wretchedness, is an illustration of injustice. Every man, who was once a noble being, with aspirations directing toward the model of heaven and purity; with sacred songs of praise and thanksgiving within his peaceful bosom, and acts of benevolence executed in behalf of his fellow men; who is now a beast in human form, prowling in forbidden paths in midnight hours, violating the laws of worthy citizens, a disgrace to humanity and a dread to his own household, a shedder of blood and a victim of the scaffold; a victim of sin and a subject of hell, is a demonstration of injustice. Every woman who was once beautiful to behold, sweet, loving and tender; a blessing to her husband and a jewel to her offspring, an honor to society; who is now a wasted, haggard being, upon whose forehead is written the *inscription*, and upon whose conscience bears heavily the shame of prostitution, is an example of injustice. Every child that sleeps upon the curbstone in rags, in sin and neglect; who knows not of the brightness of life and whose hopes of heaven are as naught, is the product of injustice. Self is claimed to be the curse, either directly or indirectly, of all this discord and confusion.

Life is not for the purpose of gratifying one's lusts and desires, but for the execution of the good and perfect will of God. The will of God is that all men gather themselves in the hollow of His hand and shelter beneath the shadow of His wing; for in Him, through the death of His only Son, is mercy boundless and free, extending even to the most wretched of men. He willed that men, through good acts, should enjoy life; through evil, suffer death. After the promise of life to the good and death to the evil, God would not do Himself, nor man, justice if He would not grant to the former joy and to the latter grief.

If a man does not abide with the conditions laid down by his God, he does neither justice to himself nor to God. If he receive injustice from his fellowman and returns not justice, under the

new law, he does neither his fellowman, God nor himself justice.

Therefore, if he drags the noble likeness of his Creator from the virtues of holiness and purity to the pits of self-gratification in lust; if he breaks the ties of friendship between himself and his fellowman by a dishonorable act; if he makes himself a disgrace to the circles of society and is an outcast; if he tears himself from the realms of eternal joy and hears the injunction, "Depart thou worker of iniquity, I know thee not," he is an example of an instigator of injustice. That child, ragged and dirty, upon the curbstone, is the product of preceding injustice.

This life is now as an harp whose strings are not in tune; it is touched and the sound which reaches the ear is both sad and odious; in the execution of justice, life would be as that same harp, which, after being tuned, the strings set into motion by the magic touch of universal justice, would send upon the air its sacred strains to pacify the heart of man.

In the execution of justice the courts of our fair land would be closed; men, women and children would be holy; life would be a scene of never ceasing happiness and *the social problem would be solved*. The King of Glory would no longer withhold His final and triumphant coming, but the kingdom of our God would be established; for in it there will be not a sigh of injustice. The practice of justice would render our acts holy, and time would mould them deeds immortal.

J. H. N., '01.

IAGO.

Many authors have striven to create a devil with the pen, but their efforts have, in a certain sense, been futile—at least they have succeeded but imperfectly—because, to make such a character perfectly, it is necessary either to be or see a devil. Shakespeare has come nearer reaching the ideal personal devil in the delineation of the character of Iago than any other writer.

Iago is a mental sensualist—his passions, emotions, feelings, sensations and delights are all of the mind, his body is but a useless case in which his devilish soul is confined; and sometimes the enforced confinement seems irksome to him when his mind plans some villainy and his body seeks to interfere with it.

All the writers on Iago's character seek first for a motive, and all agree that his conscience in its workings, as shown by his so-

liloquies, portrays as Coleridge says, "The motive hunting of a motiveless malignity." All that is necessary for him to desire to do a thing is for him to know that the thing is wrong. His every indulgence is more enjoyed because it is wrong than because of the actual pleasure involved. And how much of this feature of Iagoism do we all have? Card playing, dancing and many other amusements are more enjoyed and more frequently indulged in because the majority of people think they are wrong. The element of a known or supposed evil deed is as a sweet morsel to many of us.

One of the darkest dabs that Shakespeare's brush gives to this villain is his total lack of faith in woman's virtue. In that we are almost forced to believe the artist has overstepped the bounds—even the devil himself has a respect for a virtuous woman and believes that there is such a thing. There is nothing that betrays a lower grade of character in any one than atheism as to woman's purity. The most debauched wretch has some faith in woman's purity, and the picture of one who don't is dark indeed.

A striking difference, noted by all writers on the character, between Iago and Milton's satan is that while satan has some compunctions of conscience on seeing the joy and peace of the happy pair so soon to be destroyed by his wiles, Iago not only is indifferent to the sufferings of his numerous victims, but even gloats in a more than diabolic manner as he thinks over the fate of those against whom he has conspired.

Iago's ability in the line of lying is wonderful. It is not so wonderful that he should be able to deceive the open, honest and perfectly transparent Othello, but the ease with which he practices his deceit on the unprincipled Roderigo and the light hearted Cassio and his careless wife is remarkable. His lies are so well told that while they are untrue they are yet close enough to truth not to sound unnatural.

In this character we have one who does wrong for wrong's sake, who is an embodiment of the evil principle in all its worst phases, not as to the passions of the flesh, but the mind. A bad man intensified so much that we must often pause and consider—could a man be such a demon? But the writer leads him up in such a well graduated path that we follow without choice until at the climax—when we are let down from the heights of villainy and devilishness and by the stabbing, which shameless deed is

actually a relief—an oasis in a dread dark desert—the first and only unplanned deed, the first show of an untrammelled human passion, the first intimation that our demon is anything but a feelingless intellectual fiend, and in my mind it mars the delineation of this character.

—CONTRIBUTED.

ATHLETICS

What are athletics? This question is of great importance, and should be considered by every young man and young woman. In the early days of Greek civilization men trained their muscles and joined in the athletic games on the old Olympian course for glory alone. The participants were called "athletes," and had to undergo severe training before being allowed to enter the games. From this we get our word athletics, which may be defined as a systematic development of the body. But we must not permit ourselves to think that a mere development of bone and muscle will make us noble athletes. The Romans did develop men in this way to feed their gory desires in the arena, but we claim a higher civilization and a higher ideal in athletics. When the body is developed to the neglect of the mind, we have a giant in animal strength, but a babe in intellect; such a system is not true to the development of noble manhood.

In this age of keen competition the cry comes to us more than ever before for men.

An overcrowded, sickly humanity cries, "The market is stocked," yet above them all there hangs a sign from nearly every profession, "Wanted, a man!" And especially is this true of the college graduate. In many cases we find him a man of books, or a man narrowed down to proficiency in one or two subjects. In some cases this will answer, but in this age when even religion and poetry must stand the test, "Is it practicable?" the world calls for something more than a mere specialist. The world calls today for a man thoroughly developed, a man healthy in body, mind and spirit, and when it finds him it will pay the price.

The colleges develop us in part, but unless we do our part it cannot make men of ourselves. Our minds may be stored like the records of a phonograph, yet if we fail to supply the power to drive the wheels regularly, the world will hear but an uncertain sound. But we want our minds to be more than storehouses from

which to draw stored knowledge. We want brains that act for themselves, not in spinning futile fancies, but in giving to the world ideas, ideas that will be an inspiration, ideas that will be of practical usefulness to our fellowmen.

Here, then, is the work of athletics. As an handmaid of our colleges, she should go hand in hand with them, seeking to turn from their graduating halls men prepared to meet and cope with the problems of life. The man with a healthy, rugged constitution should, other things being equal, be healthy and rugged in mind. He has within him the power to help himself, and the pure, fresh blood coursing through his veins will strengthen and keep active his brain. We retain or augment our strength by using what we have, and the only opportunity the student has of doing this is by college athletics.

Nor are athletics for men alone. The young women of our land, they who are to be the mothers of our next generation, need to be as perfectly developed as possible. We owe to God and to our children, not to speak of ourselves, the use of every opportunity to strengthen and perfect the powers with which we are endowed. The kitchen may furnish some valuable exercise and needful training, but let us not forget that God's pure air is just as freely given to woman as man, and although our sisters are debarred from the rougher sports, they have their place upon the campus and gymnasium floor, a privilege which adds not only grace and beauty, but pleasure and healthfulness to their lives.

Some of the leading forms of athletics are open to both sexes, such as basket ball, tennis, golf, wheeling, rowing and the gymnasium, while football, base ball and track athletics are reserved for manly prowess. In the list can be found sports of all degrees of hardihood which can be used to the proper development of our bodies. It is a fact well known that many make excuses, saying that such and such game is too straining for their constitution, or that they get enough exercise in doing this or that, and therefore take no part in athletics. Perhaps in the performance of certain duties we do exercise certain parts of our bodies sufficiently, but do we stop to consider the parts we do not exercise? It may be true that some bodily ailment prevents me from taking my place on the gridiron, but that should not debar me from the tennis court, or regular exercise in the gymnasium. Very often the weakness is due to our own neglect, and of such a nature that

careful exercise would remedy it. To heal and build up such bodies is the true aim of athletics.

It is not claimed for athletics that all ills and pains can be banished by them, but it is claimed that athletics thoughtfully and carefully followed will do much to fortify us against the many petty pains that often annoy us, and build us up in body and mind to be men, men not alone in number of days, but men in intellect, men in action, men having control of our bodies, making us competent to fight the battles of life. —F.

DEPARTMENTS

THEOLOGICAL.

Rev. C. B. Harman has accepted a unanimous call to the Rebersburg charge.

Rev. J. F. Stabley has received and accepted a unanimous call to Jennerstown, Somerset County, Pa.

All the Seniors are now well located, having charges, and we predict for them abundant success.

Mr. C. M. Nicholas filled the pulpit for Rev. Botsford, of Northumberland, Pa., on the 22d of April.

Mr. H. E. Erdman was called home to attend the funeral of one of his relatives.

Mr. H. McMurtrie spent Sunday, April 22, with his sister at Williamsport, Pa.

Prof. Houtz held communion at Oak Grove, Sunday, April 29, for Mr. I. H. Wagner.

Mr. H. E. Harman preached at Martzville Sunday, April 15.

Mr. H. D. Hoover accompanied Mr. C. B. Harman on a trip to Muncy where they spent a very enjoyable time at the latter's home.

Rev. S. N. Carpenter preached his last sermon at Martzville, April 22, where he supplied during part of his course in Seminary.

Mr. J. E. Zimmerman spent Easter with his parents at Adamsburg, Pa.

Dr. and Mrs. Yutzy gave a much appreciated reception to the Seniors of this department.

Rev. Brosius, of Sunbury, and some friends visited this department during the month.

Dr. Yutzy assisted Dr. Weber, of Sunbury, at communion service April 22.

J. Wesley Weeter attended a convention of his fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, at Carlisle, Pa., May 2-5. He reports a pleasant and profitable session.

Mr. George A. Livingston preached for Rev. A. J. Rudisill at Mt. Carmal, Pa., on the 6th of May.

G. W. Fritch spent Sunday, May 6, at McKee's Half Falls.

Dr. Dimm has just recovered from a severe attack of the la grippe.

Rev. S. N. Carpenter preached in his new field in Pittsburg during passion week and Easter.

President Heisler assisted in the rededication of the Lutheran church at Jersey Shore on the 8th of April. On the 15th he filled the pulpit of Dr. Anspach, of Williamsport, Pa., and on the 22d he preached at Bloomsburg.

Mr. E. F. Ott preached at Liverpool, Pa., on Easter.

Mr. I. Hess Wagner filled the pulpit at Centre church on the 22d of April.

PREPARATORY.

At last the sweet duty of heralding the end of the term devolves upon us, and with the irresistible desire created by confinement, we long to burst the bands of scholastic restraint and emerge into the joyousness of the summer vacation.

Vacation is the merited reward of constant effort and unceasing toil. Only those who have employed themselves in seeking, solving and treasuring up the mighty truths of scholastic research can realize its true significance.

Yet, about the smiling approach of vacation's advent there hovers the dark shadows of parting—parting, no doubt, with some forever—which casts its melancholy shade upon the brightness of anticipation. Sharp pangs of regret creep into our meditation when we contemplate the time when the swelling harmony of the College orchestra, floating about upon the gentle wings of the night wind, will no longer drown the rasping discord of Keboch's bass; when the beaming countenance of "Reddy" Weis will no

longer disseminate sunbeams in the Prepdom of Susquehanna. In our pre-collegiate existence as in all other avenues of life we must gather the bitter with the sweet. And the saddest reminiscence that can darken the tablets of our memory is the final hand-clasp and parting words of a beloved classmate.

Nature, in reanimating life and bestowing the precious gems of her beauteous creation, has not forgotten her allegiance to Susquehanna. As a result our base ball team is enriched by the skill and experience of Messrs. T. J. Smull, Oliver Deibler, D. B. Case and Eugene Moran, whose athletic achievements are only equalled by their scholastic attainments. Our Preparatory standard feels the weight of this new assemblage of intellects. The April showers have also washed upon the shores of our department some gentlemen of lofty aspirations. Mr. Looman aspires to the Presidency of the Ideal Boarding Club, Mr. Brown aspires to a position in the Faculty, Mr. Shipman aspires to a back seat in chapel, Mr. Gangler aspires to become a rubber man (with good chances of success) because he is rooming with "Showers," while Mr. Culp is running opposition to "Susque" as mascot to the base ball team.

In the obscure realms of Prepdom, amid the unformed elements of future collegians, a new class has been born. Although they are not able now to present "a marvelous scene of beauty seldom witnessed in these parts," they are great in aspirations. In the mirror of their untried abilities and determination are reflected mighty achievements and grand successes. Although just appearing above the horizon of college life, we expect to see the class of 1904 mount to the zenith of collegiate attainment and at last shine forth in the front rank of Susquehanna's offspring. N. D. S.

ATHLETICS

Base ball season is here, and the game is on. The opening game of the season was played on April 14, at State College, against State's strong team. Considering the fine mettle of State's men and the lack of organic organization in our own team, the result of the game was no surprise. Moran pitched a strong, heady game. Wagenseller pulled in a high "liner" that seemed

good for a hit. Deibler, after a Maud S. pace of fifty yards at a 2.07 gait, coaxed the high flying leather to take lodging in his left paw. The score :

STATE	R	H	O	A	E	SUSQUEHANNA	R	H	O	A	E
Johnson, c f,.....	4	3	1	0	0	Rollins, 2d,.....	0	0	3	1	1
Miller, p, 2nd,.....	5	0	3	2	0	Lang, c,.....	0	0	4	0	0
Sharpe, s s, p,.....	4	5	2	4	0	Smull, 1st,.....	0	0	6	0	2
Wood, 2d, 1 f,.....	2	1	2	1	1	Reynolds, r f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Shelby, r f,.....	1	0	2	0	0	Moist c f,.....	1	1	3	0	0
Morgan, 3d,.....	1	1	2	2	0	Deibler, 1 f,.....	1	1	1	0	0
Huber, c,.....	0	0	3	3	1	Moran, p.....	1	1	3	2	0
Hewit, 1st b,.....	0	3	7	0	0	Wagenseller, s s,.....	0	1	2	1	4
Ruble, 1 f,.....	0	1	1	0	0	Barrett, 3d,.....	0	1	2	0	3
Kirk, s s,.....	1	1	0	1	0						
Landis, r f,.....	0	0	1	0	0	Total,.....	3	5	27	4	10
Glenn, p,.....	0	0	0	1	1						
Yodder, c,.....	1	0	3	0	1						
Harris, c f,.....	0	0	0	0	1						
Total,.....	19	15	27	14	5						

On April 21 we went to Lewisburg to play Bucknell, with the determination to do or die. We did neither. By this time we had the kinks out of our arms and our eyes on the ball. Although we were defeated by a very close margin, our team work was vastly superior to that in the State game. Although there was no work of a sensational nature in this game, yet it was one of interest and vim. The score :

BUCKNELL	R	H	O	A	E	SUSQUEHANNA	R	H	O	A	E
Weidensaul, c f,.....	4	2	1	0	0	Smull, c,.....	1	1	3	2	0
Teufel, s s,.....	2	1	0	2	0	Lang, s s,.....	1	1	1	1	1
Doolin, 2d,.....	1	2	1	3	0	Rollins, 2d,.....	0	0	4	1	0
Graham, c,.....	1	0	3	1	0	Moist, c f.....	2	0	1	1	0
Weaver, p,.....	0	0	0	1	0	L. Wagenseller, 3d,...	1	1	3	3	0
Davis, 1st,.....	0	2	10	0	0	Reynolds, 1st,.....	1	2	7	1	0
Mulligan, c f,.....	0	0	1	0	1	Deibler, 1 f,.....	0	1	2	0	0
Carter, r f,.....	0	2	0	0	0	F. Wagenseller, r f,...	0	1	0	0	0
Wallauer, 3d,.....	0	1	4	2	0	Moran, p,.....	1	0	0	1	0
Total,.....	8	10	20*	9	1	Total,.....	7	7	21	10	1

*Rollins out for interference.

The first game of the season played on our home grounds was with our old rivals, Gettysburg, on the 26th of April. For hard, fast playing, this game was far ahead of any yet played this year. Both sides played ball like veterans, and but an unfortunate occurrence in the sixth inning, after which Gettysburg refused to continue the game and left the field, this game would doubtless have been the best played and the most interesting one of the season. The features of the game were a difficult double play by

Kase at first, and the base running of Gladfelter. Moran was hit only once in the game. The score :

GETTYSBURG						SUSQUEHANNA					
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E
Moser, 1 f,	0	0	0	0	1	Smull, c,.....	0	0	2	0	0
Gladfelter, s s,.....	0	0	2	0	1	Lang, 3d,.....	0	1	1	3	3
Lance, 3d,.....	0	0	2	1	0	Rollins, 2d,.....	0	0	0	1	0
Krout, 2d,.....	0	0	2	0	0	Kase, 1st,.....	0	0	9	0	0
Hoffman, 1st,.....	0	0	6	0	1	Reynolds, r f,.....	1	0	0	0	0
Rohy, r f,	0	0	1	0	0	Deibler, 1 f	0	1	0	0	0
Floto, c f,	0	1	0	0	0	Moran, p,	0	1	1	2	0
White, c,.....	0	0	2	0	0	Moist, c f,.....	0	0	1	0	0
Plank, p,.....	0	0	0	4	0	Wagenseller, s s	0	0	1	1	2
Total,	0	1	15	5	3	Total,.....	1	3	15	7	5

On the 28th we went to Bloomsburg with visions of victory before us, but it was only a dream, as we returned with a fact confronting us. That fact looked like this: 21-6 in favor of the winners, and we were not the winners. Nothing but the only ground, "an off day," can account for the miserable exhibition. No stranger would have had the least idea that we were the same aggregation that played Gettysburg just two days before this farce. There was, however, one man who kept his head throughout the entire game—Smull. He caught beautifully, working like a Spartan; went after everything that came his way—sky-scrapers, wild pitches, and ground throws—and he got there, too. Moran pitched a good game, but was negligent at stages. The score :

BLOOMSBURG						SUSQUEHANNA					
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E
Hayes, 2d,.....	2	2	2	1	3	Smull, c,.....	0	1	4	1	1
Williams, p,.....	2	1	2	5	1	Lang, 3d,.....	2	2	1	1	3
Byron, 3d,.....	2	2	2	0	1	Rollins, 2d,.....	0	2	3	2	1
Lewis, r f,.....	1	0	0	0	0	Kase, 1st,.....	0	0	13	1	2
Breon. c f,.....	2	0	1	0	1	Reynolds, r f,.....	1	2	2	0	2
Killmer, c,.....	5	2	9	1	4	Deibler, 1 f,.....	0	1	0	1	1
Ronemus, s s,.....	2	3	1	1	0	Moran, p,	0	0	0	0	2
Gennert, 1 f,.....	4	2	1	0	0	Moist, c f,.....	2	0	0	0	1
Reichard, 1st,.....	1	0	8	2	1	Wagenseller, s s,.....	1	0	1	5	5
Total,.....	21	12	26*	10	11	Total,.....	6	8	24	11	18

*Smull out at end.

*Smull out at end.

SUSQUEHANNA AND INDIANS.

S. U. boys played a fine game except in base running. We owe our defeat to the good pitching of Pratt.

INDIANS						SUSQUEHANNA						
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E	
Miller, 2b	2	1	4	4	0	Smull, c.....	2	0	8	3	1	
Pierce, 1b	1	1	7	1	0	Lang, 3b	1	0	1	2	1	
John'n, 3b.....	1	0	0	0	0	Rollins, 2b	1	1	1	2	0	
Lubo, 1f	0	1	0	0	0	Diebler, 1f	0	2	0	0	0	
Rogers, cf	0	0	0	1	1	Reynolds, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0	
Roberts, c.....	1	1	13	1	2	Kase, 1b	0	1	13	0	1	
Leroy, rf	1	1	2	0	0	Moran, p.....	1	0	1	5	0	
Pratt, p	1	2	0	1	1	Moist, cf	0	0	0	0	0	
Black Chief, ss	2	0	1	2	0	Wagenseller, ss.....	1	0	1	0	0	
Total.....	9	7	27	10	4	Total.....	6	4	26	12	3	

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

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Indians.....	0	2	2	0	1	0	4	0	0-9
Susquehanna	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-6

SUSQUEHANNA AND GETTYSBURG.

S. U. lost the game on account of costly errors and heavy hitting of Gettysburg. Rollins played the best ball. "Dewey" is also to be commended for his work in the box. We would like to mention also the courteous treatment our boys received while at Gettysburg. Score:

SUSQUEHANNA					GETTYSBURG							
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E	
Smull, c	1	2	4	1	0	Herman, ss.....	1	3	2	0	1	
Lang, 3b	0	0	3	0	1	Lance, 3b	2	2	1	1	1	
Rollins, 2b	1	1	6	1	0	Ro'ner, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0	
Deibler, lf.....	0	0	3	0	0	Krout, 2b	2	2	4	3	1	
Reynolds, 1b.....	2	1	4	1	0	Brown, 1b.....	2	2	7	1	2	
Weeter, rf	1	0	0	0	0	Moser, rf.....	1	1	0	0	0	
Moran, p, cf.....	1	2	0	0	0	Floto, rf	1	1	2	0	2	
Moist, cf, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	White c	2	1	4	2	0	
Wagenseller, ss.....	1	0	0	3	1	Plank, p	2	1	0	1	0	
Total.....	7	6	20	6	4	Total	16	14	21	8	7	
Susquehanna.....						I	I	1	1	0	3	0-7
Gettysburg.....						5	8	0	2	0	0	1-16

SUSQUEHANNA AND CENTRAL PENNA. COLLEGE.

The absence of errors, the excellent pitching of Moran, and the heavy hitting of S. U. made the game such a merciless defeat. Score:

SUSQUEHANNA					C. PENNA. COLLEGE								
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E		
Smull, c.....	3	2	10	0	0	Oldt, c.....	0	0	5	2	0		
Lang, 3b	4	4	2	3	0	Stover, 2b	0	0	2	0	0		
Rollins, 2b	4	2	2	1	0	Walker, 3b	0	0	2	0	3		
Deibler, lf.....	3	4	0	0	0	Shaffer, lf	0	1	1	0	1		
Reynolds, ss.....	3	4	0	2	0	Henry, 1b.....	0	0	8	0	1		
Case, lb	4	3	6	0	0	Price, ss.....	0	0	0	2	0		
Weeter, rf.....	3	2	1	0	0	Harner, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0		
Moran, p.....	1	2	0	1	0	Fr'dline, rf.....	0	0	0	0	2		
Moist, cf	3	2	0	0	0	Runkle, p.....	0	1	0	6	0		
Total.....	28	25	21	7	0	Total.....	0	2	18	10	7		
Susquehanna							5	0	0	17	4	8	x-28
C. Penna. College							0	0	0	0	0	0	0

ALUMNI NOTES.

Dr. H. C. Haithcox, for some years pastor at Abilene, Kansas, has been elected as pastor of the Lutheran church of Columbia City, Indiana, which was formerly served by Rev. J. M. Francis.

Rev. M. Grossman was installed pastor of the church at Manassas, Va., on March 25.

Rev. I. P. Zimmerman, of Beavertown, Pa., is contemplating still further repairs on his church properties. His congregations gave a prompt and liberal response to the appeal of the Famine Relief fund.

Rev. F. J. Matter, of the Leatherwood charge, Clarion Co., Pa., has accepted a call from the Kittanning charge, Armstrong Co., Pa.

The church at Duncansville, Pa., Rev. Isaac Krider pastor, is being carpeted and furnished with new pews.

Prof. Oden C. Gortner, of Mifflintown, Pa., spent a few days with parents and friends here during the latter part of April.

Rev. S. G. Shannon, who for many years has successfully served the Bethany church of Philadelphia, has recently resigned from that charge. His resignation will take effect on the last Sunday in June.

Rev. D. B. Lau, of Liberty, Pa., recently organized a Christian Endeavor Society, and has an enrollment of 50 members. Rev. Lau is building up very effective auxiliary organizations in his pastorate.

Mrs. Evangeline Dimm Guss recently visited her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Dimm, at this place.

Rev. Charles R. Streamer, of Lionville, Pa., on Sunday, April 22, observed a "Rally Day" in the interest of Sunday School work, which was a success in every respect.

"The three General Synod English churches of Chicago, Ravenswood. Rev. F. W. Meyer, pastor; Immanuel, Rev. Charles P. MacLaughlin, pastor, and Grace, Rev. Willis S. Hinman, D. D., pastor, held a social reunion in Grace church on Easter Monday, which was a delightful affair."—*Observer*.

Rev. W. I. Redcay, of Oberlin, Pa., had 11 accessions at his Easter communion.

Rev. C. E. Frontz, of Lagrange, Ind., held services each night during Holy week.

Rev. M. L. Snyder, of Manheim, Pa., has 208 in his Catechetical classes. He has had 87 accessions since he has taken charge.

The last Communion to be held in the old church edifice at Lewisburg, Pa., Rev. I. H. McGahn pastor, was observed on Easter.

Rev. W. M. Rearick, of West Milton, Pa., has sent out the first issue of his parish paper, *The Helper*.

Rev. C. B. King has issued a "Missionary Souvenir of the Pittsburgh Synod."

The address of Rev. P. Bergeman is changed from Lilly, Pa., to 398 South Main street, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

The St. John's Lutheran church of Hagerstown, Md., Rev. Dr. Owen pastor, recently were favored by an organ recital by the famous Clarence Eddy. Mr. Eddy performed on the new Moller pipe organ which this church recently purchased at a cost of \$4,000.

Rev. John I. Stonecypher, of Hartleton, Pa., was on the campus some days ago.

Rev. W. B. Lahr was recently formally installed as pastor of the C. E. Lutheran church of Cleveland, O.

On the evening of May 2, Rev. William Ulrich was married to Miss Sarah Phillips. The wedding took place in the College church and was a most delightful affair, at which an unusually large number of invited guests were present. Rev. and Mrs. Ulrich will be at home, Scenery Hill, Pa., after May 18. THE SUSQUEHANNA extends the kindest wishes to them.

EXCHANGES.

We welcome the *Agnesian Monthly* to our table. It promises to be an interesting addition to our list.

Our friend, W. M. Schnure, has another railroad story in the *Free Lance*. The author says it is founded on facts, and from the natural run of the yarn we are led to believe that he has told the truth.

"A Short History of Penn'" in the *Spice* is a good effort at punning, a practice not to be encouraged, but rather to be held in check.

"A Bloodless Revolution," a prize story in the *Herald*, is well written and very thrilling as to plot. One of the editors of the *Herald* makes a bad break in the same issue. He says, "Don't read exchanges during study hours, THAT TIME IS RESERVED FOR INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT." The question is, does he think the *Herald* so far above its fellows, or does he set himself such a low standard that he does not believe that the reading of the *Herald* would improve anyone intellectually? Brother, don't put us beyond the pale of educational instruments, else you must follow us out into the cold.

The *Cherry and White* of April contains two good short stories. The plots are realistic and probable.

"The Degeneration of Satan," in the *Normal School Herald*, is worthy of perusal. It is a clear outline of the way in which Milton handles his hero of "Paradise Lost."

The exchange column in the April *Spectator* is unusually good, but the editor comes very near being guilty of the very sin for which he is arraigning two other college journals. A critic should strenuously endeavor to refrain from sarcasm.

The *College Forum* contains a cut of the football team. It is rather late in the season to display football pictures.

The physical laboratory of Lehigh University, which was destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt and ready for occupancy at the opening of the college year next September.

LOCAL-PERSONAL

At the time of this writing we are enjoying a spell of fine weather. It is very pleasant in many respects, but we have found out that it gives so many of our students spring fever.

On the 5th of April, Dr. Heisler delivered his interesting stereoptican lecture on California, in the opera house, before an appreciative audience.

At present the mountains all around us are burning, and the sky during the day becomes very hazy; so much so that the sun appears like a huge red ball of fire traveling in the heavens. At night these fires present a very beautiful spectacle.

We are sorry that L. P. Young was again compelled to go home on account of sickness of his father. We hope for his soon return.

Good things always take time, is the saying. This is demonstrated in the fact that lately basket ball has come into our midst and with a vengeance. We will soon be able to challenge the champions of Penna.

The faculty took a half holiday April 27 and planted trees in our campus. These will in time greatly beautify our campus and we heartily congratulate them for it.

G. D. Strail spent a few days in Philadelphia during the forepart of the month. However he was too late for the May Day festivities.

Charles McDonald, of Belleville, was compelled to leave school May 1 on account of his health.

We are pleased to make the announcement that a suitable monument has been placed on Dr. Day's grave in Union cemetery.

Prof. Woodruff was in Philadelphia over Easter consulting a specialist concerning his health. Prof. has been declining in health and strength of late, but we trust he may regain both.

Brumgart Bros. used to be the agents at this school for "Rubber Goods," but recently Fritch has taken the agency. They can now be had for the price of two for a quarter.

Sturges, Auchmuty, Weis and W. W. Young spent a *very* pleasant Easter vacation in Philadelphia.

Wm. W. Spigelmyer left for home May 1 suffering from an attack of bronchitis.

The Seniors are busily preparing for their Class Day exercises during commencement.

Charles D. Gable has been compelled to quit school on account of his health.

Reynolds visited Paxinos and its pleasant attractions May 1 and 2.

Rev. John F. Stabley, who accepted a charge at Jennerstown, Somerset Co., Pa., left for that place May 2.

Mrs. Hoover visited her son-in-law, Ed. Diehl, and family over Easter.

Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, formerly pastor of First Ev. Lutheran church, now professor of English in Muhlenburg College, Allentown, Pa., spent Easter in Selinsgrove.

The school was very well represented at Forpaugh and Sells Bros'. show at Sunbury, May 3. Our only wonder is that the management of the show did not keep some of our freaks.

Prof. Harry Corman, phrenologist, spent a week in town during April. He gave a free lecture under the auspices of the Society of Natural Sciences.

16 to 1 has added another veteran to its ranks, Menich having joined the mystic order April 23.

We wish to congratulate the borough authorities in the important step they have taken, that of cleaning the reservoir. When we come to realize that our health depends largely upon the condition of the water we drink, this becomes a very important thing.

Mr. C. B. Harman, made a business trip home the last week in April.

The musical clubs made a delightful and successful trip during April, giving concerts at Millersburg, Halifax, Lykens and Liverpool. The boys were greeted with well filled houses, and received splendid treatment from their entertainers at each place.

Rev. C. W. Heisler and family spent Good Friday and Easter in Williamsport as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Anspach.

At a recent meeting of the class of 1902 the following were elected to compose the Lanthorn staff for the coming year: Editor-in-Chief, M. H. Fischer; Ass't Editors, Miss Florence Wagenseller, U. A. Guss, M. W. K. Heicher, P. G. Cressman; Business Manager, F. E. Shambaugh; Assistant Business Manager, L. R. Haus; Artist, S. B. Burkhardt.

RECEPTION FOR THE SEMINARY SENIORS.

The Seniors of the Theological Department were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Yutzy, April 26, 1900. After a brief interval following the time of our arrival we were conducted to the dining room and partook of a delicious feast. The refreshments were served and disposed of with highest evident compliments to the hostess when the apartment began to quake with amateur preacher eloquence. Mr. Stabley toasted the "Wives of the Class of 1900;" Mr. Cooper in prophetic vision described the "Boys and Girls" of this illustrious class; Mr. Harman followed with a talk on the "Ladies of the Class of 1900;" Mr. Carpenter then painted a scene of conflict in a life of toil and sorrow, yet filled with joyous experiences, and ending in happy triumph, concluding with heartfelt words of appreciation to Dr. Yutzy for what the class had constantly received from his ever open hands both in and out of the class room. Dr. Yutzy then expressed his deep and ardent love and interest in the class—as in all his students—and filled the hearts of all present with burning words from this esteemed teacher and friend. The lessons learned from Dr. Yutzy can never be forgotten, and our appreciation therefore can never be adequately expressed. The party retired to the parlor and in healthful jest and delightful music spent a couple more enjoyable hours. The most conspicuous thing that fell upon the attention of those present was the absence of wives. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Stabley might have changed the color of the occasion in this particular, but were unavoidably prevented from so doing. The presence of Misses Anna Barb and Lyda Reese reflected much credit on the judgment of Mrs. Yutzy, not only in the estimation of Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Harman. Our appreciation of the evening cannot be expressed in words, and we prefer not blundering at an attempt of expression.

—REPORTER.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, MAY, 1900.

(Entered at the Selingsrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

HARVEY D. HOOVER, '99, '02, Editor in Chief. D. J. SNYDER, '00, Managing Editor.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.



EDITORIAL



WHEN life so long hidden beneath the bare aspect of winter springs forth into new activities, revealing marvelous beauty and energy, one would expect man to be especially active. We look for a betrayal of greater energy and courage, simply because of the favorable conditions which surround him. Anything short of the most persistent efforts towards the highest and best is not in keeping with the spirit of the season.

Yet this seems but a vague theory, when we know the prevalence of laziness in Spring. Someone has lately said: "A lazy person is the most deplorable and the most unutterable nuisance on earth." The college world has quite a number of these so-called nuisances. Worthless in themselves, they exert an evil influence on their fellow students. They misrepresent their classes, studies and college, but most of all they misrepresent themselves.

The world has no place for a lazy man. It has no need for the weak or unused will-power of the idler. Laziness and not the world determines the time and place of the so much dreaded "dead line". Cowper says:

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands :
As useless if it goes as when it stands."

Men who are doing any good in this busy world are bending every *sinew* and using every talent to do it. The student whose life hereafter will be truly useful to mankind is the one who, in keeping with this season and this age, is straining every nerve, and guiding every energy toward the beautiful realms of absolute perfection. It does not matter how small and apparently insignificant is the work of the hour, do it well. The perfect performance of little duties is a great accomplishment, the presence of laziness the mark of littleness.

One cannot be lazy today and say he will work tomorrow. It would be taking a poisonous serpent into his bosom. The record of today, in a great measure, controls and prophesies the attainments of the morrow. One cannot permit this world-wide disease to take hold of his being and expect to escape the evil effects. Some years ago, at a public performance in Brooklyn, a lady kissed a lion. She had done so often before without injury, but on this occasion the lion was angry, and mutilated her beautiful face with his cruel teeth. Likewise a person may be lazy and because of his shortsightedness see no danger. But one day he will awake to the sad fact that his powers for doing good have been mutilated, and the beauty of his character forever marred by this powerful contagion.

"INTELLECTUAL submission to anyone less than Christ, and to any cause less than His kingdom, is slavery. It is more ; it is misappropriation of endowment ; it is malversion of treasure ; it is malfeasance in office. But the sovereignty of Christ over the intellect is freedom and strength and grace. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Don't graduate from college as a follower of an inferior divinity. Be ambitious for no less a sovereign over the kingdom of your mind than the eternal Son of God. March forth from the classic shades of college to the battlefield of life as Christ's loyal captive."

"WE do not realize how little we have advanced in the direction of ultimate discovery. We treat certain prime mysteries as if they were mere axioms, too simple and obvious for further examination. This, however, has always been a human weakness, and the

strange men whom we call by the name of genius distinguish themselves by breaking these old axioms up into manageable fragments, and building out of them new forms of poetry, philosophy, prophecy."

SOCIETIES

CLIO.

WITH the opening of each spring term there enters into the heart of the student thoughts that savor more of the future than of the present, more of vacation days to come than of the work at hand. Along with this there is a tendency to disregard all that is not required in the curriculum, and herein lies the reason for whatever laxity may appear in society work. The student should not forget that every duty is binding upon him till it is performed to the best of his ability.

It is a fact too well known to require demonstration here that society work is a potent factor in the development of the powers of the mind. Class room recitations store the mind with knowledge and train it into right ways of thinking and reasoning, but it is on the rostrum of the society that these powers are exercised, and by virtue of that exercise strengthened.

Chauncy M. Depew once said "I never yet knew a young man who deserved success and honestly and doggedly pursued it that did not win." In no phase of life is this so true as in the work of the literary society. Every student whose aim is to secure for himself the greatest possible benefit from his college course, cannot afford to let slip the manifold opportunities here presented.

Debates preparatory to the prize contest are being eagerly and skillfully handled, and when the time comes Clio will no doubt place a winning team on the platform.

The roll has been very materially increased during the past month by the addition of the names of J. Bulick, W. Ott, T. Smull, Oliver Deibler, T. Shipman, David Moist, Misses Eliza Foster, Hattie and Stella Zimmerman. We take pleasure in welcoming these, and feel confident that Clio will be stronger for their presence.

McMurtrie and Fritch vainly try to drown the orchestra by singing,

"De good Lawd made de rabbit
Runnin' froo de grass."

One of our members of high standing, Mr. P. E. Miller, is now engaged (*in running a trolley car in Philadelphia.*)

ROBERT BURNS.

PHILO.

THE session of April 6 was postponed on account of Lenten services in the college church.

The debate during session of April 27 was very spirited. The question—"Resolved that the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire would be advantageous to the progress of civilization," was defended by Wagner and Spigelmyer, while the negative was ably represented by Livingstone and Barbe, H.

The following have been received into active membership during the month: Miss Katheryn Focht, Miss May Jarrett, Miss Fannie Jacobs, Mr. Royal Culp, and Mr. Absalom Gangler. We take pride in recording these names on the roll of membership, because we feel confident that they will assume an active part in the work of the society.

The society was highly entertained by recitations by Miss Shoemaker and Mr. Wingard during the session of April 20. On Friday evening, April 27, Miss Margaret Heisler sustained her high reputation as a musician by rendering several very pleasing selections on the piano.

The special committee appointed by the president has purchased several fine rugs and placed them in the hall. They add greatly to the appearance of the hall, and reflect a great deal of credit on the taste of the members of the committee.

The new constitution and by-laws for the future government of Philo were read and adopted at session of April 27. It differs in a number of particulars from the old constitution. For the benefit of those who were absent, we will mention a few of the changes. The order of business has been changed. The number of performances under each class is limited to two instead of three as formerly. Any member failing to perform three consecutive times without a reasonable excuse, is liable to expulsion, at the discretion of the society. The office of pianist, which was appointive heretofore, is now elective.

The committee on the annual Philo reception has been appoint-

ed, and is now busily engaged in perfecting arrangements to eclipse all previous efforts in this direction. The Philo reception has come to be regarded as one of the leading features of commencement week. All Ex-Philos and friends are cordially invited to be present.

SENIOR BANQUET.

One of the prettiest scenes of a social nature upon which one may be permitted to gaze, occurred at the National Hotel, Selinsgrove, on Tuesday evening, April 24, when the Senior class of Susquehanna University, with a number of their friends, mostly of the fair sex, participated in a banquet. It was undoubtedly the finest banquet ever held in this town, and was indeed an evening of rare social enjoyment.

At 9:30 the Chappel orchestra, of Williamsport, gave the signal for the dining room by the rendition of a beautiful march, to which all responded with alacrity. The dining room was a bower of beauty, the entire ceiling being festooned in the class colors (navy blue and canary,) while palms and flowers were everywhere in evidence. An exceptionally fine menu, embracing everything in season, was served with elegant taste. At the conclusion of the feast the following program was rendered under the direction of the Master of Ceremonies, W. H. Derr. Toasts: "Our College," Harry Weis; "Our Guests," W. R. Wagenseller; "Wit and Humor of 1900," George S. Schoch; "Fraternitas," D. J. Snyder; "Our Last Banquet," H. I. Brumgart. The concluding program was given in the drawing room, and was as follows: "Reminiscences," W. H. Derr; Recitation, Ethel Davis Schoch; Poem, H. K. Barb. The remainder of the evening was spent in "tripping the light fantastic" and other amusements. It was a social event long to be remembered by the class of 1900. The feature of the evening was the excellent music rendered by the Chappel orchestra.

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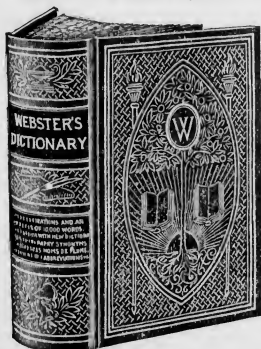
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No. 10.

JUNE,

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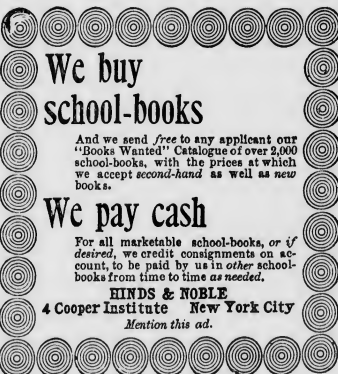
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LITERARY.

THE IMPERIALISM OF A LIFE OF SERVICE.

ABSTRACT OF BACCALAUREATE SERMON, BY
PRES. CHAS. W. HEISLER.

TEXT—St. Luke 22 : 27—“*I am among you as he that serveth.*”

As an introduction Pres. Heisler gave a very impressive account of the events of the context that were the occasion of this expression, the keynote of our Master's life. The main events of Christ's perfect life were then vividly portrayed, showing that “to serve was the glory of His life on earth.”

That incomparable life from beginning to end was the life of a servant. And its awful and tragic close was in accord with its whole course upon the earth. “I am among you as He that serveth.” That life furnishes at once the noblest inspiration, the highest model for all human life. My friends of the classes of 1900, that holy life suggests my theme for these last words to you on this eventful day of your lives.

I. First, then, look at the imperative call to a life of service. This meets us everywhere. It is almost axiomatic to declare that every human being is called to service for others. We can no more escape this truth than we can flee from our shadows in the open sunshine of a bright summer's day. “God does not call us to our fullest life for ourselves.” We are in the world. We are associated with our fellowmen. We are social creatures. We cannot by any possibility escape the obligations of service to others. Consider man in any way you please, and the great striking thing about his life here on earth is that it is to be a life of service. Think of him in the light of his rich endowments, of his wonderful opportunities, of his relation to his fellows as a social being, of his relation to God in Christ Jesus, and this great fact thrusts itself persistently forward and claims recognition.

What a creature is man! At the summit of creation he stands with a rich and lordly heritage. There is his body, for example, so wonderfully made, so skillfully articulated, and capable of such ease and grace of movement as to fill us with deep amazement. Where on earth will you match it with any instrument of man's art and devising? And there is his soul, more marvelous still, with its triune powers of intellect, sensibility and will. That intellect can think God's thoughts out after Him, as it delves into the depths of nature's secrets, or roams far afield in the infinite spaces of the thought world, and in its marvelous outreach into the very eternities. It can look in upon itself in the study of its own acts and states, and it dares to look up to God, and to discover somewhat of His nature and to trace His divine purposes in nature and history and revelation. From the tenderest emotions of affection and the finest sentiments of the beautiful, the soul of man can range to the most thrilling experiences of the sublime and the Infinite. What startling capabilities of feeling it possesses? It can love and hate, it can sorrow and rejoice. It can paint the ideal in roseate hues, and people a world of fancy with entrancing forms. It is susceptible of desire and capable of effort, of choice, and of carrying into execution the behests of the will. Then there is his moral faculty, conscience, sitting regnant among the powers of the soul, pronouncing unfailingly its moral judgments, announcing its authoritative imperative, and expressing with unmistakable voice its sentence of approval or disapproval. But what do these vast endowments mean? Has the soul of man been lighted from on high, with a light that never fails, to give light only to itself? Does man flame as a torch in the universe for his own comfort or well-being alone? No! No! It cannot be. These lordly powers are not for self alone or selfish ends. The whole wide universe cries out against that. The great truth is that these endowments point out man as a social being and link him indissolubly with his kind. Many of the noblest of these powers could not possibly be developed in strict asceticism. They can reach their highest and truest development only as their subject joins with his fellows in personal contact. Love, that queen of the graces, demands an object outside of itself. The aesthetic emotions could never attain to their highest in selfish seclusion. The power of speech requires the contact of mind with mind. Now all this implies and emphasizes the idea of service. These

rich endowments are not for selfish enjoyment, but for helpful fellowship.

Gifts always and everywhere mean responsibility for their use and their right use. The Lord always requires His own with usury. Not to use the talent, but simply to wrap it up in a napkin and preserve it unused, is actually to misuse it, and that brings sure judgment. Its very possession implies responsibility.

This is the great lesson for you this morning, my friends of the classes of 1900. God has richly endowed you, and that simply means that you are to be among men as one that serveth. You are to go out from this life of preparation to help lift human life to a higher plane, to put new beauty and brightness and joy and glory into other lives and to make this dull old earth of ours a purer, better and happier place in which to live. Your gifts of intellect, your graces of disposition, all your varied powers, unite with one voice in calling you to service in the great teeming world.

If we look at opportunities, the same is true. These, too, call to service. They imply service. They impose responsibility to service. Opportunities in greater or less numbers and conspicuousness wait on us all. God sets before each one open doors into larger lives, and larger things in life. And opportunities always and everywhere mean responsibility.

The cultivation of your natural gifts, the education of your minds simply means multiplied opportunities. And a more imperative call to service. With the advantages you have enjoyed in these halls of learning, your capability has been immensely increased. By virtue of your education you are far more capable than without it. You are higher in the scale of being than without it. Your intellectual horizon has been thus enormously widened. Your susceptibilities have become incomparably finer and richer and fuller. Your whole being has been elevated, if the process has been a true one. All this increases the number of points at which you touch your fellowmen, and the ways in which you may influence and serve them. Education means larger and grander opportunity for service. And so of any gifts or acquirements of life, social position, wealth, culture, public office. All these but emphasize the obligation to service. They are to be used for helping mankind, for enriching and ennobling human life. We cannot evade the responsibility if we would. We can-

not avoid that searching judgment of Almighty God. For every gift and grace and power that can be used in service you will be called into strict judgment by the Searcher of hearts.

The same impressive truth appears from man's relation to human society. The race is a unit. We are bound together in a social solidarity by a multitude and a complexity of relations. Invisible ties—social, political, economic, intellectual, moral, bind man to man. The interest and welfare of one is that of all. And yet what inequalities of life confront us on every side. Does this mean that we shall stand for communism and destroy personal property rights? Not at all. Such a scheme is unscientific, unjust, impracticable and unscriptural. But it means opportunity and obligation for service to our fellowmen. These very conditions appeal to the finest and tenderest, to the truest and noblest that is in man. They call him to the heights of supreme self-renunciation in ministering to the highest good of his fellows. They multiply opportunities for helpful and inspiring service in which the very angels of God might delight. They are the very conditions that brought from the lips of the God-man the cry, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

But all these considerations yield to the supreme call and obligation to service that come from the word and example of the Great Teacher. "I am among you as he that serveth." How that word rings down through the centuries to us this morning. How it shrinks and dwarfs and shames all low and selfish and self-centred human life. How it ennobles and glorifies all useful and helpful life on earth. "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done." The great purpose and business of his life was to serve. Again He cries, "For their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified." Ah, my friends, what a view of life that is! "For their sakes I sanctify myself!" One might think that self-consecration for one's own highest self would be the highest in life, and it is, when one gets hold of the larger thought that the highest in man can never be reached until his personal self-consecration brings him into helpful touch with his fellows and issues in their consecration also. The great purpose of Christ's self-consecration was that of His disciples. His life is not for Himself alone; not even chiefly for Himself; scarcely for Himself at all. Oh! it is a marvelous thing that to lose one's self

in loving service to others is really to find one's very highest possible self.

Service, service. O my dear young friends, we cannot get away from that as a condition of highest life, and much less if we would be loyal to Christ's example. A great preacher eloquently puts it thus, "What is it that Christ has left to be His symbol in the world? * * Is it a throne from which a ruler utters his decrees? Is it a mountain top upon which some rapt seer sits, communing with himself and with the voices around him, and gathering great truth into his soul and delighting in it? No, not the throne and not the mountain top. It is the cross. O my brethren, that the cross should be the symbol of our highest measure. * * * It is not your business and mine to study whether we shall get to heaven, even to study whether we shall be good men; it is our business to study how we shall come into the midst of the purposes of God, and have the unspeakable privilege in these few years of doing something of His work." The master stands with you on the threshold of your lives this morning, and He bids you follow Him. He whispers in your ears, "I am among you as one that serveth." "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; he that is chief, as he that doth serve." Paul had fully caught this great principle of the Master. In the story of his conversion, as he stood before King Agrippa, he tells how Christ appeared unto him with this great authoritative word: "But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." Paul declares that he was elected to service by the Lord Jesus Christ. My friends, I am persuaded that Christ appears in your life for this very same purpose. "I am among you as he that serveth." "Do as I have done." He opens up to your vision the richness and glory of such a life. Whether your future shall be in the quiet of the home circle, in the busy activities of trade, in the sacred pulpit, at the bar, at the bedside of the sick, in the stirring scenes of political life, the call to service comes to you from the Master with an imperativeness that cannot be disregarded.

II. And now see what this may mean to you. We may notice several points only. First of all, it will mean self-denial and self-sacrifice. It may mean the cross—self-crucifixion. That is pre-

cisely what it did mean to the Master. When He exclaimed, "I am among you as he that serveth," He was even then about to go out into the darkness and agony and blood of Gethsemane and thence to the dripping cross of Golgotha. To serve with Him meant to go down into the lowliest valleys and thence up the painful ascent of the cross with bruised and bleeding feet. And what are we that we should expect anything different? To realize fully the conception of life as service will certainly mean the putting of self in the background, the crucifixion of self, according to the great law "He that loseth his life shall find it." Self ease, self-aggrandizement, self-centred enjoyment—these will inevitably retire in an earnest life of service. But out of the cross came the greater glory to the Master. Out of His self-renunciation came a multiplied life in those whom He served. Out of his unselfish devotion has sprung that great army of the noblest and best of the ages who counted not their lives dear unto themselves in their love for Him and that they might in them serve Him. Even this in kind, though not in degree, shall be the lot of those who follow the Master in a life of service.

Then, again, this life of service will mean truest and highest development of character. It will issue in the largest, grandest possible life. It will be nothing less than a transcript of the divine life of the Son of God. Life is something vastly more than external condition. Indeed the external condition may seem to be narrow and sad, and from the worldly view point, unsuccessful. Yet that very life in its quiet ministries, in its humble spirit of helpfulness, in its unobtrusive diffusion of sweetness and light may evince the noblest character, and be such as to delight the angels of God. The external is after all only the expression of the internal. Life itself is inward state. Character is fixedness. Character is the aggregate of habits as expressive of inward state and disposition. Now the life of service demands the exhibition of a certain temper, spirit, disposition; it means self-denial, curbing the lower propensities; it means self-sacrifice, the outgoing of the self to others; it means love, the looking beyond self—good to the good of my neighbor. Now all this is the cultivation of the best that is in us, being true to the highest of which we are capable, the calling out of the very finest qualities of our natures. This is the development of the highest possible character. To be useful, permanently, grandly, supremely useful, this is fullest, richest

life. Service sounds the keynote of highest, noblest character and life. Run down along the centuries, or over the names in your own circle, and tell me to whom will you award the palm of highest character and truest life—to those who have lived wholly for self? Or to those who live that they might serve their fellows, who consecrated themselves to the consecration of others? The Incomparable Man, He of the absolutely Perfect Life cried out, "I am among you as he that serveth," and the Pauls, and the Luthers, and the Wesleys, and the Florence Nightingales, and the Lincolns, of every age, who have reflected His life in any measure, have done so by following His example of service.

Then, again, such a life of service means truest success, largest influence and power in life. "I am among you as he that serveth." That is death to self-seeking and the pathway to truest and highest elevation. The spirit of service is essential to real success in all spheres of life. The man who constantly sings his own praises will sing them alone. Nothing hinders our influence or blocks the way of approach to other souls like the exhibition of self-seeking. And nothing disarms prejudice, allays suspicion, and gives such easy access to other hearts as the lowly spirit that earnestly strives to minister to others' good. There is a spiritual aristocracy, but its badge is humble service.

My dear friends of the classes of 1900, do you individually desire success in life? I am sure you do! Here is the talismanic secret of it. Be among men as one that serveth. No matter what your future work or calling, this is eminently true in all the higher walks of life. Of all men the minister of the Gospel to be truly successful must be among men as one that serveth. To do any real good in your great profession, young gentlemen of the school of Theology, this is absolutely essential. "The servant is not above his master." Did Christ serve? So must you.

But I pass on to note that such a life of service means inward peace and blessedness. I can assure you it will not always mean success as the world counts it, but it will as God looks at it. There is joy in ministering to others even apart from all relation to Christian character. But when this life of service is one in loyalty to the Divine Master and in conscious imitation of His Spirit it becomes itself divine. Oh, there is no joy on earth comparable with that which fills the soul from a consciousness of having helped and gladdened and comforted some other life. It is a

life that has its pains, its losses, but it has its greater glory too. It is a life whose pathway dips down into the vale, but it climbs the mountain tops of transfiguration also. It is a life that has its heavy cross, but it is a life in which even that cross is bathed in heavenly glory and that by and by is crowned by the King Himself. He who crucifies self in his intense desire to serve and to do good to his fellowmen is treading the same path his Master has trodden, the path of perfect peace and ineffable blessedness. The best recipe for misery is pride and self seeking. The best recipe for inward quietness is self-abnegation and consecration to Christ for service, where and when and as He wills. It is only by such a life that we can be true to our best selves, loyal to the highest and noblest that is in us. And conversely only by being true men and women, and faithful to the best that is in us can we really serve our fellowmen.

III. From all this, then,—may we not hope?—appears the glory, the imperialism of a life of service. The bonds are upon you, my young friends, to serve. You are elected to that. "I elected you," says Christ to His disciples, "and appoint you, that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide." And so, we are persuaded, He has elected each one of you.

Young lady and young gentlemen of the College class of 1900, young gentlemen of the Seminary class of 1900, this is the great and glorious life to which God calls you. This is the larger life upon which I bid you enter. You have been in this institution now for some years, enjoying the advantages of a course in higher learning. I congratulate you upon the commanding privilege which has been yours. You have completed the prescribed course. You are to go forth in a few days with the diploma of this Institution in your hands and with its honors upon your heads. All this, as I have tried to impress upon you, means opportunity and responsibility. Much will be expected of you. Much you may do. And much, inconceivably much you will do, if you will but consecrate yourselves to a life of service in the great world into which you go.

Be assured we shall always follow your course with the profoundest interest. This institution will rejoice as it finds its sons and daughters walking in the truth. Your highest success shall be our earnest prayer. The story of your achievements among

your fellows in the world will deeply interest us. But if these achievements are won through the loss of yourselves in this noble spirit of service, which we have tried to set forth this morning, our interest shall deepen into inexpressible joy. You go out from these halls with the best wishes of the Board of Trustees, of the Faculty, of this Institution, who have labored with such painstaking devotion for your advancement, and of the speaker. We bid you a hearty "God speed." We wish for you the best and the grandest that is possible in life through Jesus Christ the Lord, so that, at the last, you may sit on the throne with the King in His beauty and glory above.

You have heard, perhaps, the story of Donatello and his marvelous statue of St. George in Florence. After its completion he was anxious that the great Angelo should see it. With a heart full to bursting with anxiety and suspense he calls Angelo. The great sculptor gazes at it long and earnestly, but without a word of praise or blame. Still he gazes, then slowly walks around the rider and horse, so perfectly cut in the stone as to seem to await but the breath to make them truly alive. Round and round Angelo slowly walks, then lifting his hand he exclaimed in thundering tones, "Now march!" Ah! but who could put life into cold marble? My young friends of the classes of 1900, get Christ and His spirit of service into your hearts and then march. The world awaits you. The church awaits you. The twentieth century awaits you.

WHAT WE KNOW.

ABSTRACT OF SERMON PREACHED TO Y. M. C. A. OF SUSQUEHANNA
UNIVERSITY, SUNDAY EVENING, BY REV. T. T. EVERETT, D. D.,
OF YORK, PA.

"For we know in part."—1 Cor. 13:9.

He began with a pointed reference to the vanity of modern intellectual knighthood in its opposition to our Christian faith, and said that negative knowledge was the most impotent thing in the world. The claim that man does not know everything is not a new idea. From the literature of all past ages comes the deep drawn sigh of scholarly minds because of the impregnable barriers to thought, and because, in that quality which differentiates us from the rest of creation, namely—the power of applied knowl-

edge, we are incomplete and inadequate. We must concede that we only know in part.

Nothing whatever is wholly known. No line of thought has ever been followed to its end. No field of inquiry has ever been worked to a finish. The splendid realm of theology is no exception.

But, while we only know *in part*, yet *we know* in part. Knowledge is not necessarily uncertain because it is incomplete. The part we do not know does not vitiate the part we do know. We really know many things as absolutely as God Himself. Fragmentary knowledge is an expression that about sizes up our total acquaintance with everything. Dr. Everett referred to the doctrine of Vitality as explaining the creation. He said that Vitality was only another name for God. Mr. Huxley denied Vitality because it clashed with his position, but the doctrine was none the less tenable. The speaker also referred to Christian experience and prayer, as things which the Huxleyite was totally ignorant of, and, therefore, not competent to discuss them. Dr. Everett was sure that thus he knew God created the universe; that Christian experience puts an end to controversy over its reality, and that prayer is heard and answered.

"What we have *felt* and *seen*,
With *confidence* we tell,
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs *infallible*."

A positive Christian creed is not only the most positive, but the most needful thing in the world today. What makes the reputation and power of the Christian church is not the gorgeousness of its ritual, nor the eloquence of its pulpit. It is the positive faith and the corresponding practice of both the pulpit and the pews.

Most people do not form a positive Christian faith because, as they allege, they are afraid of a mistake and want to avoid its shame. But if a man comes to a fork in a road he ought to take the most promising one and not stand still forever. We should keep our mind in an affirmative attitude; seek to know what is true rather than false. If we possessed a thousand negations we would only be in a state of mental beggary. "Flaw-finders" may be necessary in some cases, but in the realm of religion the market seemed to be over-stocked.

He said that traveling through Switzerland he came into a lovely

valley covered with emerald green and spangled with golden flowers. Then he saw a vulture marking an object on a little arid spot, and it swooped down upon a carcass. It saw not the beauty and glory of the valley. It was intent only upon whetting its beak in corruption and feeding on it. Shortly after luncheon he, on the hotel porch watched one of those tiny darting opals of the air—a humming bird—pausing here and there on palpitating wings to sip nectar from those goblets of God—the flowers. Both birds found what they wanted, for to birds as well as to men it is written, “Seek and ye shall find.” He said that he would rather be the diminutive humming bird flying low amid beauty and fragrance, and feeding on honey, than the vulture, blind to everything but ruin and decay. He would rather possess his own plain affirmative mind, seeking to know the verities of God, than a colossal brain that feeds on lifeless theories and slaughtered beliefs.

No Christian life could be fruitful without the impetus of a strong faith. Half-minded people are never whole-hearted. Behind all great deeds is a great creed. He instanced those of Paul, Luther, Ridley, Latimer, Wesley, Muhlenberg, Simpson and others. If a man found the falsity of everything that is false he would only have a mind crammed like a charnal house with the corpses of slain ideas.

Heaven is the land of eternal affirmation. If our creed did not fit it we had no place there. We should hang in the art gallery of our soul an intellectual picture, imperfect, perhaps, yet a faithful copy of the divine realities yet to come. Then we would find that what we now know in part is a true part of what we shall know when that which is in part is passed away.

Sometime and somewhere, with no veil hanging between us and God, we shall see and know all—and pass from knowledge into knowledge, and from glory into glory. But until then we shall only know in part.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, IN PART, OF REV. CHAS. W. HEISLER, D. D.

In formally assuming the duties of the office of President of Susquehanna University, to which you have with such kindly unanimity elected me, it is but proper that I should give some expression to my conception of Higher Education in these times, and of the policy which it shall be my earnest endeavor to pursue.

A very cursory review of the educational history of this country will convince anyone of the phenomenal advance in educational facilities and conditions. The memory of men yet with us easily runs back to the time when the public school was a luxury for the few for three or four months of the year. In 1899 we had 472 Colleges and Universities, 1800 Professors, 158,000 students, representing an investment of about half a billion of dollars. Interest in Higher Education in this country has remarkably increased in recent years. Institutions have been multiplying. Men of wealth have been contributing princely sums for buildings and endowments.

I. It may seem almost gratuitous to insist that *Higher Education in the twentieth century must be thorough at the same time that it is comprehensive*. The teacher of today is almost bewildered by the newer educational methods. The ways of the fathers will not suffice for their aggressive and progressive sons. And this is well *per se*. But sometimes I fear that some of the advance of the present day is at the expense of thoroughness. It is quite within the truth to assert that the method of cramming and crowding too largely obtains in the College and University courses.

The realm of learning has been enlarging at an enormous rate. Whole zones of knowledge are opening up constantly. The horizon of mental vision has immensely widened in recent years. Almost every blow of the geologist's hammer, almost every experiment in the chemical and biological laboratory has opened up new vistas of human knowledge to the diligent and enthusiastic investigator. What is true of natural science may also be predicated of philosophy, sociology and theology. To cover, even partially, the field of human knowledge is a far different task from what it used to be. The modern college simply must keep pace with this advancing line of education. It must be comprehensive. But in this it dare not lose its old thoroughness.

It is time, we believe, to call a halt. The training of our higher schools must be comprehensive, and must make educated men in the modern sense of the term. But whilst broadening out we must not flatten out into distressing thinness. If our sons are to get more than their fathers got in college, we must insist that they shall get this just as thoroughly as their fathers got their portion. Boards of directors and faculties must set their faces like a flint against shallowness and superficiality.

II. *Higher Education of the twentieth century must be conservative and progressive.* To some extent there is war in the elements as to what should constitute a modern college education. We live in such a utilitarian age that many people carry the spirit of commercialism into our educational processes and methods. Of every proposed subject or course of study, the irrepressible inquiry starts "Cui bono?" Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, the new President of Yale, gives a very lucid account of the two general phases of higher educational classes obtaining at the present day, the Conservative or Classical, and the Progressive or Modern. The first school "believe that a liberal education consists very largely in the study of ancient literature and the languages in which that literature was composed. Next in relative importance in such a scheme of education come deductive sciences, mathematics, logic and the older form of psychology. Modern languages, and especially science, while not wholly excluded are given a subordinate and incidental place in such a course." The advocate of the modern system "lays stress on the study of Modern Science, in all its varied branches. With deductive theories, except in pure Mathematics he wishes to have as little to do as possible." He begrudges the time spent on ancient languages, and lays relatively more stress on modern languages. "He insists above all things on the necessity of a thorough study of one's own language and its literature, as being a more important element in general education, than the literature of any classical nation is likely to furnish."

The question has to do with power and culture. The conservative claims that the old system in which memory plays so important a part, and in which individual, personal, hard work is so strongly insisted upon, issues in better mental discipline, in a broader intellectual range, in firmer mental grasp, in short, in larger psychic power. The modern pleads for more freedom, for less of the trammel of the old tread-mill system, and more liberty on the part of the student in the selection of his studies with more distinct adaptation to his life's work. It would estimate carefully the "cui bono" of each particular study pursued. Some one has pithily characterized the modern system as that of the three "I's;" the lecture, pouring into the student a mass of facts and principles; then sending him into the library to investigate for himself and construct his own hypotheses, and then into the laboratory for

experimentation and verification. This is very taking, and to my mind is almost the ideal method for the post-graduate, but for the undergraduate it is easily liable to great abuse, so far as the truest and highest results of an education are concerned.

First, then, it seems to us that a proper balance between these two systems can and ought to be struck. Both have points of great excellence. A golden mean is possible. Let us hold fast to what is best in the old or conservative system, at the same time adopting readily what is most excellent in the modern.

Secondly, at the same time we strongly feel that we cannot give up too much of the old and well tried system. We are still old-fashioned enough to hold that memory culture, the power of attention, as well as observation, the power of nice discrimination as well as generalization, skill in deduction as well as keenness in induction, ability to think steadily and profoundly as well as brilliancy in discovery and investigation, and a broad and general culture as well as special training for life work, are the true end and aim of Higher Education. Now it seems to be admitted that the old system develops culture and power, whilst the modern develops power more especially, but very little culture. On the whole the moderate conservative will produce a larger culture and mental discipline, whilst the moderate reformer will secure more brightness, life, elasticity, adaptiveness to our educational system.

Thirdly. All this has a bearing upon the subject of required and elective studies in the college curriculum. For ourselves we do not favor electives at all in the lower classes. With possibly the last term of the Sophomore year may begin, in either the classical or scientific courses, a system of electives or optional studies, along with certain required branches. The system of electives may be most advantageously used along with required courses, that will preserve the integrity of the college curriculum.

Fourthly. If the college course is worth anything along the lines indicated it must preserve its integrity. Some of the professional schools, especially law and medical, are increasing their courses to four years. This means that many young men must accordingly abbreviate the college course. And to accommodate the student who desires to abbreviate his course, the effort is made to cover the first year of medicine and law in the Senior year in college. But according to recent medical catalogues to enter the Sophomore class of the medical college the student must take in

his Senior year at least 450 hours of medical science, and during the rest of his course 504 hours additional. That simply means that his Senior year is devoted to medical study, and the integrity of the Senior college year is entirely destroyed. The question at once arises whether the student under such circumstances is entitled to his A. B., or B. S. degree. Then the law schools will make similar demands. The theological schools have a right to ask the same. And then what becomes of the college course? In addition to this, preparatory and high schools are striving to cover the college Freshman year. This would practically shorten our college course to two years. Are we ready for this? Certainly not. We must stand for proper conservatism along with true progress.

III. *Higher Education of the twentieth century must be thoroughly up-to-date.* It must be fully adapted to the new industrial, sociological, civic conditions. We are in the very heart of a great transitional period. A somewhat different order of men is being developed. A new era has dawned. The man of today must be not so much a man of muscle to work as a man of brain to run a machine and direct work. Conditions have greatly changed. The trolley, and telephone, and boards of health, and industrial establishments are revolutionizing social conditions. The defeat of political bosses is creating a new citizenship. The breaking up of antiquated nationalities, the partitioning of ancient territories, the opening of Congo valleys, the noble labors of the missionary, the greed of the speculator, the ambitions of the diplomatist, are constantly raising new international questions. America is stepping abroad into the sphere of the world politics and commerce as never before.

Now we simply contend that our Higher Education of the twentieth century must take account of all these new and enlarged conditions. There must be some reconstruction, but after all it must apply to the later rather than to the earlier periods of the college course, and must lie largely in the domain of the electives. To meet these new conditions, entrance requirements have been raised again and again, and must be still more. The young people of today must be prepared for the larger world life into which they are stepping, and the college course must be so adapted on conservative lines as to secure this.

Instruction in our Theological Seminaries must meet the new

demand of the new era. There never was a time when the preacher must be so many sided in his capabilities and acquisitions or meet so many and diversified demands as at the present. The church, for her own self-preservation, must more and more insist on a highly educated ministry.

To start with, the Theological Seminaries ought strenuously to insist upon higher entrance requirements. They dare not in this lag behind other professional schools. I am persuaded that only in very exceptional cases ought they to admit students who have not pursued a regular college course. The age demands this. The church demands it.

Then the course itself needs fuller adjustment to existing conditions. For example, our Theological courses need revision in the matter of systematic study of the English Bible, as a book, as a tool for the worker. Sociological study must occupy a larger place in our Theological schools. We, as preachers, lose immensely if we neglect this important science. The preacher is becoming more and more a public man. He is bound to touch public questions. I regard this study as of prime importance.

Then, again, the Theological course is susceptible of improvement in the matter of the study of Christian Ethics, and, as perhaps involved in this, the study of the spirit of the age. The Sociological, the Economic, the Theological, the international spirit of the age are bringing up ever new ethical relations and problems. The preacher must preach the fundamental principles of Christian Ethics, to go out to the largest usefulness in the great world of the twentieth century.

Again, the Theological course may be reconstructed along the lines of Homiletical instruction. The preacher of the twentieth century will have a different audience from that of the middle of the nineteenth. It is an audience of keener intellectual power, of a higher grade of general intelligence, of more breadth of information, affected with more of the utilitarian and commercial spirit, an audience of more sensitive nerves, and more sensuous emotions, a more restless, imperious, exacting audience along certain lines. This audience requires the same old Gospel of the Crucified Christ, but presented in a more striking form. The homiletical teacher of the twentieth century must turn out preachers who can carry the old Gospel of Christ to the people in such a manner that they will hear.

Moreover, I think the time has come when our Theological schools should more generally offer a system of electives. Some provision ought to be made for specialization along Theological lines.

IV. *This Higher Education must be thoroughly and positively Christian.* I am unalterably opposed to any system of intellectual education divorced from the moral or religious. Religion has nothing to fear from science or philosophy. The truth is mighty and will prevail. The influence of the teacher is paramount. And so we must insist on Christian teachers for our boys and girls, and Christian instruction in their undergraduate courses of study. As a teacher of some of the profounder subjects of the college course I tremble at the awful responsibility resting upon me. I am often oppressed with the thought of how easily a mistake might here be made that might issue in hopeless unbelief. We therefore stand for church schools, for denominational colleges. Then in the Theological Seminary we demand that the atmosphere and instruction shall be truly reverent and profoundly spiritual. The Theological instructor must have the scientific spirit as an educator, but in addition he must have the spirit of the Master. He must do all his work in the glow of the deepest spirituality.

In closing President Heisler spoke especially on this Institution. He said in part:

1. This Institution is the child of the church. It belongs to the church absolutely. The church needs it. This part of the state needs it. The cause of Higher Education in these parts needs it. And we turn to the church for that sympathy and support needed to make it a truly great institution.

2. Again, this Institution must stand for a high standard of education in College and Theological school. As far as it goes it must insist on as thorough and comprehensive instruction as can be furnished anywhere.

3. It must stand for a distinct and positive religious spirit. It is well known as a Christian Institution. This reputation it must sustain. Its classroom work must continue to include positive Biblical instruction. Its whole spirit and all its activities must be such as to send out thoroughly educated young men and young women imbued with the Christ spirit. To conduct it with this end in view, shall be the earnest endeavor of the speaker, so far as the influence and effort of the President can compass that end.

4. This Institution must stand for true conservative Lutheranism. It has been maintained with money from the Lutheran Christians. It is bound by its constitution and charter to the Lutheran church. It appeals largely for patronage and support to our Lutheran people. It must be true to the genius, the spirit, the cultus, the theology of the Lutheran church. It must therefore stand for historic, conservative Lutheranism. And yet we must state distinctly and positively that while we stand unequivocally for true, historic, conservative Lutheranism, as we understand it, yet we do not stand for any parties or factions in the church, and never, with our consent or aid, whilst we occupy this position shall this Institution be used in any way in the interests of any faction or party in the church, or to foment factional disturbances in our church. It stands for the church of our fathers in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We believe this Institution has a great work and a splendid field. It may do marvels for the cause of the blessed Master. Obeying, as I believed, the direct and unmistakable call of Him, whose I am and whom I serve, I accepted the office of President of this Institution. Relying alone upon Him for guidance and grace I have entered upon the discharge of my responsible duties. And seeking your continued sympathy and your unceasing prayers, and looking up to the Lord God Almighty for all needed wisdom and strength, I go forth to the work of Christian and Theological education as represented by Susquehanna University. And may the rich blessing of the Great Head of the Church be upon the Institution and upon those charged with its conduct. Amen!

GRADUATING EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

The service was very impressive, and the addresses very good. Lack of space only keeps us from giving at least abstracts of the same. The class was composed of four loyal sons of this Institution. Two of them, graduates of the University, one a special student and the other a graduate of Missionary Institute. The music was furnished by the University orchestra, and was appreciated very much. Rev. Dr. Holloway opened the exercises with prayer.

"The Preacher and His Bible," was the subject of the well handled oration of A. E. Cooper, Selinsgrove, Pa.

John F. Stabley, Dallastown, Pa., gave a very earnest oration on the subject, "Denominational Loyalty."

Sanford N. Carpenter, Beavertown, Pa., then presented an excellent discourse on, "A Christo-Centric Theology."

"The Preacher and the Age," was the subject of a carefully prepared and practical speech given by Charles B. Harman, Muncy, Pa.

After an appropriate and pleasing introduction Rev. Anspach then gave an excellent address, of which because of space, we can only give the following extract:

Text Luke 14 : 28, "Which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it."

I shall adhere to no elucidation of the text, and still what I shall say, will lie within the province of this verse.

You will erect no tower of mortar and brick, of cement and stone, but if life and health are spared you, you will build a reputation, a ministry. And you shall count the cost of these—the price at which an irreproachable one of the first, reputation; a successful one of the second, ministry, may be had. For I assure you that many a man has not acquired and sustained the first, nor conducted the second, simply because he did not carefully compute the cost of their production, and so computing honestly and cheerfully pay it.

I want to speak to you on a theme on which I wish some one had spoken to me when I was where you are—at the beginning of a ministerial career—on "The Rule of Success in Life."

Success is always and ever a product. The one side of an equation. The sum total of particular factors. The consequent of antecedent. The effect of a cause or causes. It is not a creature of chance. No, no, it is contingent. Contingency found, cause discovered, factors known, the result, if knowledge is improved, is sure. Absolutely sure, so to say, unless there be an interruption of the processes by powers beyond individual control. Success is product, and he who would attain unto must employ its factors.

In everything that God has created there ordinarily lies all the potency needed to make that thing complete and perfect in its

kind. And a thing complete and perfect in its kind, is and must be a success. In the egg, from which the whole winged creature originates, there is contained all that is necessary to the most perfect of these — the brightest of plumage, the sweetest of voice, the swiftest of wing. If warmed into life and life appearing, that which nurtures and protects the same is adequately dispensed, perfection in kind is sure. Thus in man fully endowed, unwarped of nature, there lies the force, the power, the elements, call it as you choose, requisite to complete manhood, as concerns body and soul, and all that is behooving to this splendid result is, that it or they be drawn out, trained, becomingly fostered and fed.

Now this potency is denominated endowment, capacity, talent. It is sometimes spoken of as a gift. The designation is correct, for our internal powers like our external members are of God. Sometimes where its exhibitions are stronger than years and training could lead us to expect, it is entitled genius. However entitled, it is the germ, the life force, out of which success comes. It is the root, the plant, of which success like bloom and fruit is issue.

I look at the brain of an intelligent being. I consider the powers identified with it. I remember the achievements of civilization and culture—disclosing themselves in architecture, in paintings, in implements of war, in mechanical and agricultural appliances, in commerce, in discovery, in exploration, in authorship, and I say, amazing, amazing. I attempt the measurement of one faculty—memory. Ha, ha, it recalls everything it has read, learned or heard. I take the faculty of imagination, I picture, and if for ages I were to picture, I could picture, still no diminution of its power apparent. So with thought, perception, reason, understanding—no limit to their particular province. Ah, you look at the powers of mind, and then let mind and sense shame you, if with these unimpaired possessed, you count success a question.

But that this potency may manifest itself in success, two things are indispensable. First, times; second, opportunities. No man can develop internal massiveness unless he has seasons in which to do it. God “can make a pumpkin in six months, but when He wishes to make an oak he consumes an hundred years.” But alone and of themselves these factors do not make success. There must be proper estimate and use of them, and protection against

all that hinders natural and legitimate outcome, or the conditions and environment of employment must be favorable.

The rule, then, of success in life, fully and clearly stated is, Proper estimate and use of our powers, times and opportunities, these powers properly directed, not independent of God, and not without regard to neutralizing and obstructing agencies. I am willing you should apply this rule universally. I believe you will find it a rule without exceptions. As absolute as the law of gravity; as certain as the revolution of the earth upon its axis; as undeviating as the orbits of the planets; a rule as fixed as the everlasting hills and the perpetual seas.

All about us are men, all above us are women, and they are a success, a comparative success at least, in their particular spheres, and this is the ground of it. Sublime faith in their abilities, intense application to development and culture, more prompt seizure upon times and opportunities would have made many of them a superlative success. The life of Napoleon was a success, but failure and defeat entered into it, when there was overestimate of his powers. The life of Moses came nigh being a failure, from an underestimate of his powers, and a hesitancy to use them, improve times and opportunities. Thus from overestimate, or underestimate of powers, their misdirection, their misuse, unseizure upon favorable periods, one and another, until the aggregate amounts to millions, failures in life are to be explained.

What little terror the judgment would have for us! What little occasion for the confessional prayer, and for the consequent personal humiliation, if even as fallen creatures, we properly estimated and used our powers, improved our times and opportunities.

A very deplorable thing it is that men suffer small matters to interfere with success. Conceit very often does it. Not without reason do we have the customary words—"Be not wise in your own conceit." Let me tell you young men, you know very little. You are not now learned or wise, but there is no reason why, if you properly estimate and use your powers, improve your times and opportunities, each one of you may not be, life and health vouchsafed, an authority on any branch of learning you may select, and so a success.

In the ministry small matters sometimes hinder success. A man does not visit enough, or visits too much, or at unseemly hours. Such an one is soon without a charge. He may be a very capable

preacher. He did not properly estimate and use his powers, possibly for lack of common sense, the greatest vacuity that can afflict a minister. Trivial causes, oh so trivial, have stood in the way of the success of hundreds, every one of which may be reduced to the rule—no proper estimate and use of powers, times and opportunities.

Sit down and count the cost of a tower of success. A tower that shall last and shelter, be admired, held in veneration and love, when all material towers shall have passed away. A ministry that shall bless, comfort, prosper and rejoice for time; and crown, glorify and render beautiful through all eternity. Count it and say this day, God sparing me, God helping me, I will pay it. Pay the cost of it, and be yourself an illustration, a proof of the rule of success—a proper estimate and use, under God, of our powers, times and opportunities.

Following the address, diplomas were conferred upon the graduates. In connection with the presentation of the same Pres. Heisler made some touching remarks to his first graduating class in the School of Theology.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

During the past year society debating contests were interesting and of a high standard because each man was debating and preparing himself or his opponents for the inter-society contest which took place Saturday evening, June 3. Dr. T. T. Everett, of York, Pa., was presiding officer. All the debaters chosen by the two societies for this occasion deserve praise for the able manner in which they presented their arguments. Their speeches showed careful thought, extensive investigation and thorough preparation. The question, "Resolved, That Puerto Rico be Included Within the Tariff Boundaries of the U. S.," was very well discussed. The judges, A. W. Potter, Esq., Prof. F. C. Bowersox and Hon. Benjamin Focht, decided unanimously in favor of the affirmative, which side was presented by Messrs. H. K. Barb and Harry Weis, Philo's representatives. Messrs. J. H. Neuhauser and Robert Burns, defended the negative as Clio's representatives. The contest throughout was interesting and profitable.

Patience lies at the root of all pleasures, as well as of all powers.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The regular annual sessions of the Board were very interesting this year. Important questions came up for consideration, some of which were thoroughly discussed and permanently settled, while a number of things were left to committees, and in some cases temporary steps were taken. The usual order and matter of important business was transacted.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Geo. B. Reimensnyder, Esq., Sunbury; First Vice-President, Rev. Geo. W. Enders, D. D., York; Second Vice-President, Rev. H. C. Holloway, D. D., Bellefonte; Secretary, Mr. M. L. Wagenseller, Selinsgrove; Asst. Corresponding Secretary, Rev. I. P. Zimmerman, A. M., Beaver Springs; Treasurer, Mr. Ira C. Schoch, Selinsgrove.

Under election of members the following were elected and re-elected: Rev. J. H. Weber, Sunbury; Rev. H. C. Holloway, D. D., Bellefonte; Rev. C. W. Heisler, D. D., Selinsgrove; Rev. W. E. Fisher, D. D., Shamokin; Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, Lebanon; Mr. H. D. McWilliams, Shamokin.

Rev. E. A. Sharretts, D. D., of Fowlersville, resigned his place as director, as he expects to remove to Minnesota.

Two thousand dollars of the Seibert legacy was voted to be used in connection with the Alumni fund toward building a gymnasium.

Miss Rose Gortner, A. B., now at Cornell University, was elected instructor of English in the Preparatory school.

Degrees conferred: D. D. on Rev. P. H. Miller, A. M., Westminster, Md.; Rev. Conrad Huber, A. M., Richmond, Ind.; Prof. John G. Traver, Hartwick Seminary. A. M. on G. Alvin Hill, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa. B. D. on Rev. S. N. Carpenter, Pittsburg, Pa., and Rev. C. B. Harman, of Rebersburg, Pa. A. B. on D. J. Snyder, Henry K. Barb, Harry Weis, W. Ralph Wagenseller, W. W. Spigelmyer, W. H. Derr, E. M. Brumgart, H. I. Brumgart, Frank I. Paul, Charles D. Gable, Miss Ethel Schoch, John A. Schoch and George S. Schoch.

The prizes and honors awarded are given on another page.

“There is something grandly sublime in the utter abnegation of self, simply done for another’s happiness.”

"THE COLLEGE BELLE."

Monday evening the Senior class quite royally entertained their friends by the rendition of "The College Belle." The class, assisted by a few others, admirably gave this little drama which was composed by one of their own number, Mr. H. K. Barb, who, as was evident from his production, has caught the right idea of what a drama ought to be. The plot was excellent, the tragic and comic elements both very good. We cannot mention any particular one, or his or her part, as each one deserves equal praise.

Considering the special difficulties under which the class labored, and of which the public know very little, if anything, the exercises were a phenomenal success. It was highly appreciated and enjoyed by the audience which filled the opera house to overflowing, many being turned away for want of standing room. An entirely home talent play is a rare occurrence. And the Senior exercises of the class of 1900 will stand as an innovation of 1900's commencement.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Great interest was manifest by the Junior class in this profitable feature of college life. Great preparation and faithful work was evident in the productions, both in the treatment of their subjects and the delivery. In the preliminaries, held May 31, Misses Anna Barb, Lucy Houtz, Effie Breimeier and Messrs. L. P. Young, M. B. Herman and J. H. Neuhauser were chosen from ten contestants by the judges, J. P. Carpenter, Esq., and Rev. J. B. Focht, D. D. The final contest, which took place Wednesday morning, was shortened by the absence of Mr. L. P. Young, who was called to the bedside of a dying father. The judges of the occasion were Rev. McGann, Lewisburg, Rev. Dr. Enders, of York, and Rev. Dr. Holloway, Bellefonte. After due deliberation the Hare oratorical prize was awarded to Miss Effie Breimeier. The decision received heartfelt applause and approval of those present.

INAUGURATION.

Tuesday evening Rev. Chas. W. Heisler was formally installed President of Susquehanna University. After a selection by the orchestra, Rev. E. A. Sharretts, D. D., read a scripture lesson.

Rev. I. P. Zimmerman, who led in prayer, was followed by Rev. W. E. Parson, D. D., who made the address of the occasion on "Some Danger Signals for Educators." We are very sorry to be unable to give his discourse on these pages. It was very practical and emphasized keen foresight and good judgment, as well as set forth the great responsibility of the educator of this age.

After the inaugural address of Pres. Heisler and music the oath of office was administered by George B. Reimensnyder, Esq., Revs. M. L. Cressman and J. H. Weber, D. D., made short congratulatory addresses. The climax of the meeting was reached when Dr. Weber read the following telegram: "The Board of Trustees of Wittenburg College confer upon Rev. Chas. W. Heisler the degree of Doctor of Divinity."

PHILO RECEPTION.

The social event of the season was the Philo reception which was held in the opera house on Tuesday evening, June 5. This very interesting event is now regarded as one of the main features of commencement week and is the Mecca of all old Philos who visits their Alma Mater at this time. Old friendships are renewed and the old veterans who are being buffeted on life's stormy sea find here a temporary haven on the pleasant shores of memory.

As was predicted in our last issue, the reception this year has eclipsed all previous efforts in this direction. The committees deserve a great deal of commendation for their efforts to make it a success. The hall was tastefully decorated with the society colors, blue and white, and palms and other potted plants abounded in profusion.

About three hundred invitations were responded to, and many prominent society people, not only from this section but from a distance, were present.

Heretofore the music had been furnished by the Philo orchestra, but a departure from the usual custom was made this year in order to enable all the members to avail themselves of the pleasures of the evening and Reitmyer's orchestra of Lewisburg, Pa., was engaged to furnish music for the occasion. All expectations that the committee on arrangements had placed in the orchestra were fully realized, and we desire to commend them for the very excellent quality of music they rendered.

The beautiful surroundings, the kind of music, and the happy spirit that merrily rippled in every laugh and pervaded every one present made the occasion a most enjoyable one. The refreshments were tastefully served and were a fit ending to the evening's entertainment.

CLIO RECEPTION.

On Tuesday evening of commencement week one of the most pleasant occasions of Clio was experienced by a reception. It was an affair which was of great interest and enjoyment to the many ex-Clios and guests assembled with us, and was pronounced as the eclipse of all former occasions of similar nature. After the rendition of the following program, refreshments were served and a general good time was spent socially.

Music.....	Clio Orchestra
Recitation.....	Miss Gearhart
Vocal Solo.....	Miss May Arbogast
Piano Solo.....	Miss Van Alleman
Recitation.....	Miss Christine Kistner
Music.....	Clio Mandolin Club
Vocal Solo.....	Miss May Arbogast
Poem.....	Rev. H. C. Michael
Music.....	Orchestra

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Several important steps forward were taken by this association. The first in importance was the amalgamation of the two Alumni Associations, thus making possible unity and consequently more energy, power and usefulness on the part of the Alumni towards Susquehanna. The proposition of such a union was brought before the members last year. This year committees from both associations drew up a temporary constitution for the new Alumni Association. This constitution will be in force only for one year, at the end of which time the committee appointed will present a more complete and permanent ordinance.

Now that there is unity, there should prevail a more earnest and substantial interest in Susquehanna's Alma Mater. There are many things to be done, which can easily be accomplished if we unitedly put our shoulders to the wheel. Let each member do

his or her part and the wheels of progress shall move on in an unceasing and resistless advance toward the superlative of the Institution's success. Though there were a number at the various meetings, there were not as many as could or at least should have been present.

A proposition from the Board of Directors giving a part of the recent legacy of the late Samuel Seibert to the amount subscribed by the Alumni toward the erection of the proposed Alumni Memorial Gymnasium, with the provision that the gymnasium be called the Seibert Memorial, was accepted. Hence the name of the new gymnasium will be changed, but the Alumni who will in any way help in the erection of this needy building will receive due recognition of their services and contributions. We hope this will meet the hearty approval of all members and that renewed interest will be manifest in substantial help toward the completion of the building, because of the help of the Board in this manner.

The following officers were elected under the new constitution for the ensuing year: President, Rev. I. H. McGann; First Vice-President, H. Harvey Schoch, Esq.; Second Vice-President, Rev. D. E. McClain; Secretary, Prof. George E. Fisher, Ph. B.; Treasurer, Mr. Ira C. Schoch; Orators: Primaries, Rev. M. L. Shindle, D. D.; Secundus, Rev. M. M. Albeck; Poet, Rev. W. E. Crouser; Necrologist, Mr. M. L. Wagenseller.

At the final meeting of the Alumni and their friends, Prof. Oden C. Gortner, orator of the association, gave a short address on "The Public Duty of Educated Men." It was a very appropriate subject for the occasion. Every Alumnus has a peculiar responsibility because of the grand opportunities for development and preparation for life that were his during college life. And knowing the needs of colleges, especially of our own, he has a duty to Susquehanna which should gladden his heart to perform. He must represent, help maintain and support, pray for, and work for the Institution which we all love.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the classical Alumni was held Wednesday at 12:30 at the Keystone Hotel. This is one of the most pleasant events to an alumnus. It stands as an oasis of pleasure in a desert of work and business usually transacted during the

week. After partaking of a delicious meal the following toasts were responded to: "Duty of an Alumnus to His Alma Mater," by H. K. Barb, 1900; "The Union of the Two Alumni Associations," Rev. I. H. McGann; "The Ladies' Dormitory," Prof. T. C. Houtz; "The Future of Susquehanna University," Pres. Chas. W. Heisler, D. D.

The banquet was, perhaps, more than usual full of good college spirit. That promises much for the future of Susquehanna. Keep the pulse of noble zeal and true interest beating rapidly and nobler, higher, and better things will be the issue.

VENO.

One of the most enjoyable social events of this spring occurred Tuesday evening, May 15, when the Veno club of the University held their annual reception in their club rooms on South Market street. The rooms were beautifully decorated with penants, bunting, palms and other potted plants. A number of the belles of the city with several visiting ladies and the members of Veno, were most royally entertained by their club friends.

The event was of an informal nature and the time was most pleasantly spent in progressive games, music and reading. Each one present was too full of mirth and jollity to keep it all to him or herself, and the occasion thus enlivened, was one long to be remembered by those present.

The refreshments, consisting of the most delicious delicacies of the season, were in charge of Mr. Edward Taylor, who served the courses in his customary inimitable manner.

On Thursday evening of commencement week the club held a smoker. The evening was a very pleasant one, and yet tinged with a feeling of sadness which is always present at the parting of friends. Bros. C. B. Harman and W. W. Spigelmyer, who were members of the Seminary and College graduating classes this year, will both enter professional life, one as a minister, the other a teacher.

MUSICAL CLUBS.

Wednesday evening the combined clubs of the University gave one of their far famed concerts. It was almost *the* event of the week and was looked forward to with great interest and expecta-

tion. The expectations of the large audience were not broken, but far eclipsed by the very creditable program rendered. Notwithstanding the heat and crowded house, the performers were applauded and encored again and again, which showed either that the audience was willing to suffer to receive the excellent entertainment, or that they forgot all discomforts under the spell of the music.

Last year's entertainment was considered very good, but this commencement the clubs far surpassed last year's attainments. The faithful practice and thorough drill through which the Glee club was put by their leader, Mr. C. M. Nicholas, was rewarded by success of the most flattering kind. Practice and persistency were the seeds, grand concerts and sublime music the issue.

The audience was the largest paid audience assembled in the opera house for twenty years. All seats except a few in the upper gallery were reserved, and long before the time for the concert was due, all seats were sold. Standing room alone was left when the doors opened. Many prominent persons were in the audience, and those able to judge correctly pronounced the concert a magnificent success.

The clubs will miss those who will not return to school next year. We are sorry to see them go, but duty calls them elsewhere and we hope there will be others to come and take their place, not only on the program, but in faithful practice, and in their manner of conduct.

The clubs have had the highest success this season, as will be shown by the following list of engagements. Many more might have been filled but for time, and in some cases urgent requests for concerts had to be refused. The season of 1900:

February 14, Jersey Shore; 15, Jersey Shore; 16, Muncy; 17, Hughesville; 18, Montgomery; 20, Adamsburg; 21, Reedsville; 22, Yeagertown; 23, Bellville; 27, Allensville.

March 10, Milton; 16, Northumberland; 22, Snyderstown.

June 6, Selinsgrove.

March 23, Berwick; 24, Bloomsburg.

April 21, Shamokin; 22, New Berlin; 23, Halifax; 26, Lykens; 27, Millersburg; 28, Liverpool.

May 9, Hartleton; 10, Raebersburg; 11, Millheim; 12, Mifflinburg; 18, Sunbury.

After the final entertainment a very enjoyable social event oc-

curred. The manager, Mr. E. R. Wingard, requested the members of the clubs and their lady friends to remain after the concert was over. They did so. And following a little social chat, refreshments were then absorbing the minds and satisfying the palate of all who that night and during the year had performed their part so well.

Mr. E. R. Wingard was reelected manager, and C. M. Nicholas leader for 1900-1901.

A word about the orchestra. We should like to say a great deal but let it suffice to say that they gave us excellent music all through commencement. They deserve especial mention for several fine productions which they rendered perfectly.

MEMBERS OF CLUBS.

GLEE CLUB—First Tenor, C. M. Nicholas, E. R. Wingard, S. N. Carpenter; Second Tenor, M. H. Fisher, W. W. Spigelmyer, L. L. Iseman; First Bass, E. M. Brungart, D. J. Snyder, J. E. Zimmerman; Second Bass, H. I. Brungart, M. B. Herman, W. A. Wolgemuth.

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUBS—First Mandolins, C. A. Keeley, D. J. Snyder, H. A. Wise; Second Mandolins, L. L. Iseman, C. L. Keefer, J. E. Zimmerman; Third Mandolins, W. W. Spigelmyer, E. M. Gerhart, H. L. Haas; Guitars, M. B. Herman, S. N. Carpenter.

ORCHESTRA—First Violins, H. A. Wise, E. M. Gerhart, C. L. Keefer; Second Violins, W. W. Spigelmyer, L. A. Dentlar, H. L. Haas; Cornets, D. J. Snyder, C. E. Keebach; Clarionet, C. R. McDonald; Trombone, C. H. Lambert; Piano, C. A. Keeley; Drum, L. E. Iseman.

SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

The week of meetings, banquet, and entertainments was concluded in the graduation exercises of the Senior class of the College. The program of orations was interspersed with excellent music by the orchestra of the University. The subjects and orators were as follows:

Salutatory.....	W. Ralph Wagenseller
Autonomy for the Phillipines.....	W. Ralph Wagenseller
Harmony in Nature.....	Herbert I. Brungart
Humanity's Wars.....	Frank I. Paul
Medical Specialism.....	George S. Schoch

The Course of the Juggernaut.....	Henry K. Barb
The New Era.....	Charles D. Gable*
The College Man's Mission.....	William W. Spigelmyer
Reparation Not Vengeance.....	John A. Schoch
Practical Progress.....	Edward M. Brungart
Woman's True Sphere.....	Miss Ethel D. Schoch
The United States in International Politics.....	Harry Weis
At the Junction of Two Centuries.....	William H. Derr
The Christian Citizen... ..	Daniel J. Snyder
The Valedictory.....	Daniel J. Snyder

*Excused from speaking because of ill health.

HONORS AND PRIZES.

Summa Cum Honore, Daniel J. Snyder.

Magna Cum Honore, Harry Weis, W. Ralph Wagenseller, Henry K. Barb.

Cum Honore, E. M. Brungart, W. W. Spigelmyer, W. H. Derr, H. I. Brungart, F. I. Paul.

Senior Prize in Ethics, Frank I. Paul.

Hare Junior Oratorical Prize, Effie C. Breimeier.

Sophomore Prize in General Scholarship—First Prize, M. H. Fisher; Second Prize, David B. Moist, with honorable mention of L. Raymond Haus, B. F. Hoenshilt and P. G. Cressman.

Freshman Prize in General Scholarship—Divided between C. O. Frank and S. Weis, with honorable mention of Frank Wagenseller, E. P. Sones and L. W. Walter.

PERSONAL.

We are sorry that we cannot give full account of visitors and their place of entertainment in these columns, but peculiar circumstances prevented, and those same circumstances made it impossible to get all who were present at the various commencement exercises, but we have tried to perform our duty and those whose names do not appear were not missed intentionally.

The members of the Board of Directors from a distance who were present were; Geo. B. Reimensnyder, Esq., Sunbury; Mr. D. K. Ramey, Altoona; Rev. J. H. Weber, D. D., Sunbury; E. A. Sharretts, D. D., Fowlersville; Mr. John Staver, Jersey Shore; Rev. I. H. McGann, Lewisburg; Rev. J. M. Anspach, D. D., Williamsport; G. W. Enders, D. D., York; M. L. Shindle, D. D., Danville; I. P. Zimmerman, A. M., Beaver Springs; Mr. DeWitt Bodine, Hughesville; H. C. Holloway, D. D., Bellefonte; M. S. Cressman, A. M., Lewistown.

Sunbury sent Misses Christine and Charlotte Kistner, the Misses

Gearhart, Mr. Gearhart, Mr. F. Shipman, Mr. H. N. Kistner, Mr. John Kistner, Miss Mary Davis, Mrs. J. W. Sheets, Miss Della Author, J. P. Carpenter, Esq., and Miss Vera Amig.

Of the visiting ministers we noted the following: T. T. Everett, D. D., York; John Yoder, New Jersey; Samuel Domer, D. D., Washington, D. C.; J. I. Stonecypher and wife, of Hartleton; W. E. Pearson, D. D., Washington, D. C.; J. H. Barb, D. D., Hughesville; George Hipsley, Gordon; G. W. Fortney, Turbotville; H. C. Michael, Pittsburg; J. W. Shannon, Elysburg; J. B. Guiney, wife and daughter, Aram; W. H. Hilbish, M. M. Albeck, Berwick; H. C. Salein, Yorkanna, and D. S. Lentz, Altoona.

Among others, those who spent the week or part of it in Selinsgrove were: Miss Pearl Shoop and Miss Paul, from Shamokin; Miss Lizzie Dixon and Miss Aurand, Berwick; Miss Della Maneval, Miss MacIntosh, Mr. B. F. Auchmuty and son, W. S. Gilmore, of Williamsport; Miss Emma Reeser and Mr. Erskin Jarrett, of Maple Hill; Miss Lillie Irene Derr, Mr. C. L. Derr, Mrs. Redcay, Miss Elizabeth Redcay and Mr. Joseph Gold, Milton; W. A. Brown, Upperco, Md.; Miss Dora Brown, W. C. Hilbish and wife, of Freeburg; Miss Bessie Goss, Mr. C. R. MacDonald, Mr. Utts and Mr. J. C. Horton, of Bellville; Dr. C. Edward Allison, Mt. Carmal; Miss Adelaide Barb, Hughesville; Miss Gertrude Bell and Miss Mayme Stein, Lewisburg; John Adams, Miss Mary Adams, Mr. H. Auchenbach and ex-Supt. Wm C. Johnson and wife, Bloomsburg; Mrs. Chas. Ruhl, Miss Vina Spigelmyer, Miss Hannah Showalter, Miss Bath Sweinford, Mr. Chas. Moyer and Miss Anna Smith, of Hartleton; Mr. John Bibenhouse, Miss May Keiser and Mrs. Samuel Boyer, from Mifflinburg; Mr. and Mrs. William Snyder, and Mr. Daniel Snyder and wife, of Hepburn; Mrs. H. I. Fick, Miss Ada Denison, Miss Matie Heyler and Mr. Fred Heyler and wife, of Nauvoo; Prof. Oden C. Gortner, from Mifflintown; Dr. Lake, Montgomery; Miss Vera L. Morris, Prof. H. W. Morris, Mr. Newton Brungart, Miss Winifred Wolf and Mr. Henry Brungart, Rebersburg; Misses Lee and Bartges, of Centre Hall; Samuel Wittemyer, Jr., Chas. Marks and Prof. Bowersox, Middleburg; Mr. J. W. Bingamen, Swengel; B. F. Herman, Esq., Kratzerville; Misses Viola M. Walter and E. E. Wood, Scottdale; Misses Sara Brungart and Marguerite Teats, Bellefonte; Miss V. Amick, of Irving College; Mr. E. N. Phillips, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. A. L. Hall, Saratoga, N. Y.; Misses Helen

and May Jones, of Newport; Mr. H. B. Hare, Altoona; Hon. Benjamin K. Focht, Lewisburg; Miss Della Charles, Philadelphia; Mrs. Dr. Ulrich and daughter Anna, Miss Hilda Aughinbaugh and Miss Weist, of Millersburg; from Rough and Ready, Mr. Milton S. Paul, Miss Mary Fetteroff, Mr. Moses Shadel, Mr. O. K. Wetzel, wife and family; Miss Nellie Clay, Harrisburg; Miss Millie Shoemaker, of Straudsburg, and Miss May Arbogast, of Shamokin Dam.

All these friends of the Institution, or of special ones in the said Institution, were very nicely entertained by *Selinsgrove* hosts whose exceeding kindness showed they have a glowing interest in their college. We were glad to see so many attending commencement. Hope they will come again. *Susquehanna's* surroundings were highly complimented by our visitors, and the exercises of the week seemed to please and benefit all present.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

HELD DURING COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

<i>Preliminaries.</i>	<i>Semi-finals.</i>	<i>Finals.</i>
Burkhart	Wise	Wise Wagenseller
Thompson	Wagenseller	
Wise		Guss Moist
Wagenseller		
Price	Cressman	Guss Moist
Haus	Iseman	
Cressman		Guss Moist
Iseman		
Nicholas	Guss	Guss Moist
Wingard	Moist	
Guss		Guss Moist
Moist		
Lambert	Lambert	Guss Moist
Pearson	Pearson	

Preliminaries—June 2.

Wise and Wagenseller won from Thompson and Burkhart. Score, 6-1; 6-2.

Cressman and Iseman won from Price and Haus. Score, 6-2; 6-4.

Guss and Moist won from Nicholas and Wingard. Score, 4-6; 6-3; 11-9.

Lambert and Pearson did not play.

Semi-finals—June 4.

Wise and Wagenseller won from Cressman and Iseman. Score, 6-2; 6-3.

Guss and Moist won from Lambert and Pearson. Score, 6-3; 6-4.

Final—June 6.

Guss and Moist won from Wise and Wagenseller. Score, 6-1; 6-4.

Many good plays were made on both sides. A large company of interested friends were present to witness the lively contest.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

SELINGROVE, JUNE, 1900.

(Entered at the Selingsgrove Postoffice as Second Class matter.)

TERMS—75 cents, strictly in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

HARVEY D. HOOVER, '99, '02, Editor in Chief.	D. J. SNYDER, '00, Managing Editor.
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THE SUSQUEHANNA is published monthly by the Students' Publishing Association of Susquehanna University.

All business matters and correspondence should be addressed to THE SUSQUEHANNA, Selingsgrove, Pa. Exchanges should be sent to the same address.

The paper will be issued about the 10th or 12th of each month. All matters for publication must reach us by the 1st of each month.

Articles of interest to the institution will be welcomed in these columns.

Any subscriber not receiving the journal, or any changing their address, please notify manager at once.



EDITORIAL



THE school year of 1899-1900 is past. We have or have not performed our duty. Commencement, which has in it some very enjoyable entertainments and pleasant times is also past. With its joy, it has sad partings and sometimes a reaction of "blues." But this year could not be and was not the same as last, and so the commencement of 1900 had many innovations, many features peculiar to itself. It was a most profitable week. Some of the services were very impressive and full of the sublime element. Others were practical and useful. And more so than former years it was a success. Many things were accomplished. New foundations and methods have been laid. Steps in advance have been taken.

The part taken by the students is very creditable to them. Preparation and practice was the watchword for weeks and months before June came, and well done duty the victory after the week was over. The interest and presence of the students promises a brighter future. As soon as each student feels his responsibility, measures his ability and recognizes his duty in performing any

office during this week before an interested public, commencement in every exercise, service and entertainment will be a success in the true sense of that word.

But the good times and exercises we have enjoyed this year were not wholly due to those who took part, but a great measure of it is due to those who planned, worked and prayed for it. To these should go our praise and our heartfelt appreciation for their contribution to our pleasure and profit.

The addresses and orations of this commencement are especially commendable. They were up-to-date, thoroughly practical, sparkling with nuggets of golden thoughts and well worth our study and application.

And now to every reader we wish a most enjoyable and profitable vacation. But don't forget school opens September 6, 1900.

THE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held May 31. The following officers and members of the editing staff were elected for the coming year. Pres., Prof. H. A. Allison; Vice-Pres., Lee Dentler; Secretary, P. H. Pearson; Business Manager, Geo. A. Livingston; Editor-in-Chief, Harvey D. Hoover; Exchange Editor, F. E. Shambaugh; Local and Personal Editor, Bruce Burkhardt; Alumni Editor, D. J. Snyder; Philo society elected Miss Lucy Houtz as their correspondent for 1900-1901. The other correspondents will be elected next year, on account of the few members of the association.

"Trial by fire is a hard test, but trial by laughter is the supreme ordeal, and so laughter has become the logic of unreason, a sneer its final argument."

"Good judgment is a perfect balance struck between intuition and reason."

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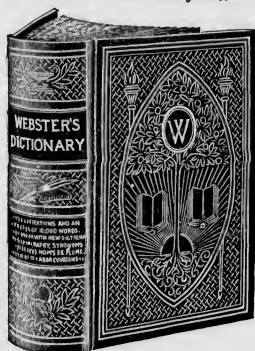
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